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Collier's

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November 11, 1939

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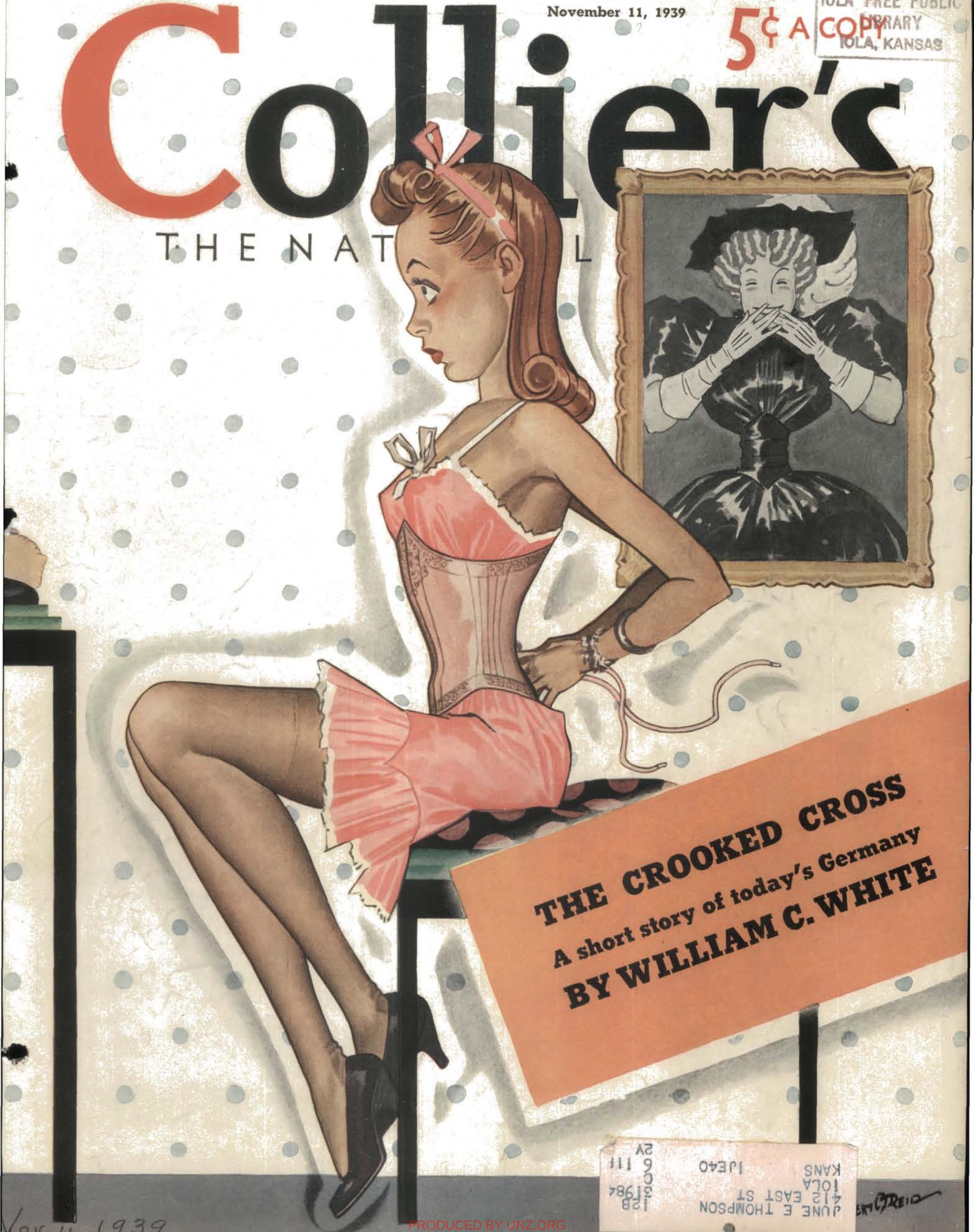

THE CROOKED CROSS

A short story of today's Germany

BY WILLIAM C. WHITE

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Nov. 11, 1939

You don't have to ride to hounds to learn this about whiskey

Huntsmen tell us that the traditional last-minute "stirrup-cup" before the hunt starts is just about perfection when it's . . . *Four Roses.*

But you don't have to ride to hounds to discover what a grand whiskey Four Roses is. There's a much easier way . . .

Simply choose any fine whiskey you can name. Taste this whiskey . . . then taste Four Roses. We're certain you'll agree that Four Roses simply can't be matched!

Four Roses, you see, is a combination of *several* fine straight whiskies . . . each outstanding for some special quality. All of these whiskies are *at least 4 years old*—old enough to be bottled in bond, and they would be, if we thought they would be as good, sold separately that way.

But we think it far better to combine these matchless whiskies into *one* whiskey that is *finer* still. Then, to make this *finer* whiskey lighter and milder, we *purposely* bottle it at 90 proof (instead of at the stronger 100 proof that all bottled-in-bond whiskies must be). And the result is *one magnificent* whiskey—Four Roses!

Today, buy a bottle of Four Roses and make the pleasant comparison we've suggested. (Or do it at your favorite bar.) Four Roses may cost you a trifle more . . . *but it's worth it! Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore.*

FOUR ROSES

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY
AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are four years or more old

Men respect . . . Women admire

WELL-GROOMED HAIR

GOOD-LOOKING HAIR stamps you as a man who is particular about his grooming . . . who rates a great deal of admiration and respect! Day and night, it adds to your smart appearance, helps you make the favorable impressions that lead to social and business success. And that's why Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" are so important!

Just apply Vitalis to your scalp with a brisk massage. Feel the pleasant tingling as circulation quickens. Your scalp responds to this healthful stimulation—loses its tightness—becomes free and flexible. You rout loose dandruff—help prevent excessive falling hair. Notice how lustrous your hair looks. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement the natural scalp oils—overcoming dryness. Now comb your hair. See how easy it is to manage, how perfectly it stays in place—with no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist today. Start now with your "60-Second Workouts" and have good-looking hair that wins the approval of men, the admiration of women!

Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 **10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" helps keep Hair Healthy and Handsome

WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in individual, sanitary Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. *Insist on Sealtubes!*

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

November 11, 1939

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AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports
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KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
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JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
WM. HILLMAN	European Manager
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

DO YOU remember the winter we all wore white—white suits, white dresses, white overcoats? There were no daily papers that year, either, and our hospitals had run out of anesthesia and many important medicines.

No, you don't remember, even if you are old enough, because it didn't happen. Not quite. But it came closer to happening than you probably think. Ask a chemist about that time just after March, 1915, when England laid down her blockade of Germany.

Today, Europe's blockades can't shut us down. We've won our full chemical independence since 1915. How important that is, and how it was achieved, is the subject of a highly interesting article by Denver Lindley.

BISCUIT SCHNAUZERS are as rare as Eskimo millionaires. Ordinary Schnauzers are always to be seen gamboling on the lawns of Beverly Hills and freely biting passers-by, but not Biscuits. That's why Whisky, an amazing creature with one completely white ear and a ribald circle around one eye, made himself some history. His career in the movies was brief but his influence on the industry was lasting. In "Girl Meets Dog" Frank Condon gives you the details.

COME aboard the shining, streamlined Hammann, newest destroyer in the Navy. Don your oilskins and hang on! We're taking her to sea for her trials, racing her across the blue ocean, crash-stopping her, bending her in sharp turns to prove her mettle. Frank D. Morris pilots you on the trip.

WHEN Miss Martha Sweeney inherited the Titans from her Uncle Mike she also inherited Wild Willy Creedon, and Willy, though he didn't know it, was a bit of unfinished business in Martha's past. That's why Willy, the old cash-and-carry footballer, found himself playing "Strictly for Sweeney" and, to his surprise, liking it. It's a fine football story by William Fay.

IN addition, there is an outstanding Short Short Story by William Martin, and other short fiction by Charles Alexander and Samuel W. Taylor. There are additional articles, too, by Don Glendon, and Kyle Crichton. Kathleen Norris gives you another chapter in the engrossing life of Jocelyn Britton, and John and Ward Hawkins bring "We Will Meet Again" to its appointed end. Required reading, all.

●

This Week

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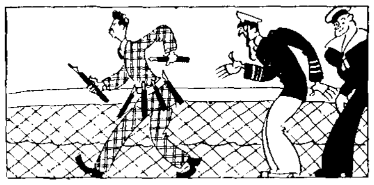
COVER ROBERT O. REID

Any Week

YOU will be glad to know, and justifiably, that our associate, Mr. W. B. Courtney, is in Europe writing articles that will clear the warbeclouded air. Mr. Courtney left on the Swedish liner Kungsholm, thoroughly equipped to do a superb job of war reporting. Among other duffel, he carried twelve fountain pens in a Sam Browne belt of his own designing. The British took the Kungsholm in charge for a few days, holding Mr. Courtney incommunicado, a feat hitherto accomplished only by Mrs. Courtney. We spoke rather sharply to the British government, notifying them that those pens cost money and that we'd tolerate very little nonsense. So Mr. Courtney and pens were released. We mention this merely that you may be more determined than ever not to miss a single issue of this concededly superior publication.

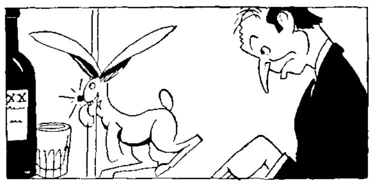


MISS IRMA POLK of Hamtramck, Michigan, desires it to be known that she is Polish. Moreover, she resents "certain nasty cracks appearing in magazines and newspapers about the land which has raised more patriots and scholars than all the rest of the world combined." And we have no will to dispute Miss Polk, particularly in view of the solid evidence she offers to substantiate her contention. "If," says Miss Polk, "you don't think that Poland breeds scholars just take a look at the line-ups of our best college football teams."

UNLIKE Mr. Walter Bain of Throckley, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Northumberland, England, we have followed with descending spirits the fate of Miss Polk's native land. Mr. Bain has not had this doubtful privilege because he has no radio or, as he calls it, wireless. A radio is essential in England today, Mr. Bain assures us, so one may "receive civil instructions and avoid believing any rumors which may get around." He would be grateful if someone were to send him a receiving set, and adds: "This unusual request coming from so far away may seem strange to you Americans, but I feel there is more chance of a response than in England." We publish this that it may be seen by numerous readers who, for some reason, have notified us that they wish that Prime Minister Chamberlain would buy a radio to find out, as Mr. Edward C. Crobear of Princeton, New Jersey, puts it, "what's going on in Europe."

IT IS because we are so passionately neutral that we deplore a bit of news sent us from Yonkers, New York, by Mr. Forbes Fancher. Somebody, reports Mr. Fancher, has stolen two screen doors, a wheelbarrow, a shovel and a new hose nozzle from a recreation park. The police, says he, suspect a honeymoon couple who were seen acting suspiciously near the park the night of the theft. "But that," he adds, "is merely a blind. The F.B.I. is working on the case, interviewing both local Germans and Allies. Both England and Germany are in known need of screen doors and hose nozzles and will stop at nothing to get them. Besides, I wanted those screen doors myself."

SOMETIME ago we published an editorial wherein it was written that a new hat or perhaps a gown might rescue a despondent person from her doldrums, that ninety-five out of one hundred would at once perk up and forget troubles. Mrs. Florence Zirass of Buffalo, New York, tells us that a friend of hers threatening suicide was induced by her to try this recipe. "My friend did cheer up immediately," says Mrs. Zirass, "but her husband left her the next day and has not been seen or heard of since. Now she is all down again. I would be thankful to you if you would publish another editorial on what to do in this case."



WE'RE rather glad to give you an infallible whisky test evolved by Mr. Jerry Forney of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. We do this because a number of you have complained lately that you haven't been relishing your liquor since reading an article—Where Good Drinkers Go —recently in this magazine. Mr. Forney advises you to get a rabbit and try the whisky on the creature. He leaves us to guess what deduction to draw if, after having been experimented on, the rabbit dies. And we do.

INFERIOR rabbit. W. D.

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HOW TO CURE THESE MOTORING HEADACHES *THIS WINTER*

I'M SICK OF SLUGGISH STARTS! . . .

New Double-Life* Battery Gives Quicker Starts

Goodrich
GLASSTEX

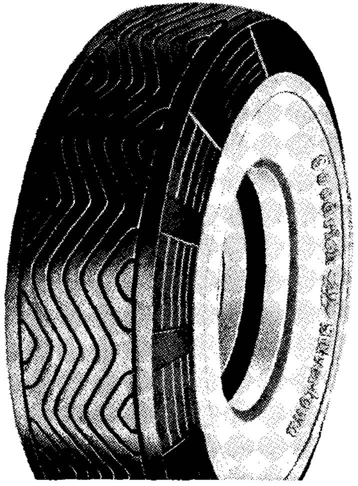
● Yes, here's a battery that's so powerful that in a cold room test, certified by Western Union, it actually started *two cars at the same time at 10° below zero!* Imagine how much faster this new Goodrich Battery will start your car when it has only *one* motor to turn. Special glass mats resist wearing away of plates so completely that the life of the battery is actually *doubled.**

**Proved by life tests made in accordance with Specifications of Society of Automotive Engineers.*

The new Goodrich GLASSTEX Battery

I'M AFRAID OF SKIDS ON THESE WET ROADS

Get Quickest Non-Skid Stops You've Ever Had With New Road-Drying Tire!



● Plenty of wet, skiddy winter driving ahead. Now, more than ever, you need the life-saving skid protection of the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown.

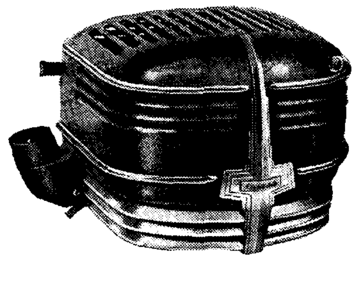
This is the tire whose non-skid action has saved thousands of lives. Its Life-Saver Tread sweeps wet roads so dry you can light a match on its track—stops you quicker, safer on wet pavements than you've ever stopped before. Silvertowns give you Golden Ply blow-out protection, too.

Yet, for all this safety you pay not a penny more! Don't take chances. Get rid of worn, unsafe tires before they get rid of you. For safety's sake replace with Goodrich Silvertowns *now.*

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

I'LL NEVER DRIVE ANOTHER DAY WITHOUT A HEATER

New Super-Powered Heater Gives 26% More Heat...*heats every part of your car!*



● Imagine! This new Goodrich Model "91" heater is so powerful it delivers 26% more heat than any Goodrich heater ever gave before. And no wonder. It has *more* heat radiating surface in the core—*more* water circulation—*faster* water circulation—and an extra powerful motor that circulates 160 cubic feet of warm air a minute.

If you're "burned up" with heaters that "leave you cold," have a Goodrich Model "91" heater installed in your car today and get set for real winter driving comfort.

The new Goodrich *Hot Water* Heater (*Model '91'*)

See Your Goodrich *Dealer*

FOR MONEY-SAVING, TROUBLE-SAVING PRODUCTS ALL YEAR 'ROUND · *Free Service*

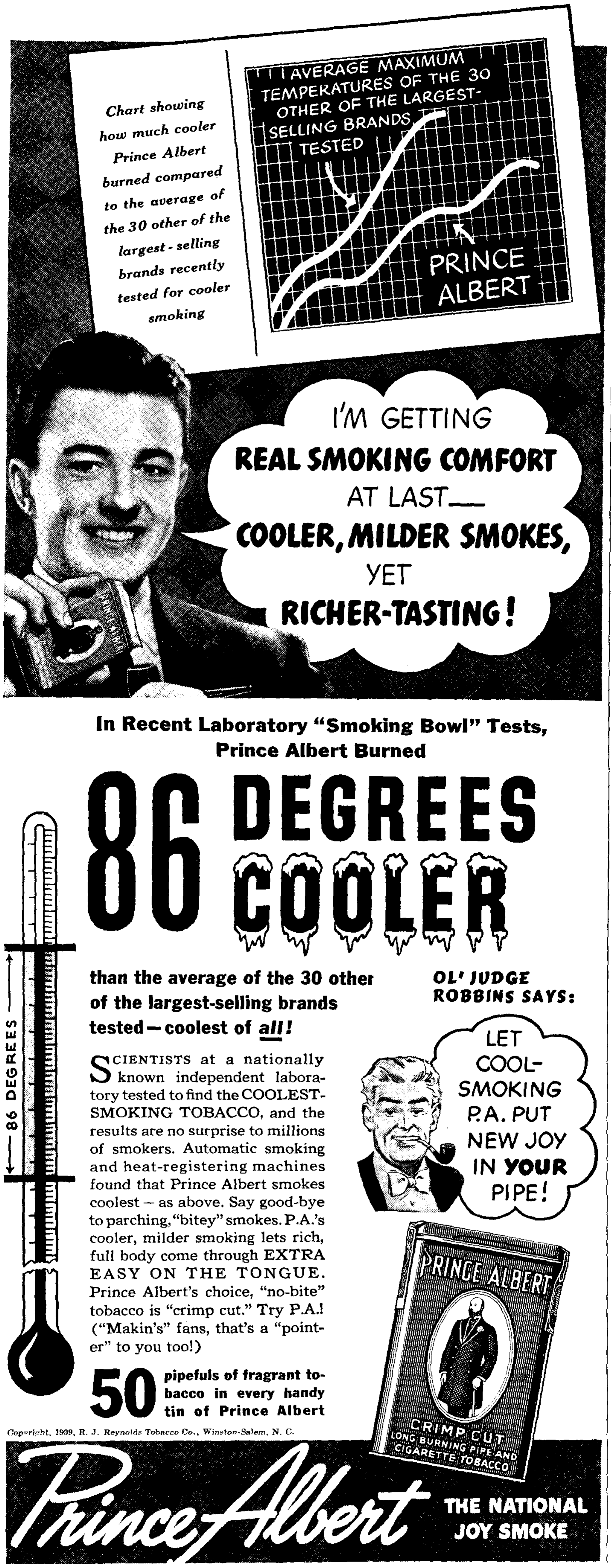


Chart showing how much cooler Prince Albert burned compared to the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands recently tested for cooler smoking
AVERAGE MAXIMUM TEMPERATURES OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED
PRINCE ALBERT
I'M GETTING REAL SMOKING COMFORT AT LAST— COOLER, MILDER SMOKES, YET RICHER-TASTING!
86 DEGREES
OL' JUDGE ROBBINS SAYS:
LET COOL-SMOKING P.A. PUT NEW JOY IN YOUR PIPE!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

In Recent Laboratory "Smoking Bowl" Tests, Prince Albert Burned

86 DEGREES COOLER

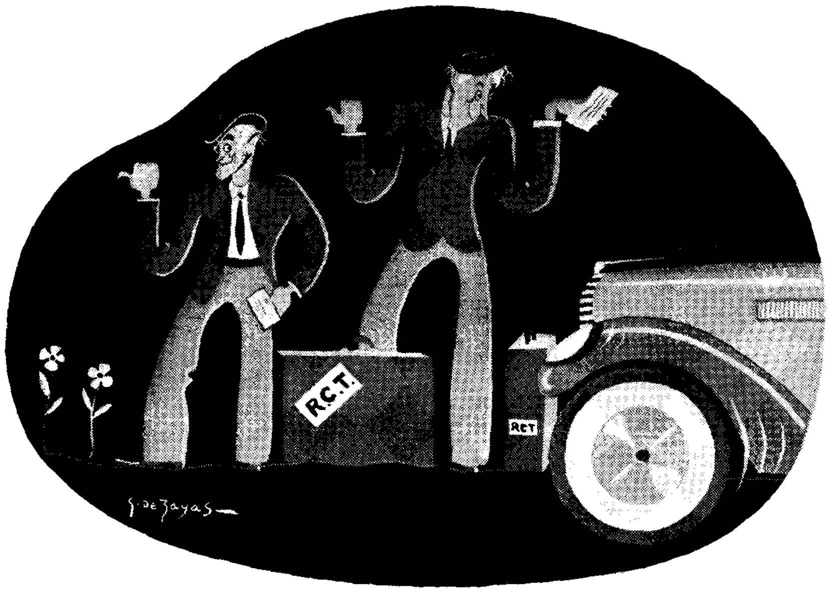
than the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands tested—coolest of *all!*

SCIENTISTS at a nationally known independent laboratory tested to find the COOLEST-SMOKING TOBACCO, and the results are no surprise to millions of smokers. Automatic smoking and heat-registering machines found that Prince Albert smokes coolest—as above. Say good-bye to parching, "bitey" smokes. P.A.'s cooler, milder smoking lets rich, full body come through EXTRA EASY ON THE TONGUE. Prince Albert's choice, "no-bite" tobacco is "crimp cut." Try P.A.! ("Makin's" fans, that's a "pointer" to you too!)

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Prince Albert **THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE**



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The Registered Collegiate Thumbers, an organization of "certified" hitchhikers, now has more than a thousand members in about two hundred colleges. For the fifty-cent fee, one is enrolled and given a large "RCT" label for his suitcase and an identification card whose reverse side bears a waiver legally releasing the motorist from liability in case of accident.—*By Rita Wall, Davenport, Iowa.*

No matter how long an optimist plays a slot machine, he rarely wins back more than one fourth of his investment.

The white races of the world are doubling their populations every eighty years, the yellow and brown races every sixty years and the black races every forty years.—*By Helen Keever, Parkersburg, West Virginia.*

An expert psychiatrist can determine within a few minutes whether a person is actually insane or merely pretending, by provoking certain telltale mental reactions that are expressed unconsciously and cannot be faked.

Fewer than ten wills in a thousand are broken through litigation. —*By Dr. Charles Wilson, New York, New York.*

In order to administer emergency medical treatment to persons injured in motorcar accidents, the American Red Cross now has 2,851 first-aid stations and 2,626 first-aid motorized units in operation on our busiest highways from coast to coast.

Owing to their particular appeal to children, animated movie cartoons have more censorship restrictions than feature pictures. For example, scenes in which the characters kiss, express ridicule, depict cruelty, give Bronx cheers or display other bad manners are barred.

The Hindu epic poem, the Mahabharata, was started in 500 B. C. and not finished for 1,200 years, which is probably the longest period ever devoted to the composition of a single piece of secular literature.

According to organizations that supply lone women with men escorts, most ladies prefer blonds.

In certain states, one of which is New York, the law does not permit the exhibition of a child before a jury for the purpose of proving paternity. Juries have, in the past, ignored blood tests which established the fact that the defendant was not the father, and returned verdicts of guilty because the child in question, probably like many others, resembled him.

Only three of the sixty-five thoroughbreds that have won the Kentucky Derby have sired later winners of this race. They are: Halma, winner in 1895, sire of Alan-a-Dale, 1902; Bubbling Over, 1926, sire of Burgoo King, 1932; and Gallant Fox, 1930, sire of Omaha, 1935.—*By Bruce Bell, Henryville, Indiana.*

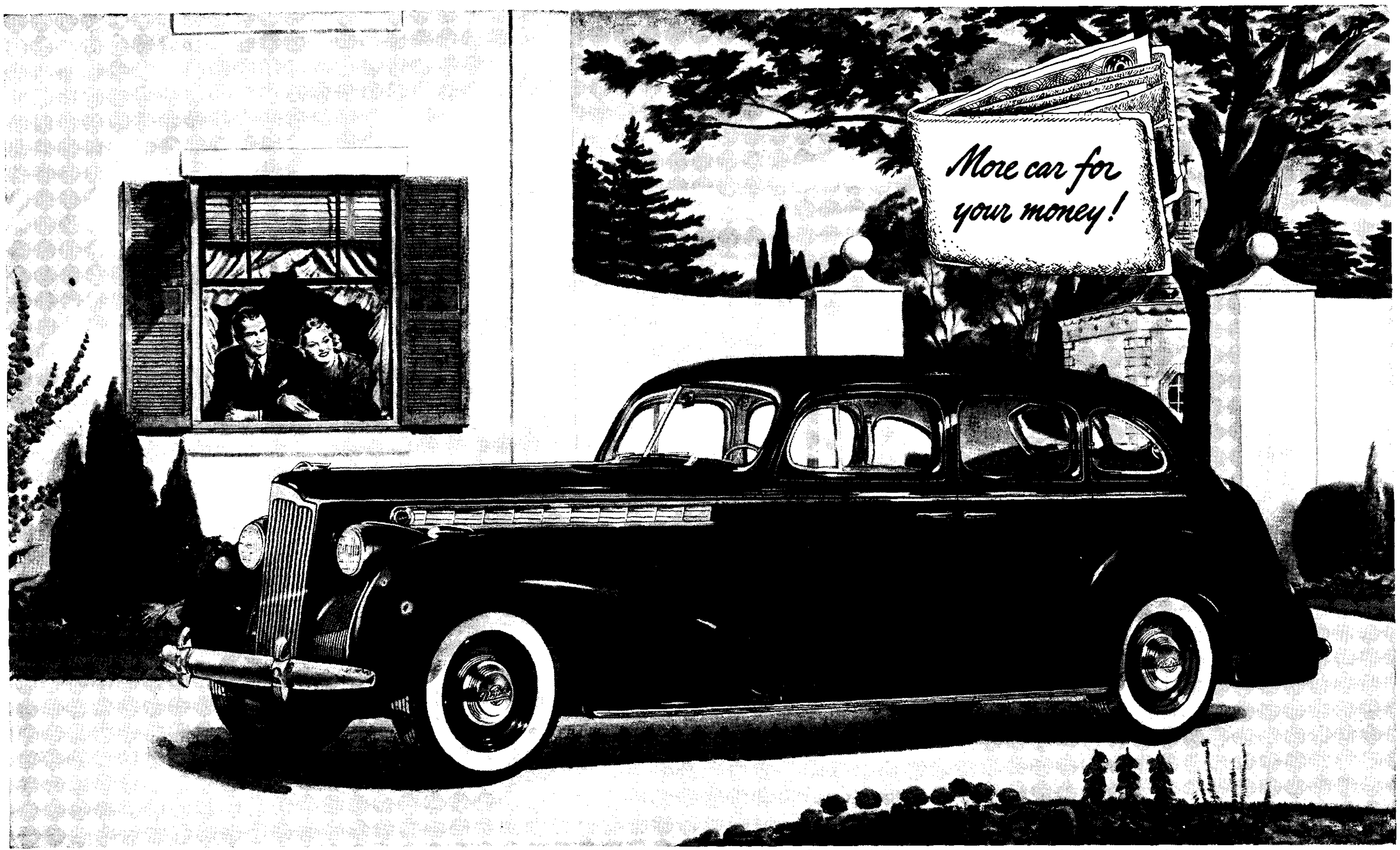
The only persons in the United States who cannot obtain a patent, or hold a right or interest in a patent, except by inheritance or bequest, are the officers and employees of the Patent Office.

Millions of persons and even entire races, such as the Eskimo, never care for salt added to their food because it is sufficiently abundant throughout nature to satisfy the chemical needs of the body. An absolutely salt-free diet, if one did exist, would prove fatal.

The average full-length American movie, which runs one hour and twenty minutes, usually has been worked on by from nine to twelve studio rewriters and dialogue specialists.

One of the largest machinery manufacturers in this country still spurns addressing machinery in the mailing of 1,500,000 copies of its free bimonthly magazine, sending them, for the personal touch, in hand-addressed wrappers.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher


More car for your money!

Model illustrated is Packard One-Twenty Touring Sedan $1146 (white sidewall tires extra)*

YOU'LL FALL IN LOVE

—and never get over it

UNLESS THERE IS ice in your veins, you're going to lose your heart to the most stunning new car that ever left a designer's board!

It's the new 1940 Packard One-Twenty—a sleek, speed-streamed beauty of 127 inches in wheelbase, powered with the liveliest 8-cylinder motor that ever ticked off 120 horsepower!

Here's a love-at-first-look car if there ever was one. That narrower radiator, that longer, rounded bonnet, those gleaming side-grilles—all bring smart new styling to America's most beautiful car. Yes, it's a beauty—and its eye-appeal only starts the story.

For with a 4-year expansion program behind us, with millions poured into new machinery, with factory costs reduced in hundreds of ways... we've given you, not just a new version of a great car, *but just about the greatest value that ever appeared in 8-cylinder circles.*

Get in—and "hold everything"

Settle down in those deep, luxurious cushions and give that low-voiced, straight-eight Packard built engine the gun.

You'll leave where you've been like a greyhound after a rabbit. This sleek and eager car, long famous for its agility, is now filled with even more dash and verve—the result of *more horsepower per pound of car weight!*

Search out some "trouble"

Turn off the smooth highway. Find a stretch of macadam the road-builders forgot—one that hasn't seen the tar wagons and the steam rollers for years. Take that stretch at normal cruising speed—and your enthusiasm for this car will come close to awe.

For your ride is almost as comfortable as though you were on new concrete—for which miracle you can thank Packard's improved Safe-T-fleX suspension . . . the finest yet developed and the envy of the automotive industry.

Yes, for life and luxury and safety, this Packard 120 is a car to make you turn cartwheels in the streets. It's a mechanical marvel and a stylist's dream—a finely-constructed mechanism built to give repair shops the go-by for years on end.

You simply must see it. At its new low price, this Packard is a value in a million! It's easy to buy and thrifty to run. By all means go borrow one from your Packard dealer today.

new 1940

PACKARDS

LOWEST PRICES IN PACKARD HISTORY

PACKARD 120 · $1038

AND UP, delivered in Detroit. State taxes extra*

PACKARD 110 · $867

AND UP, delivered in Detroit. State taxes extra
Prices subject to change without notice

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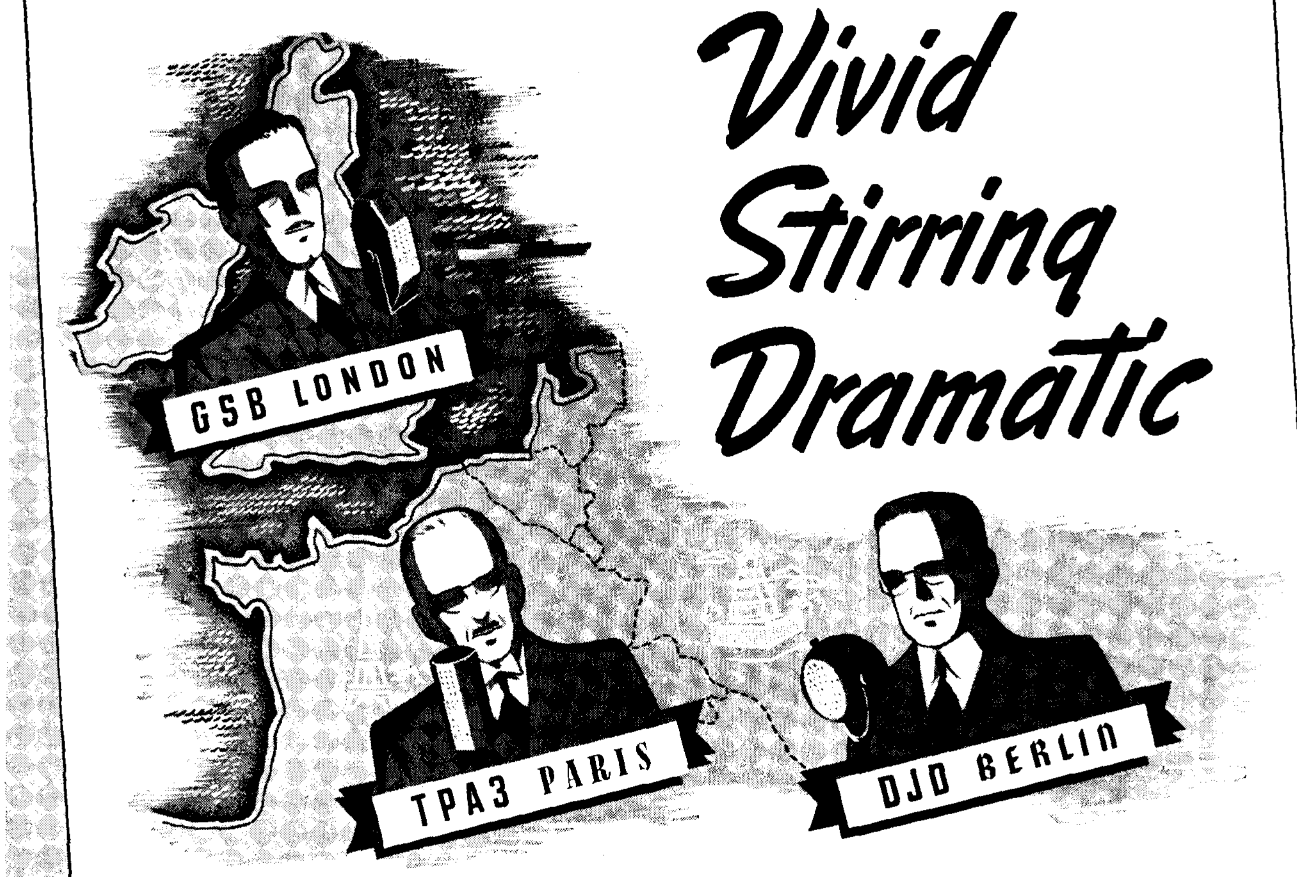
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

THE CALL LETTERS OF HISTORY!

Vivid Stirring Dramatic

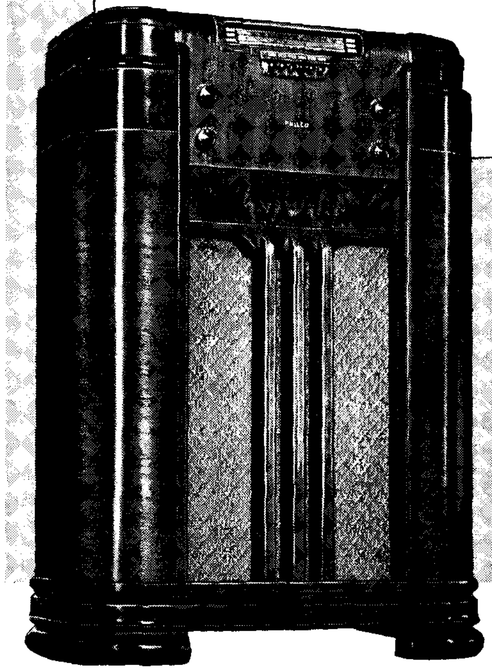


EVERY DAY, every night . . . almost every hour . . . the stirring news of historic events is coming to you direct from the capitals of Europe. Foreign short-wave stations, directing their broadcasts to America with tremendously increased power, are being heard more easily, more clearly than ever. Native commentators, speaking to you in English, give you their news and views, *vividly, fervently* . . . bringing you close to history as it happens!

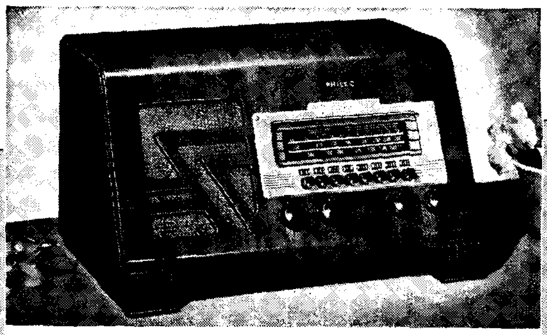
A 1940 "American and Foreign" Philco helps you *live* these stirring times. New Philco inventions have vastly improved your opportunity to tune in foreign stations *direct.* And with the Built-in Super Aerial *System,* an exclusive combination of features found only in the 1940 Philco, you enjoy many other thrilling advantages that are new to radio. *"Plug in and play" convenience* . . . no messy aerial or ground wires to install; just plug in anywhere and play. *New purity of tone* . . . gloriously rich and lifelike, greater freedom from man-made static and interference, even in noisy, difficult locations. *Super-Power* . . . you get even foreign reception without the need of an outside aerial.

Visit your nearest Philco dealer today. See the lovely new 1940 Philco models—consoles, radio-phonographs, table models. Liberal allowance for your old radio. And monthly terms so convenient you'll scarcely feel the expense!

Tune in the News from Europe with a short-wave PHILCO



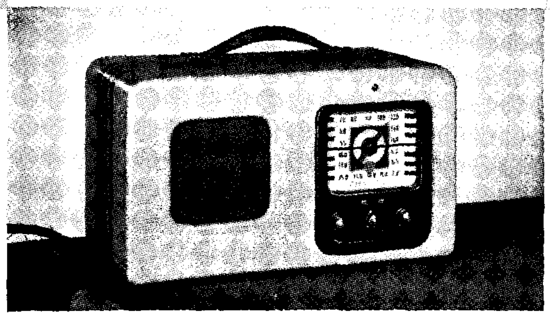
PHILCO 165K. With Philco Built-in Super Aerial *System.* Place it wherever you please, plug in and play. *Twin*-Loop aerial and triple-power Television Tube give you foreign reception as well as a new purity of tone, even in noisy locations. Electric Push-Button Tuning for favorite stations. Built to receive Television Sound—*the Wireless Way.* Stately cabinet of richly figured, beautifully finished Walnut. Yours for only $5.95 down.

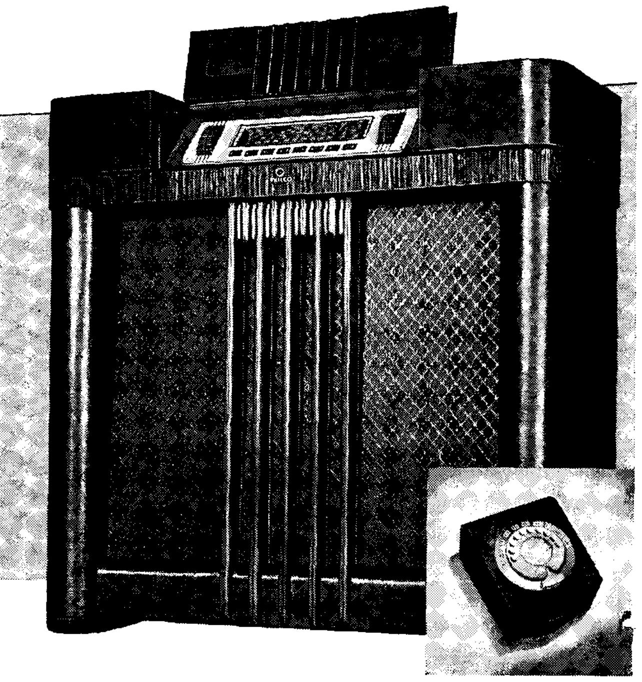


PHILCO 155T. The Built-in Super Aerial *System* gives to Philco table models undreamed-of power, performance and clarity of tone. Powerful American and Foreign Superheterodyne with Electric Push-Button Tuning. Yours on convenient terms.

* * *

PHILCO 88T PORTABLE. Plays anywhere, outdoors or indoors, without aerial or house current. Super-performance, great power. American and Foreign reception. Extra long battery life.





PHILCO 216RX *with* WIRELESS REMOTE CONTROL. The world's most popular radio in its most glorious and thrilling form! *Wireless Remote Control* operates the radio from any room in your home without wires, cords or connections of any kind to the radio or anything else. Powerful American and Foreign reception. Built-in Super Aerial *System.* Built to receive Television Sound—*the Wireless Way.* Luxurious inlaid Walnut cabinet with folding lid. Liberal trade-in allowance and convenient monthly payments.

Collier's The National Weekly for November 11, 1939

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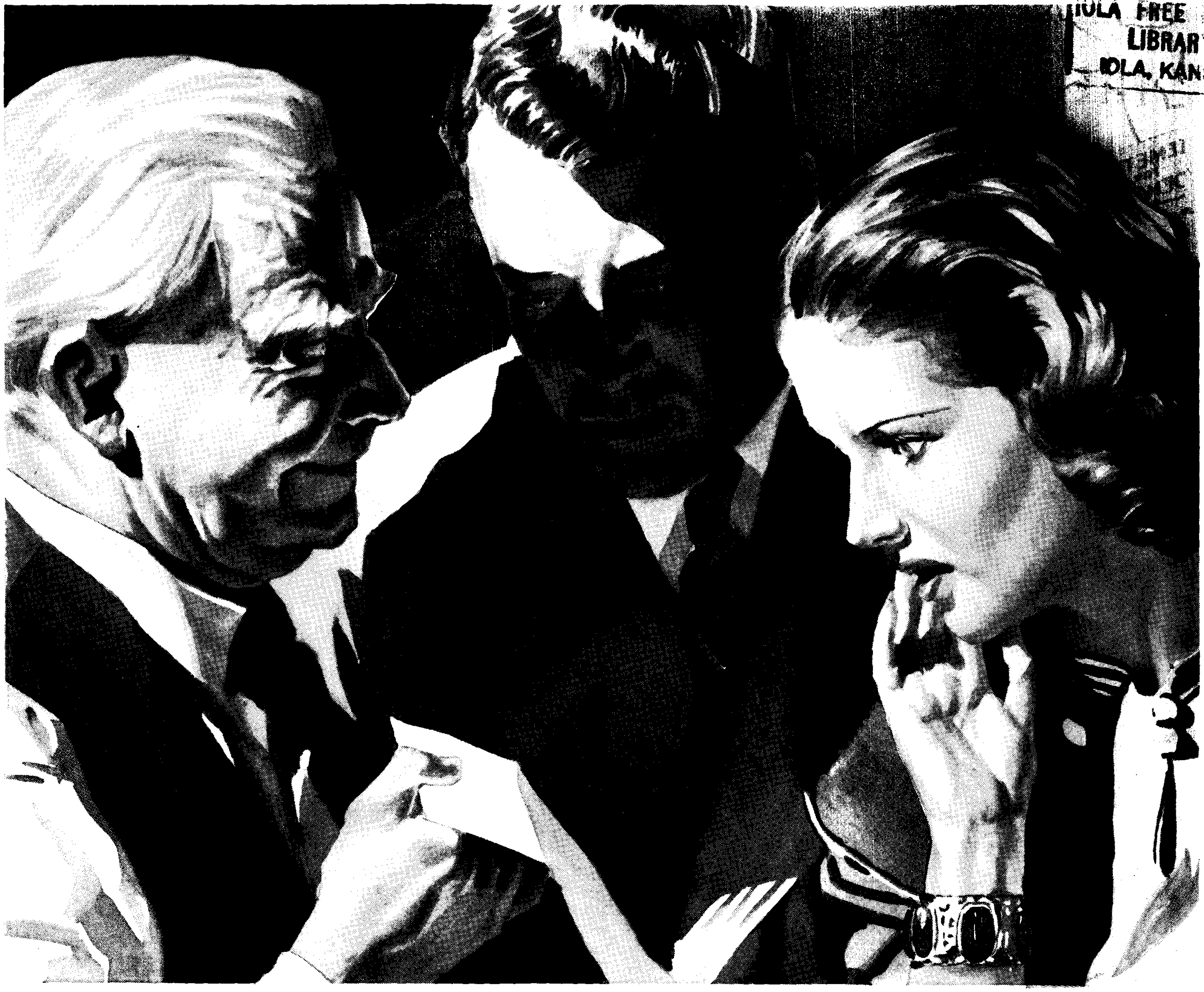


He asked innocently, "Do you mean leaflets like these?" Kathe stared at it, then smiled

The Crooked Cross

By William C. White

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

A powerful story of the Germany that Hitler fears

OUTSIDE the Friederichstrasse station newsboys were calling the headlines: "Armies Advance on Warsaw." Homegoing crowds from Berlin offices grabbed at the papers but Hans Braun passed by without interest. The coming of war was no surprise to him. For the preceding three months, at his desk in an office in the Ministry of Transportation, he had helped to arrange troop schedules, to route empty passenger trains and freight cars to mobilization points. He could never think of more than one thing at a time and now he was intent on what his wife had said on the telephone at noon.

"Kathe came home at noon," his wife had told him. "She thinks Karl may have to go to the front soon. They want to be married at once."

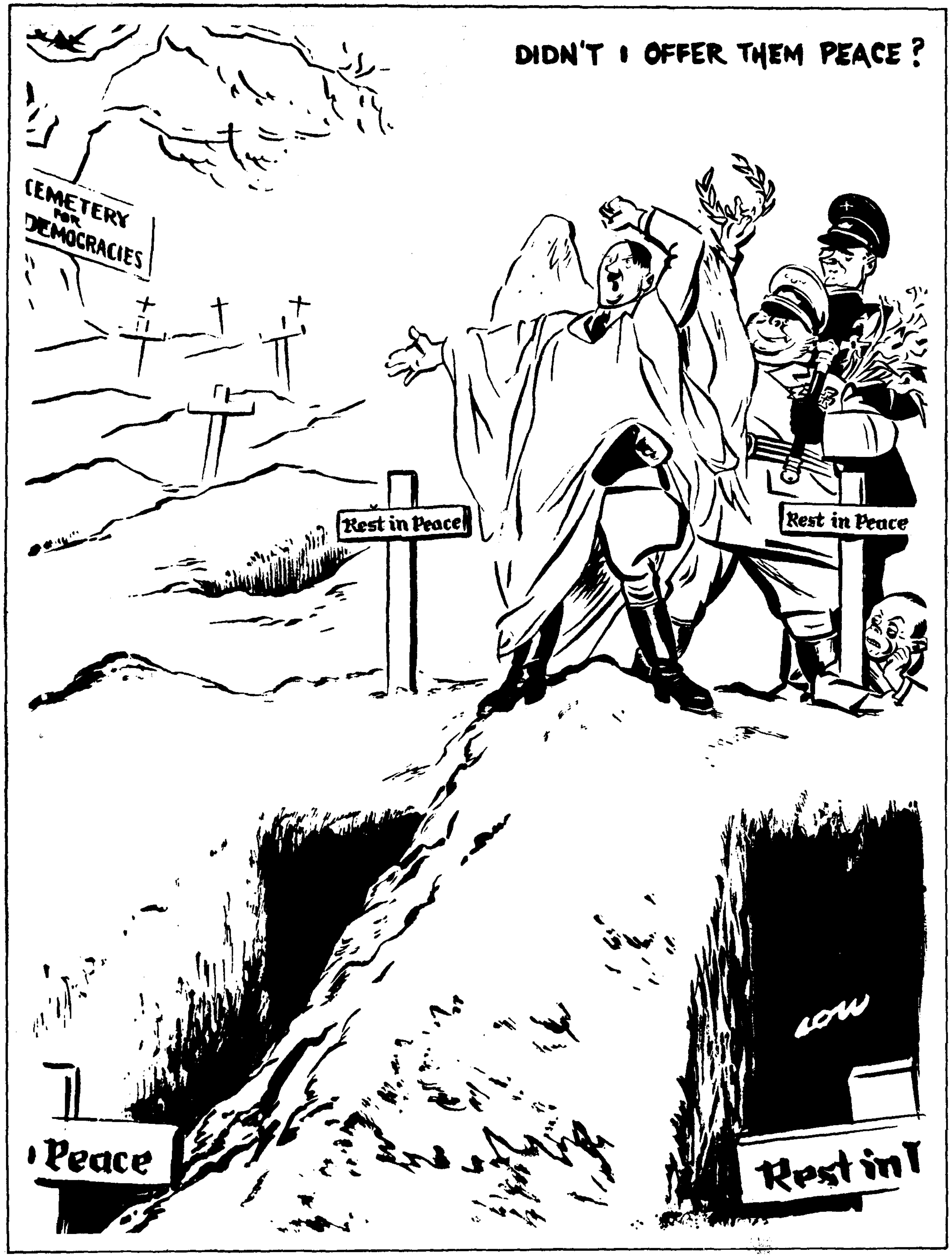
That was all, but his alarm at the news of that marriage was enough to make a man forget thought of air raids, thought of short rations, thought of war itself.

For thirty years he had followed the same route home every evening. He entered the old apartment house. Three flights of stairs were tiring and he had to breathe heavily. Worry and deepening fatigue made him tremble as he opened his apartment door. The living room was empty. He would not have to talk to anyone and he was glad. In the adjoining dining room his wife, Anna, was setting the supper table and Braun called, "Hello!" He could say nothing to her about the marriage; she approved and he knew it.

He settled slowly into an old leather armchair. A short, heavy, round-shouldered man, his face showed what he was, stolid and stable, a civil servant from a government office, a man pressed to a mold, stamped in the type of thousands of others, men who had slowly and unwillingly come to realize that their dreams of promotion and independence would be forever dreams.

The apartment itself was like that of ten thousand other government employees, set with quartered-oak furniture, heavy, solid, and now worn shiny. The carpet, with a large flowered pattern in red and green, was spotless but thin in many places. At the windows, geraniums in neat green flower boxes waved in the soft breeze. Braun tended them himself, as if they were children.

His wife came to call him to supper. She was stout but she had once been slim. Her golden hair was strawy now



DRAWN BY **LOW** FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO

but it was piled high on her head and not one hair was out of place.

When Braun saw that the table was set for two he asked, "Won't Kathe be here?"

"No." Frau Braun's round face, now wrinkled, looked tired. "She said something about a new orchestra at some café."

"Karl's with her?"

"Of course he is." She answered as if that were a foolish question. She said nothing about the marriage, but began, "It was worse in the market today, Papa. They haven't even got the amounts they promise you on the ration cards. I tell you, it's dreadful."

"You must not say such things, Anna."

"Why not?" She tossed her head. "They say we don't need ration cards to get fish, but there isn't any fish. It's an outrage."

Braun scowled heavily. "It is dangerous to say such things, I tell you. You never know who may overhear you and report you to the police. . . . Did Karl come with Kathe at lunch?"

"No, she came alone." Then, timidly: "I'm glad they want to marry, Papa. They've been going together two years. They should marry. Karl has a good job."

BRAUN looked down at his plate. He could not say, "Karl is a Nazi and I will not have a Nazi in my house." In Anna's opinion Karl was an attractive young man, of good family, with a good job. That was all that mattered to her and it was hopeless to try to make her see that Karl was part of the *Schlemperei,* one of the gang who had made something new and pain-filled from a beloved and comfortable Germany.

Braun had never taken any part in politics. No matter what party was in power, trains had to run and to help them run was his job. But in the last six years, he had seen cruel favoritism in his office, he knew of spies and spies on spies, he heard of men with long police records now honored and living in the best country houses around Berlin, he had seen churches closed and the clergy jailed so that it was not politic for a government employee to put on his shiny black suit on Sundays and go to church and join in singing *Ein' Feste Burg.* And now a man who helped to continue this wanted to marry Kathe.

She was an only child, a pretty girl, as pretty as her mother had been, and that was no small compliment. Once Braun had looked forward to having her grow up and marry, to having her home to visit, her children to play with, to walk with along the river in Treptow on a Sunday afternoon. Being a grandfather was the last proud station a man may hope for, but Braun did not look forward to it now. Two years ago Kathe had met Karl Ohrmann, an employee in Goebbel's own Propaganda Ministry, nice enough, perhaps, but, and to Braun this was all that mattered, a Nazi, an enemy brought into his home to listen to conversation, to make a man afraid for every chance remark that he or his wife might say.

Frau Braun always repeated everything she thought, everything she heard. Braun did not dare to speak to her now, to tell her what was in his mind, although she may have suspected. That was life today: a man was afraid to talk frankly with his wife. Whenever Karl came to the house Braun had little to say to him. He was a Nazi. His presence always meant fear, even fear that he might suspect something treasonable in Braun's silence. Now, as a new alarm, Braun feared that Karl might guess at the real reason for any opposition to the marriage. That was life today, too.

"They want to marry at once?" Braun asked dully.

"Early next week."

HE COULD not tell her why he objected to Karl without fearing that she would repeat it. He was helpless and the sense of helplessness was like a growing weight. He could not talk to Kathe, to beg her to reconsider. He remembered Becker, a man in his office, whose own ten-year-old son had reported a remark of his father's to the police. Becker disappeared. The boy got a medal. That was life today, too.

"I knew they wanted to marry sometime," Braun said slowly, "but this seems so sudden."

"Everything's due to the war, Papa."

"Kathe has said nothing to me."

Anna glanced sharply at him. "She *will,* Papa."

She would and he knew it. Standing behind her, waiting for any word he might say, would be Karl.

Braun pushed his plate away. "I'm not hungry tonight, Mamma."

He sat in the leather armchair. He could not stop the marriage and he knew it. A man no longer had any control over his own life, a man could no longer plan nor hope nor prevent. It was foolish not to realize that, as foolish as a man in pain fighting anesthesia. It was better to accept numbness and let it stifle worry.

A knock at the door aroused him. It was too early for Kathe to return but he went to the door expecting to see her, anxious about the conversation that would follow. At the door was Fritz Schuler, an employee in the Ministry of Agriculture and an old friend. He was a small, thin man with thick glasses, as nervous as a sparrow. Under his arm he carried a little package.

Braun greeted him warmly: "I'm so glad to see you, Fritz."

"I was just passing by and I thought I would drop in," Schuler said. His voice was dry, high-pitched. "You're home alone?"

"My wife is in the kitchen."

"Oh!" Schuler sounded disappointed. He said nothing more for a few moments while he filled a pipe with tobacco and lit it. Then, abruptly: "You've been my friend all my life, Hans."

Braun looked up, surprised, and nodded mechanically.

"I can talk frankly to you." Schuler lowered his voice. He puffed at his pipe.

(Continued on page 70)

PIX

Passing Fancy

By Kyle Crichton

Paul Christman, the Dizzy Dean of football, makes every excuse to avoid practice, loafs around like a sleep-walker all week until Saturday afternoon, then—bang!

OUT Missouri way the folks are mighty tetchy. You'd think offhand that if a young man was referred to as another Dizzy Dean, he'd be pretty happy, but not at all. Not if he happens to be a football player like Paul Christman. A baseball player who is another Dizzy is likely to be great stuff but a football player who is another Dizzy is regarded merely as a pop-off.

As a sophomore last year at the University of Missouri, Christman was not only the dangedest passer the Missouri Valley Conference has ever had but he was also a guy who made conversation while he played. If he ran to the right, wheeled and threw a touchdown pass to the left, he always paused later to explain the matter to the opposition.

"Just a little thing we thought up," he would observe in a kindly way. "No deception intended."

However, he is careful to explain that this is merely his way of being at home on the gridiron. His friends maintain that he is at heart a modest hero and shudder at the mention of Dizzy in the same connection. If he is the big man on the field the minute he steps out and if he gives the impression that the whole affair is something casual that is occupying his attention only for the moment, that is no fault of his. He passed for a total of 1,084 yards last season, making him third in big-time competition to O'Brien of Texas Christian and Patterson of Baylor, and they contend at Missouri that if he hadn't been saved in the Washington University (St. Louis) and St. Louis University games, he would have been tops for the nation.

He passed for seven touchdowns during the year and carried the ball across six times on running plays. In addition he ran the team from quarterback, did the kicking (averaged around forty yards) and galloped back with all the punts. Missouri, with its first good team in years, bumped off Nebraska, Michigan State, Kansas and Colorado. It lost to Oklahoma's great outfit, Iowa State and Kansas State. When they lost, Paul took it harder than he cared to show, but he always had a word for it. "Me, a football player?" he said. "I should know better."

Christman comes from Maplewood, a suburb of St. Louis, and was so little regarded in high school that both St. Louis and Washington, the local universities, turned him down. He was a 210-pound baby with hands as large as Hank Greenberg's glove and legs like the beams in a barn, but he was also slow. Why they ever took him at Missouri is still a mystery but, after his freshman year down there, Coach Dan Faurot knew he had his next year's team. He had him tagged as his varsity quarterback almost before the blond beast could get his extra suit hung up in the men's dormitory. When Missouri opened with Colorado last year, there was our hero standing out on the field looking as if he were about to insert a straw in his mouth and start whittling.

"Who's the guy walking in his sleep?"

(Continued on page 61)

Hero of the campus and top man of Missouri's football squad is Paul Christman, a capable young man who isn't given to modesty about it

PIX

THIS ARTICLE WAS SENT BY RADIO FROM LONDON

The evacuation not only turned London inside out, but England upside down. Women and children who never really saw grass and sunshine are living in the country and learning about soap and water. Something *good may come of it all*

WAR

BLACK STAR

Britain's child evacuees focused the nation's attention on its underprivileged

THE British are famous for light understatements. They call London's Isle of Dogs an "overpopulated area." In plain American the place is a slum. By comparison, Hell's Kitchen is a health resort. The Isle of Dogs peninsula lies in London's east end where the Thames makes a long loop southward around Stepney and Limehouse before resuming its waddling way eastward to the sea. It is a long way from West End's Mayfair to the Isle, both geographically and socially. Most cabbies do not know how to get there. Pall Mall clubmen have never heard of it.

Most Englishmen do not even know how the place got its name. Your reporter asked Britain's leading novelist and he didn't know. He half believed the name came from the kind of people who work and live there, until we looked it up and found that porcine Henry the Eighth and the nobler kings before him kept their hounds there.

The Isle of Dogs is where Master Henry Hawkins—'Ennery 'Awkins to his pals—lived in a sooty brick receptacle he called 'ome, until Mr. Chamberlain declared war on Adolf Hitler. On that day 'Ennery was removed to a safe place in the country, out of reach of the enemy's bombs. Like 675,635 other children from the slums, 'Ennery became an evacuee. The English language acquired a new word, English society a new problem, one of such poignancy and proportions that not even British understatement can disguise the fact that it is a major social revolution. Children, pregnant women and aged sick were siphoned out of their homes into subways and onto trains and sprayed out into sheltering homes of the middle and upper classes.

Not a single child suffered so much as a sprained ankle. It was a piece of organization and execution of a kind to make totalitarian masters of mass discipline sit up and take notice. If the British were capable of moving squalling children, recalcitrant mothers, cranky oldsters and helpless sick in hundreds of thousands within a period of exactly 2,880 consecutive minutes from their homes to distant points in the country and at the seashore, then it was reasonable for Hitler to anticipate worriedly that a khaki wave of Britains could roll even more swiftly across the Channel.

It was a colossal task ably accomplished by the London County Council under the direction of the hard-boiled socialist member of Parliament, Herbert Morrison.

The Inevitable Reaction

But restrained, polite enthusiasm and exclamations of "Mahvelous, simply mahvelous!" subsided rapidly when the anticipated Nazi bombs first failed to come. Joe Goebbels had scared the British into believing implicitly that London skies would be filled with thousands of Nazi bombers dropping steel-encased death, fire and destruction the moment war was declared. Britain's moneyed ruling classes, playing hosts to those hitherto separated from them by rigid walls of birth, background and bank accounts, had time to reflect when days and weeks passed and the bombers did not come.

It was not long before the correspondence columns in the British press, particularly in the stately Times, were filled with letters expressing annoyance, regrets, exasperation and even disgust at the sudden large dose of sociological medicine Chamberlain had forced down their throats in the national emergency. It was only after the first flush of emotional satisfaction of self-martyrdom and patriotism that Britain's careful penny counters discovered things like the fact that one shilling sixpence per day pay for keep and lodging of the individual evacuees was insufficient and flatly indicated that the government must pay out more. The government's evacuation bill is already more than £375,000 weekly.

Startling truths about the state of social disrepair of the nation began to emerge. The children had been removed from their homes so hurriedly that there was naturally no time for medical examination. Some children were found to be verminous, scabrous, infected with impetigo, dirty and ill-mannered. Others even had what polite society describes as social diseases. The condition of all evacuees was denounced in the House of Commons, where some stalwarts who had never been to the Isle of Dogs said the statements were a gross libel upon the youth of the country and refused to believe that such things could be—until they read the accounts in the Times in what was mild but still very precise language. Not even the Times could disguise with understatement words meaning that some children's heads were in a zoological condition.

When Chamberlain took the final, fateful step along the road to war he dug up the Isle of Dogs and uprooted Wapping, Limehouse, Stepney and St. Georges in the east. He scooped 'Ennery out of his house in dismal Billson Street—he dug a spading fork deep into the complacent greensward of the English upper classes' existence and turned up clods of unpleasant things.

But if war can be said to be beneficent, then England has already gained tremendously from the conflict. As my novelist friend, who must remain anonymous, put it, "It is the best thing since man invented the power-driven loom to give England its industrial revolution and introduce into the nation's life that which we call the Great Middle Class, to make Britons realize how sadly they have neglected the underdogs. Better to have found out how things are now than to have discovered after a victorious war that the foundations were rotting. By gad, we'll do something about it!"

And there is evidence on every hand that Britons, after the first shot, are settling down and doing something about 'Ennery with the same determination with which they are tackling the problem of ridding the world of Nazism.

It was a terrible shock for those who live with clean sheets, hot water and all-around benison of friendliness to discover that the children's clothing had to be burned and that some children weren't even housebroken.

The problems confronting lordly hosts were indisputably many. Children fretted at their new environment and wanted to return home—which many did. Older women missed their gabs over pints of cheap ale in the neighborhood pubs. The problem of what to do with the children, who in some cases swelled village populations by as much as twenty-five per cent, was most pressing. Some kindly souls turned them out of the house in the mornings with a lunch basket and with strict instructions not to return until bedtime,

BLACK STAR

Tearful mothers said farewell as air-raid threats sent their children to the country—many for the first time

the kids running wild all day until corralled by schoolteachers, who helped bring order out of chaos. Such treatment of children occurred even in the erudite and cultured atmosphere of the home of a world-renowned English playwright, whose name the writer suppresses only with the greatest reluctance and out of a wholesome respect for the British libel laws.

Among those who gave the greatest trouble to their hosts were the young mothers from the slums, who thought the whole thing was one big holiday and refused to do any work or to help around the houses where they were billeted, and pined for the stalwart husbands left behind. After the first fears of death from gas and shrapnel passed, these younger women made unauthorized trips home to see their "guvnors."

You Can't Blame 'Ennery

If the evacuation was a trial to upper-crust Britons it was a nightmare for the children—at first. No sidewalks to play hopscotch on. No streets, no noise, filth, grime. Their whole apperceptive background, their concept of how the world is constituted, was torn down and they were helpless. The British Broadcasting Company in special radio programs attempted to teach them such elementary things as the fact that milk came from cows and not from cans or bottles.

'Ennery thought apples were made in factories and then shoveled onto a coster's cart, from which you pinched one when the bobby wasn't looking. 'Ennery thought that bluish white liquid he called milk came from bottles exclusively. Imagine the shock to his nervous system when he discovered, "Blimey, it's squirted from under a blinkin' cow."

It is to England's credit that its leading citizens realize that Master 'Awkins isn't to blame for his peculiar outlook on life and weird concepts of the forms and color of soils and fruits. 'Ennery's world was the Isle, where he lived in a two-roomed, two-storied house squeezed into an unoccupied segment of the greedy geometry of the West India and Millwal docks. That is where he was born, like his father and grandfather before him, and there he lived with two sisters and one ol' lady and guvnor sleeping upstairs nights because the rats got so bad on the ground floor.

He was dirty but unaware of it. The kids with whom he hopscotched or with whom he hunted lean, surly cats of the neighborhood with the lethal shillelagh were dirty too. By day the streets of his world were filled with grinding, groaning lorries, with hairy horses drawing steel-tired wagons, creaking with their burden. He wasn't conscious of the sun, for it was always obscured by smoke sluicing from the chimneys.

The air he breathed was thick and left a taste in his mouth. Sometimes the air was flavored with nutmeg, mint, tanbark, glue, tea, leather, lumber or molasses. He went to sleep nights lulled by the low moans of the bargemen's whistles; he awakened to the contrapuntal rhythm of coppersmiths' and chandlers' hammers.

'Ennery was crushed when his clothing had to be burned because it crawled, was mortified by his introduction to harsh lye soap and hard water. Country air stabbed his lungs with a million healing little spears. His head swam. He heard the evensong of the skylark for the first time, stared into the air and wanted to know what "the sparrer was frettin' about."

He lost his appetite, couldn't drink the sweet, warm milk. "It moikes me sick, it do." He missed his bread and drippings, his occasional spot of bitters. He couldn't sleep nights. "The silence, it gives me the creeps. It's too orful quiet."

The kids missed the concrete security of the settlement house playground with its mechanical swings and the iron railings between the boys' side and girls' side, where 'Ennery swung from his heels head down to impress Lizzie Clark.

Light on the Problem of Poverty

Not all Englishmen are like the fox-hunting squire who was much put out by the fact that the billeting officer brought him two grubby girls instead of two nine-year-old boys as he splutteringly protested he had "specified." He had prepared a gymnasium in the spare bedroom, equipped with boxing gloves, sparring dummy and Indian clubs. He took the girls finally and your correspondent's secret informers report the squire was last heard of buying frilly dresses.

Thinking Englishmen know that the boys who are now only refugees from death will learn to love the land again; they'll learn to plow straight furrows and take great pride in turning the sweet earth. Phrases like "this green and pleasant England" may soon no longer be hollow catchwords of railroad poster advertisements. Those who have lived all their lives in the dismal ugliness of mortar and articulated steel—not all, certainly, but equally certainly a very great many—will have seen what it means "to see the flowers on woody stems."

England's youth will grow to think that it may be more fun to raise sheep than to wait on tables, to mow hay than to sell papers, to be a yeoman on the land than a porter in Covent Garden.

More practically, the British government may at last realize that it has to tackle the problem of poverty in an organized way and withdraw welfare work from the slipshod hands of volunteer workers who are financed by the sporadic charity of the rich. The world's wealthiest country, with more substantial people per square mile than in the tycoon United States, historically has relied upon wheedling, mealy-mouthed begging to care for the less fortunate members of its society.

Advertisements in the Times and Telegraph have periodically begged for "ten shillings to take Billy and Lizzie to the seashore" or sought to prevail upon Lady Spondulicks and Lord Moneybags to part with "one guinea to accommodate five children for a week end in the country."

This is certain to result in sweeping reforms if for no other reason than because at bottom an Englishman is outraged by the misfortunes of others. Britons raised £528,510 for London's Lord Mayor's Fund for aiding Czechoslovak refugees and more than £150,000 for Spanish refugees. After all, blood is thicker than water, to coin a phrase.

Hitler and Goebbels jolted Britain out of her political lethargy when they made peace unbearably degrading. The British are slow to become exasperated. They have a high flash-point.

Britons received a new jolt when they saw what a state 'Ennery was in. They probably will remake Britain because they found 'Ennery unbearably dirty.

Lucky Cinderella

by Frank Condon

JAMES DOOLITTLE

THEY told her to keep in touch with the studio and they paid her way home on the train to Dallas, Texas. That means approximately: "We haven't anything for you now, but you might drop in next year or the year after." In the day coach rolling east, she wept peacefully every three hours and read with sympathetic understanding in the newspaper about a Dallas butcher who had just committed suicide, using nothing but a couple of gas jets.

She didn't know on that doleful railway journey home to Texas that she was throwing together the rainbow Cinderella story for 1939. It's like a dream, she says. Studio experts merely state in their moderate way that she is the prettiest girl ever seen on any screen, in any year, in any studio, in any nation, since time began upon this mortal ball. This has a faintly familiar ring to it, but cast your own eye on the lovely creature and decide for yourself.

There she was, a failure and unemployed citizen, crying her way back home on the Dallas cannon ball, trending back to the family cottage at 715 Hollywood Street, Oak Cliff, Texas, suburb of Dallas . . . Hollywood Street—isn't that odd? It almost makes you think of Dale Carnegie.

The way it happened, there was a talent scout who bounced into Dallas on November 17, 1937, went to the Baker Hotel and asked newspapers to announce he would be pleased to scrutinize young folks interested in a movie career. Monetta shoved the paper aside and advised her mother that it wouldn't do a lick of good to meet the talent scout, as he would only sneer at her extreme youth. The mother replied that trying never hurt anybody, so they interviewed Mr. Scout, who took a startled look at the offspring, rushed to the telegraph office and informed the 20th Century-Fox Studio that he had stumbled across a pip. . . . He forwarded photographs.

The studio came to life with a telegram and railroad fare, and with her heart in her mouth the candidate journeyed out to Hollywood. That was in December, 1937. Her mother and brother went along for the ride, brother in an upper berth and sarcastic. In the studio, sharp eyes appraised the new material and old heads shook, for here was something too dagnabbed young for any good use whatever. Beautiful —sure, but younger than a basket of pups.

Painstakingly, they tested her. They took seven thousand photographs, stills, semistills, moving pictures, side shots, full shots, large shots, little shots, *hair down, hair up, in clothes, out of clothes, sitting,* smiling, scowling, standing, jumping, singing, weeping and holding a dog. They turned her over to the mercies of Mrs. Florence Enright, dramatic coach, who rehearsed her for three weeks, taught her how to act for the camera, and eventually she was ordered to do some acting in a sketch, Two Nuts on a Sidewalk, which would discourage anybody. The other nut was Robert Allen, a young leading man with a smooth future.

This important test sketch occurred late in the week, about Friday, and at noon on Monday the bad news was shoved along. They told her bluntly she was too young for the movies, that her personality was concealed entirely by a fog of immaturity and adolescence, and they advised her to go home and try to pick up a few of the infirmities of age.

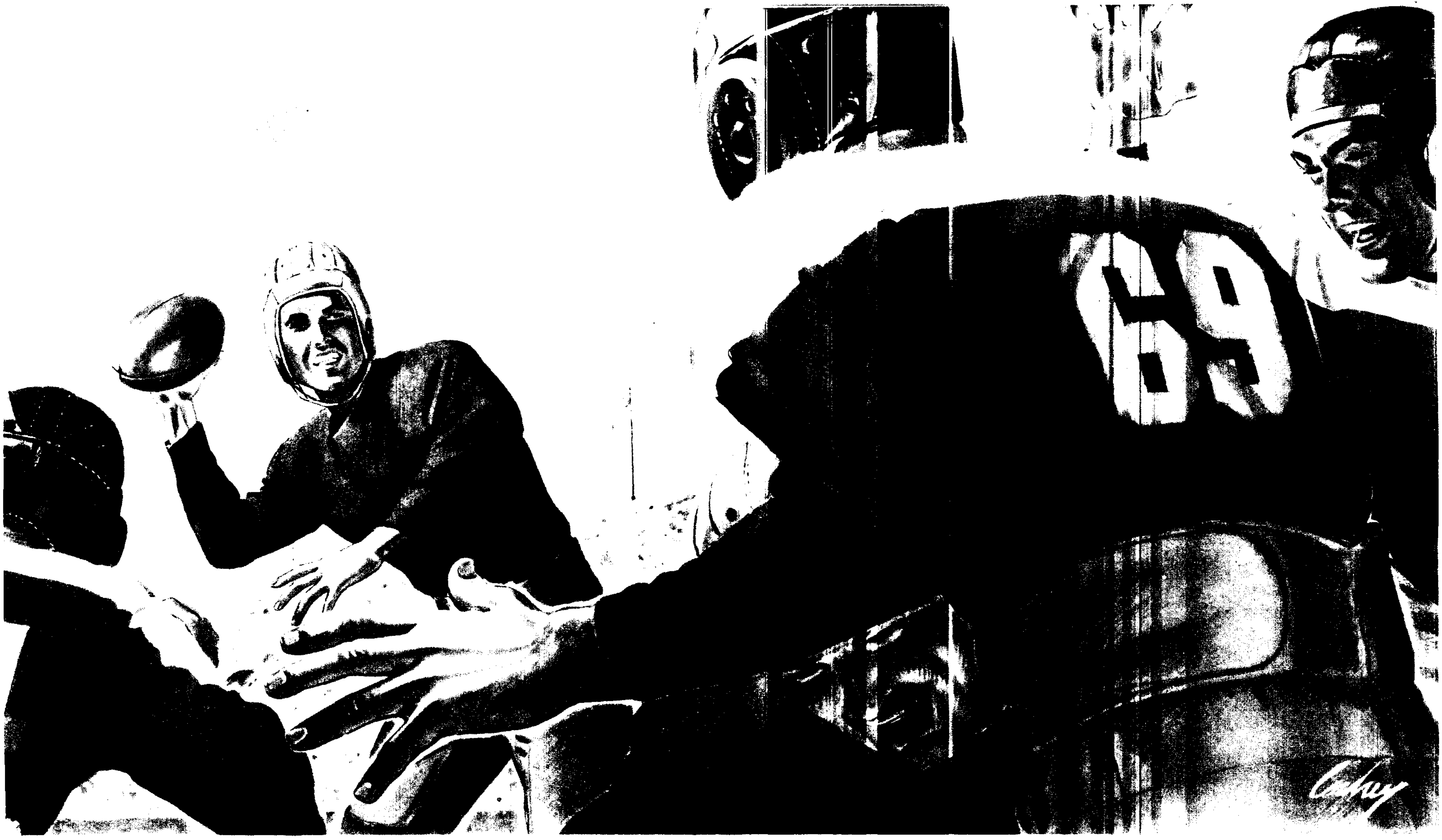
That's when the train took her back to Dallas. She had seen nothing of Hollywood, except still-shooters. She had met nobody but a few police officers and the commissary detective. She had not seen Loretta Young, her idol. To fill her cup of sorrow to the brim, two other little snips made good and were signed up, Mary Healy of New Orleans and Judith Dickens of Memphis. Dallas lost in a photo finish.

In the little home cottage, her mother remarked it was a thing that might happen to anybody and to cheer up. Her father said very little, as he works in the post office and he likes things quiet around the house. After that, nothing whatever happened, except the neighbors nodded when she went by and said: "There's the little Darnell girl that went out to Hollywood and bounced right back."

That's her name, Darnell, now known as Linda Darnell, right and proper name in the family Bible, Monetta Linda Darnell, world champion Cinderella for 1939 and part of 1940. She's like those girls you see on a barbershop calendar in three colors, the like of which never was on land or sea, and Harry Brand says her hair is like a finch's wing, but he gets paid for such nonsense.

She is still so young they don't like to have the subject mentioned and her bosses direct her to tell everybody she is nineteen. Certainly she has a boss now and a check every Wednesday at noon. She has a contract and a new house and is negotiating to buy a car and maybe a police dog, and six months ago she wondered how you get to be a person that can walk into a restaurant and buy a filet mignon, her favorite food. Until three years ago, she thought a filet mignon was a flower, but upon being introduced to one she made it her favorite food.

Well, there she was back in Dallas, or Oak Cliff, wondering how does a girl move to overcome the frightful handicap of too much youth. First thing, she let her hair grow. She began wearing her mother's clothes and Undine's hats. Undine's the sister, a shaky old dowager of twenty-one. . . . Linda's real opportunity to look old was her double chin, not a first-class double chin at the moment, but one capable of expansion. . . . Knowing that a robust double chin will successfully age any lady, she conferred with the Oak Cliff druggist, inquiring *(Continued on page 28)*



He couldn't race them on this ankle, and he panted a little prayer and let go

Right of Conquest

By Ben Peter Freeman

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

He had to take a lot of glory, but only Margot could make him like it

CODY stood under the shower, not slack-muscled, the way he liked to be after a workout, but hard-muscled and tight. More hot water didn't relax him, and he was scowling when he stepped out and began toweling his compact, rangy body.

Anders was a dummy, instructing the freshmen not to tackle Cody in the final scrimmage this afternoon. Anders ought to know by now that only a rough, brutal scrimmage would loosen Cody up. And now Anders would be waiting in the locker room for Cody to come out of the shower, and Anders' little brown eyes would be worried and anxious.

Anders wanted to know whether Cody would be loose and brilliant against Grange on Saturday, or erratic and indifferent. For three years Anders had been getting nervous indigestion in the autumn, fretting about how Cody was going to feel on Saturday. That, Cody thought disgustedly, was a hell of a job for a grown man, worrying whether a guy who didn't give a damn would blaze or fizzle on Saturday.

Cody came into the locker room and sat down on the rubbing table. Anders left three newspapermen abruptly and came across the room. The coach was a stocky man, not yet middle-aged. His eyes were creased anxiously, probing, the way Cody knew they would be. Anders asked, "How do you feel, Bill?"

"All right," Cody said shortly, and stretched on his back. He let his eyes stay cool and ironic on Anders, and the coach frowned and rubbed irritatedly at his blunt chin. He said with forced heartiness, "Attaboy, Bill. That's fine," and turned away quickly from Cody's mocking smile.

There was angered bafflement in Anders' face, and Cody thought, "Now he'll go home and beat his wife. I suppose I should have kidded him along." Anders had his way to make, with a wife and a couple of kids, and he could only make his way by winning football games. And according to the experts, who engraved their opinions in headlines, Anders couldn't win the big Grange game on Saturday unless Bill Cody was hot.

That was what got Anders down. For three years it had been: CODY FLASHES AGAINST PITT! . . . CODY BADLY OFF FORM IN IRISH GAME! . . . Anders couldn't figure out why Cody didn't weep when they panned him; why he didn't get a big boot when they hailed him as "Another Great Cody."

Another Great Cody. The Fourth All-America Cody. Campus Big Man. . . . Cody grunted, "Nuts," and rolled over on his stomach to let the trainer go to work on his back. When he did his stuff, when he hit the headlines, they clapped his back and smiled approvingly. He was doing only what was expected of him. When he didn't click, when he didn't give a damn, he was a clown. He was letting them down.

They expected him to fall for a phony setup like that, and they condemned him when he refused. He cradled his head in his arms and closed his eyes, and the biting restlessness and discontent surged in his long muscles under the trainer's hands.

THE trainer gave him a couple of final slaps, and he got off the rubbing table feeling a little soothed. Swanson put his hand on his shoulder and said, "Wait for me, Bill. I've got something special to show you. *Very* special."

He dressed languidly, then sat on the locker bench and idly watched Swanson getting his rubdown.

Swanson was something like a barn. Wide and square and set surely on the ground. Homely as a barn, too, and his tow-colored hair had peaked on his big head like a haycock when he had come up here three years ago. It had amused Cody to get Swanson a proper haircut and to steer him to his own tailor.

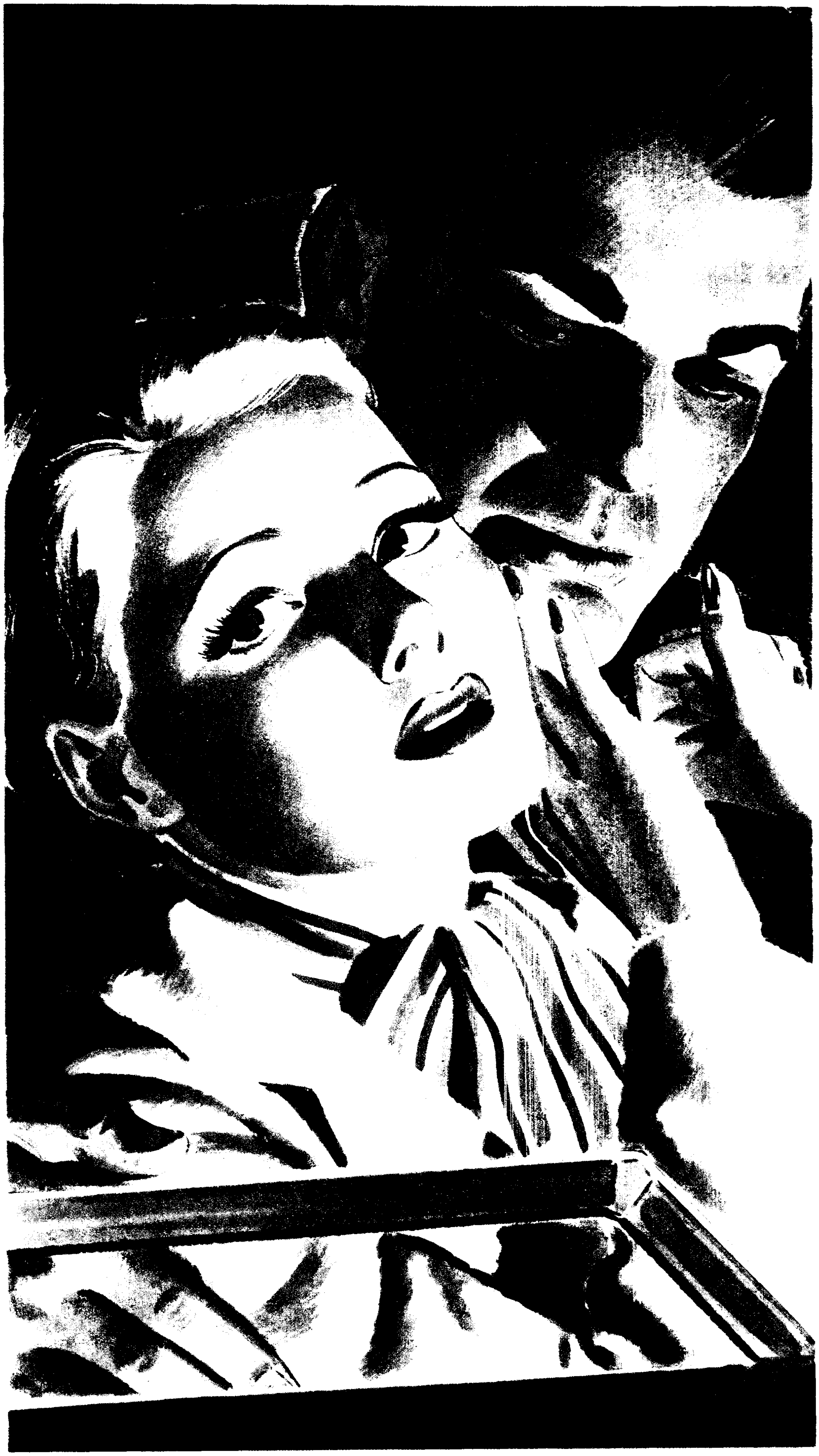
And now Swanson was going to be captain next year, and he was a member of Cody's own club! That was the pay-off. Cody's house had looked at him strangely, and grumbled when he persisted in bringing the big, blushing hay-shaker to dinner, and it had amused Cody hugely to sandpaper Swanson and to polish him, and then to stuff him down the throats of the most exclusive club on the campus.

Cody started to laugh, and Swanson winked his quiet blue eyes at him and smiled slowly. Swanson's smile said, "Take it easy, Bill. Take it easy," the way Swanson always said it when Cody was fed to the ears with being the fourth All-America Cody, and was goaded to cut loose and let it rip.

Pretty soon Swanson came over and got into his clothes and they went out into the twilight. The poplars guarding the garden plot before the field house were dark and tall in the misty stillness, and Swanson's voice broke hushed and glad: "She's here, Bill. Margot's here!"

His first reaction, when he saw the girl, was one of sharp surprise. Her photograph had stood on Swanson's desk for a year; but he saw now that it was a poor photograph. It didn't show the glowing richness of her honey-colored hair, which she wore in a coronet of two thick braids around her head. It didn't show the depth of her wide eyes, nor the delicacy of the planes of her face, nor the blossomlike quality of her full mouth.

He found himself waiting tensely for the sound of her voice; and when it came, gentle and full and just escaping



huskiness, he felt a thrill of exultance because he had known it would be like that.

She said, "I'm just going to call you Bill. Swany has talked about you so much I feel as if we're old friends."

"Swany has been holding out on me," he said. "I think he put up a bad photograph of you on purpose."

"And how!" chuckled Swanson. "I wasn't looking for any professional competition." He said, "What did I tell you, Margot?" And he appealed to Cody. "Well, how do you like her?"

Cody kept his eyes on the girl. "I think she's wonderful," he said simply, and quick little hammers beat in his wrists when he saw the soft color surge from the white column of her throat into her face.

She seemed a little flustered and somehow displeased. She turned to Swanson, and then the three of them were striding down Club Row to the Langdon. Margot's head came to Cody's shoulder. Her full, slender body swayed in easy pace with them and the flowing grace of it intoxicated Cody and kept him still.

He didn't, ordinarily, care much for dancing; but when they came into the Langdon and he heard the orchestra, he wanted very much to dance with this girl. She was supple, light in his arms and the intoxication grew in him. The orchestra changed to a fast Strauss waltz, and he caught her to him.

She pressed back, and he laughed and pulled her to him again as the music flared. She arched back over his arm as he swept her around. The excitement mounted in him until he felt almost drunk, and he laughed again, exultantly. And then suddenly the stiffness went out of her, and they were whirling and whirling, round and round.

Her lips parted, and her golden head hung over her shoulder like a too-heavy flower. He kept on laughing softly, and he didn't know what he was murmuring. He had never before felt this way with a girl. Never . . .

THE music flashed to a stop, and they stood there looking at each other. He held her hands, laughing without sound, his eyes blazing. He said, "You're lovely!"

She gazed back at him, her eyes dark and startled. Her bosom rose and fell with her deep breathing. She gave a little nod, then folded her hands in his and drew them softly out of his grasp. She turned, and he followed her back to their table.

They had a further moment alone while Swanson was across the room in conversation. She had collected herself, but he saw that her poise was shaken. She said, speaking carefully, "Swany wants to beat Grange. He says it depends on you. Do you think you will win?"

He was impatient. "I don't know. What does that matter? I want to know about you."

"I wouldn't think you would care to do anything that didn't matter a great deal," she said. And when the mockery began to come back into his face, she went on hurriedly, "You pretend to be indifferent. But you—you're too intense to want to waste yourself."

He leaned toward her across the table, and the lean, hard angles of his face were drawn sharp. "I never gave one hang what I did," he told her, "until—"

Her eyes fluttered, then held on his, and he told her boldly, "Until now."

(Continued on page 32)

"You've kissed me," she told him. "You've made love to your best friend's girl. Now take me home"

Behind The Lines

By Ruth Carson

In Europe the rich clothes of the Paris collections are forgotten. Now workable clothes are the thing. What it means to you

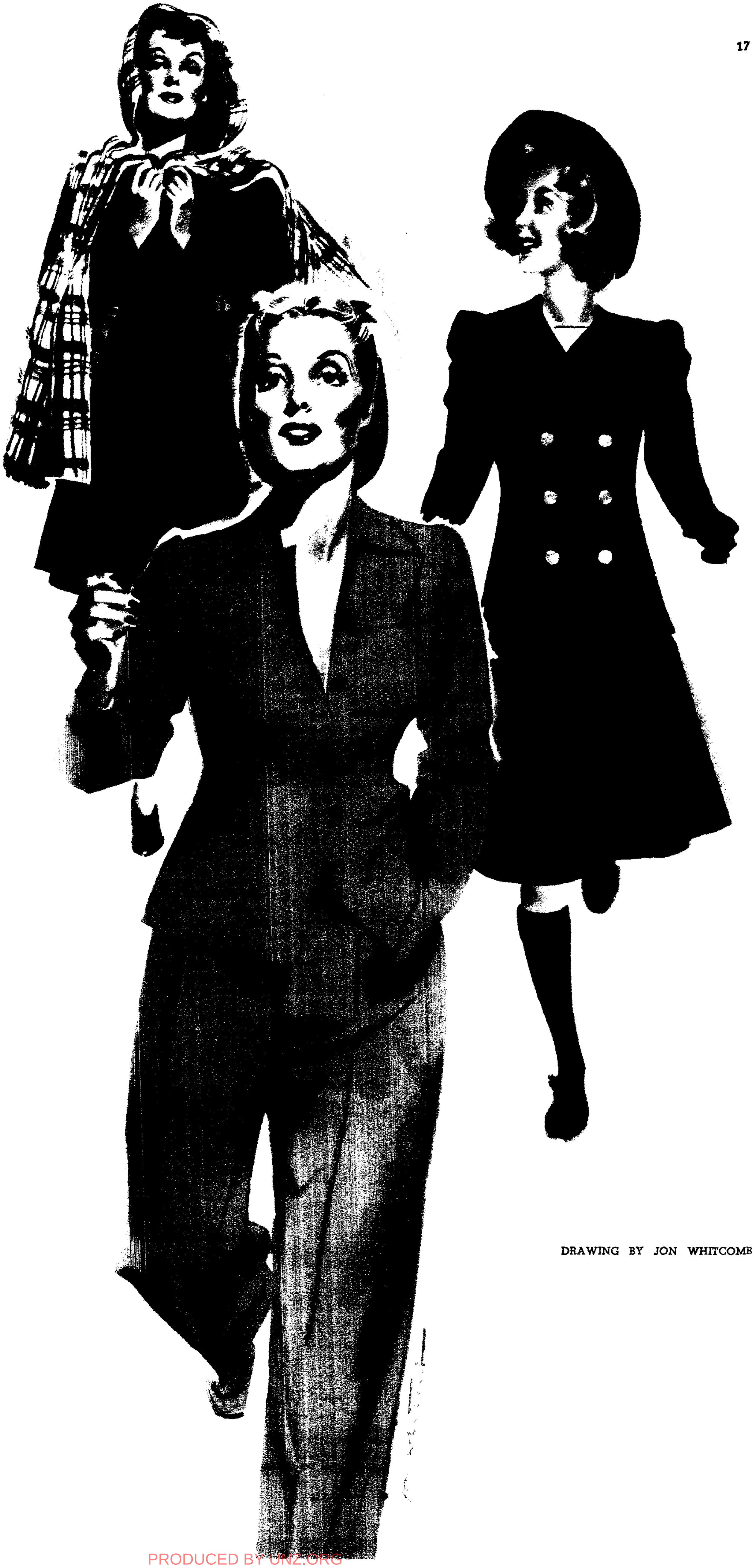
WHAT does the war mean to fashion? What will happen to wasp waists, corsets, the sumptuous elegance of the last Paris collections? What will women wear—here, now, in this country? The fashion experts are conjuring answers to these questions. They are watching the disrupted raw-goods markets for material sources. They are feeling out the psychology of the American woman, sensing how war in Europe will affect her . . . what they can and should manufacture, write about, show for her to wear.

America is neutral. But untouched by war she is not. Our thoughts, our sympathies, our actions are affected by what is happening across the ocean. And therefore our clothes will change—a dramatic refutation of the claim that fashion is a capricious thing, foisted upon us by an arbitrary few. Fashion is a sensitive needle, swinging with the times.

In England and France the change was prompt and to a point never reached in the last war. Women are wearing trousers. Not a fashion dictum, but an automatic reaction to necessity. Slacks that recently appeared only at home and at resorts are now seen on the streets of London and Paris. Women of the London volunteer fire force wear them. Slacks are the functional air-raid costume. Women lay them out at their bedsides, with sports shoes, sweaters, heavy coats—ready to jump into when the siren sounds. They aim to be warm, comfortable and eminently presentable after a split second of dressing. Latest such costume from London is one piece, fastened with a quick pull of a zipper. Oiled-silk coveralls that will resist mustard gas for all of three quarters of an hour are turned out in bright colors, and baby pink; folded into matching envelopes.

Accessories are white and costume jewelry is luminous, pedestrian safeguards in black-outs. Identification tags make fetching necklaces. Gas-mask cases match costumes. Parisiennes can't get enough of mesh snoods, that quick way to a neat headdress. Many are cutting their hair—it's easier to care for then, and gas masks fit better. As life moves out from congested areas to settle down in the comparative security of the country, to a new and more rugged kind of existence divorced from many conveniences, clothes are changing to meet the new needs. French hand-knitters are

(Continued on page 25)



DRAWING BY JON WHITCOMB

The World is Like That

By Kathleen Norris

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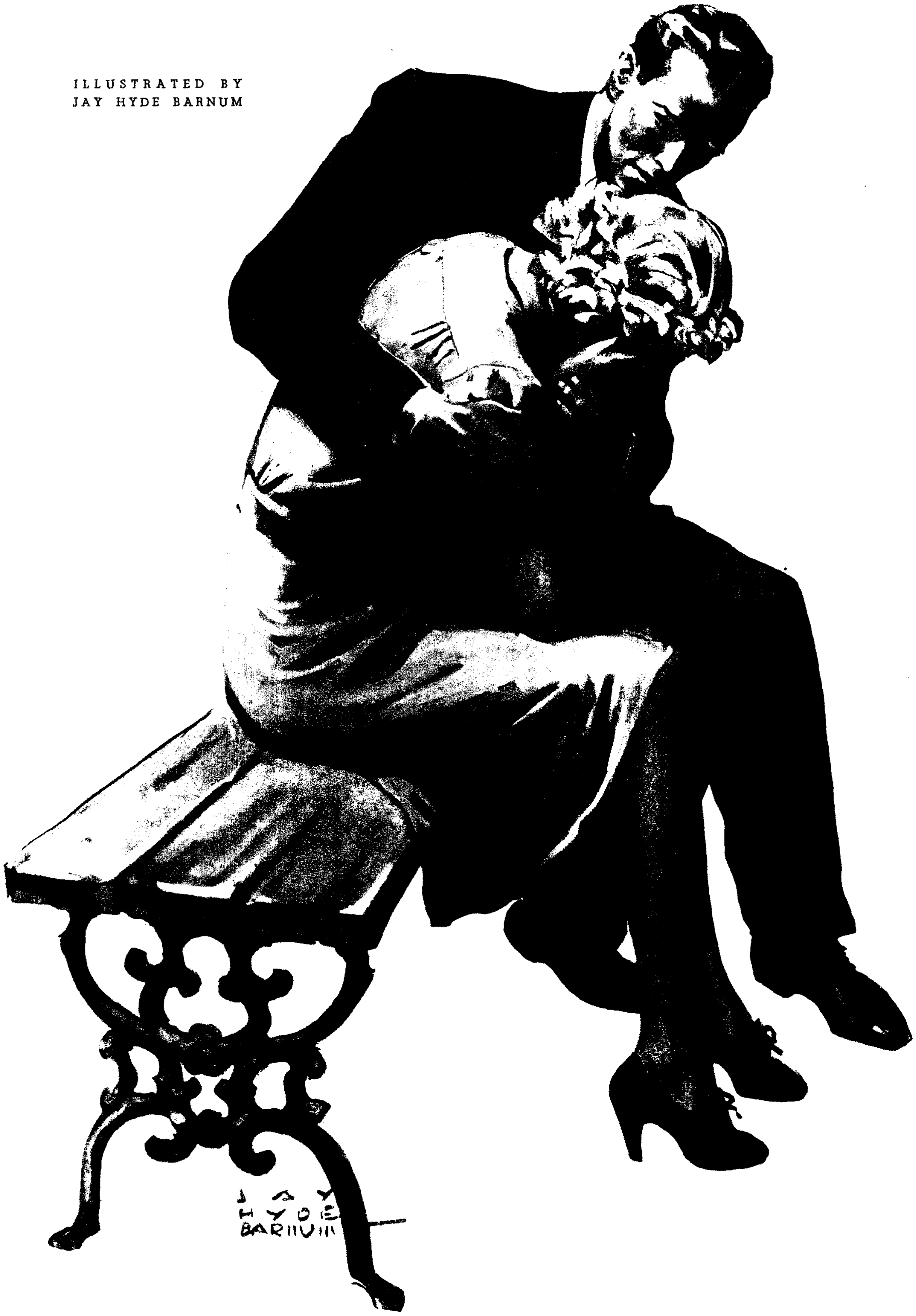
ILLUSTRATED BY
JAY HYDE BARNUM



Instantly his arms were about her, and so came her hour of miracle

The Story Thus Far:

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD Norma Fordyce runs away from a school in Italy (where her divorcee mother had placed her) and joins her father, Philip Fordyce, at his country estate in Burlingame. Realizing that the girl is wild, harum-scarum, Fordyce takes Jocelyn Britton—one of his law firm's stenographers—into his household, with the understanding that she will be Norma's constant companion.

Jocelyn has just terminated what might have developed into a serious "affair" with a married man: Kent Dunham. She does not love Dunham; but she is lonely without him. She therefore welcomes the opportunity to concentrate on a new job.

Her troubles soon begin. Eluding her, at a fancy-dress ball, Norma becomes involved in an escapade that comes to a tragic climax when one of her companions is killed in an automobile accident; and the newspapers feature the story!

Yielding to the telegraphed demands of Norma's mother (a selfish, silly person), Fordyce turns the girl over to Miss Sanderson—an old governess whom Norma detests—and gives Jocelyn a vacation. While visiting an aunt, in Sausalito, Jocelyn receives a caller: Kent Dunham! Dunham tells her that he loves her; he says that he and his wife are preparing to secure a divorce; he implores her to promise she will marry him. Jocelyn tells him, as kindly as she can, that she no longer loves him, that she will never marry him.

Norma runs away again. She insists that Jocelyn (of whom she is genuinely fond) return at once. So Jocelyn goes back to Burlingame.

By this time, it has dawned on her that, seeing much of Philip Fordyce, she has fallen in love with him. She feels sure, though, that Fordyce sees in her only a dependable young woman, nothing more. But he surprises her. He tells her that he has planned a visit to Hawaii—with Norma and Jocelyn. He tells her that he loves her, wants to marry her, before they start!

Another surprise (this time a most disagreeable one) awaits her. Janet Fordyce, Philip's divorced wife, arrives on the scene. She says that her place is with Norma. Then: "If Daddy'll forgive me, I think I'm ready to begin all over again!"

VIII

JOCELYN felt bitterly wounded, felt completely left out of it. From the moment Norma's mother appeared there was nothing for her to do except obliterate herself as much as possible, and wait for such crumbs as might fall from the family table.

Sandy, on the other hand, was warmly included in the Fordyce councils. Sandy, rigid, gray-haired, spectacled, clad in a brown silk dress as unyielding as iron, with iron-stiff ruchings around the high collar and decent plain cuffs, went into Mrs. Fordyce's room immediately after the countess and Norma had disappeared therein, and when Philip came home he was immediately summoned to join them. Jocelyn, loitering in Norma's sitting room, through the half-open door saw him come upstairs, his hair still wet from the recent shower at the club, his face sunburned to a brown even deeper than usual, and went impulsively across the hall to meet him.

"What's this Brooks was telling me? Janet here?" he said sharply. "Did you see her?"

"Yes, I was in the hall with Norma when she came downstairs."

"What'd she say?" He was too deeply disturbed to smile at her, to say anything that would make the troubled situation easier for Jocelyn.

"Just that she had been worried about Norma, and wanted to see—I think she said what we were doing to her."

"Great Scott!" he said in angry desperation, under his breath. "This is a sweet time for her to show up! This is my mother's work."

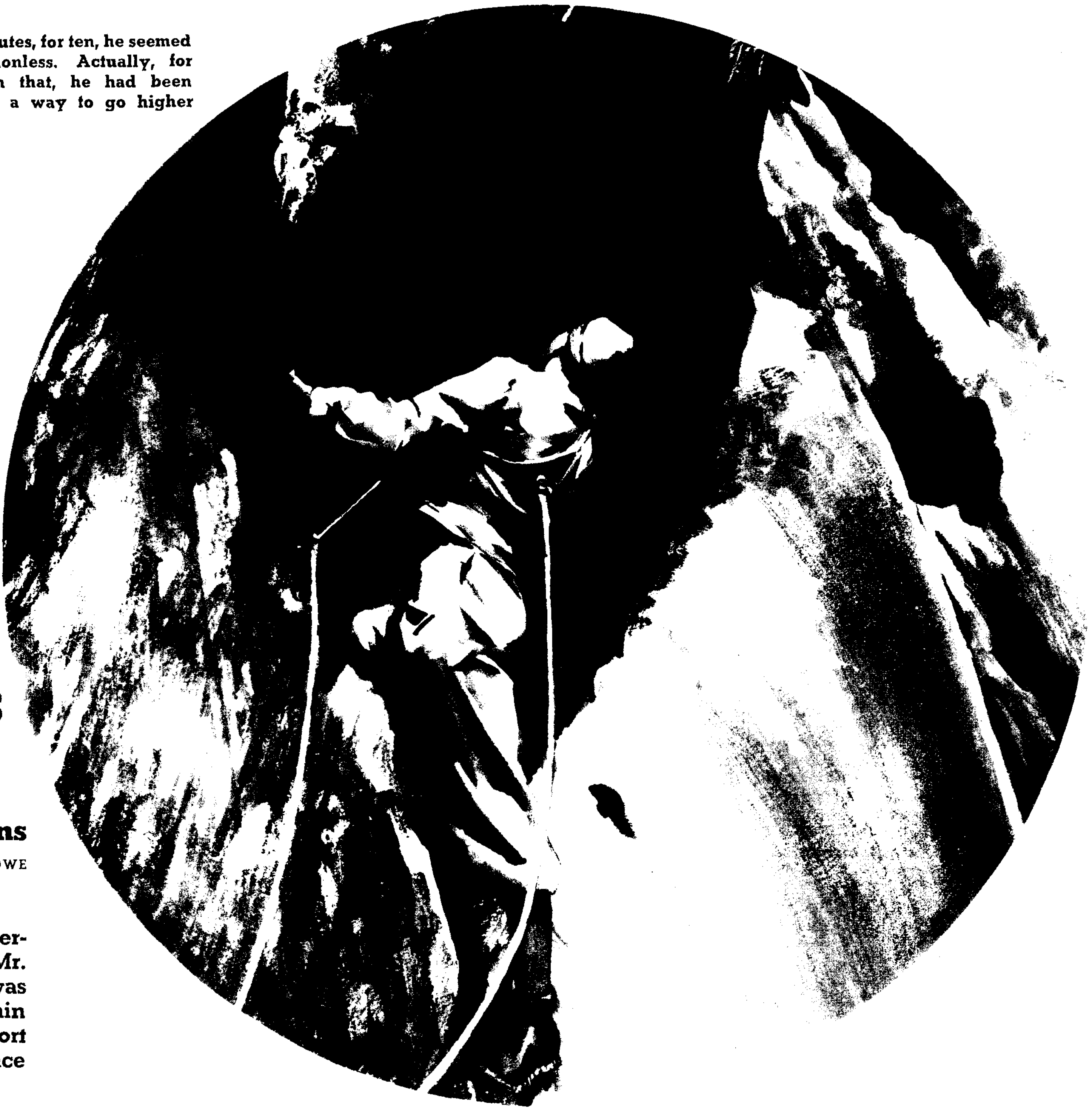
"And Sandy's," Jocelyn couldn't help saying.

"I suppose she had her finger in it, too. It makes it nice for Norma!"

He said nothing more, immediately crossing to his mother's bedroom door and disappearing as it closed behind him. Jocelyn stood irresolute for a minute, then she went back into the sitting room.

She had always imagined Norma's mother to be a hard, flashy woman; flippant, insensitive, selfish. It was a

(*Continued on page* 36)



For five minutes, for ten, he seemed to be motionless. Actually, for longer than that, he had been looking for a way to go higher

Under Chitna's Clouds

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The wings of love fluttering in the behalf of a Mr. Chips Hardesty, who was marooned on a mountain where his chief support was several miles of space

FROM before the monstrous, scarred face of Chitna a white cloud drifted away. The naked rock of the mountain showed clear. It was a long way off from the Valley Inn, but on the instant there were babbling voices down the terrace:

"There they are, now the cloud's gone! . . . They've made another hundred feet. . . . It looks like Chips is leader. . . . That's bad going. . . ."

Others took their turns at the telescopes. The voices continued, all brightly excited and thrilled. To Mr. Hallen, huge and impassive in his steamer chair, the sound seemed ironic, with what he knew. He permitted himself to become so far aroused as to raise and extend his own telescope. Mountains loomed all about the inn—Baldy and Streicher and the Brothers and Otter, and others past naming or counting—but there was only one of them to be regarded this day. That was Chitna, a lean, fierce mountain with an easy-chair path to its top from the southward, but an eastern face that was sheer impossibility. An impossibility that was being tried today.

Mr. Hallen, moving heavily, rested his telescope on the railing beside him. He put his eye to the eyepiece. The faraway mountain leaped toward him. He moved the instrument deliberately back and forth. Rock strata flashed past at a dizzy speed. A wide patch of dazzling white. Then vertical cliff, with a speck on it seen as the telescope's field swept past.

"The first man's Chips, all right. . . ." The voices down the terrace babbled. A heavy baritone cut in, smoothly, "He'd know we were watching from here. He ought to wave." Other voices, blurring all sense in a confused soprano sound. Presently words came more clearly: "That's very bad going, there. . . . A hundred feet in the past hour. . . ."

Mr. Hallen found the speck on the cliff again. It was a man. He climbed slowly, testing each handhold. Presently he stopped. Another speck below him moved. Another man. There were four of them roped together. One moved. Three held fast. The cliff was straight up and down. A pebble dislodged from the foot of any one of them would drop thousands of feet before it touched solid earth. There were wisps of cloud below them.

"YES," said a voice decidedly. "That's Chips leading. He's good. But I'm glad I'm not in that party!"

Mr. Hallen gave no sign of the meaning he saw in the sight in his telescope's field. He seemed impassive and unconcerned. Actually, he was listening for the voice of Mona Dale. She ought to realize what had happened, over there on the mountain. The climbers were near the top of Chitna. Very near. But to get so high they had sacrificed every possibility of descent. Hours since, they had reached a spot where further climbing in the same line was absolutely impossible. Then, they could have given up the climb. They could have retreated. But there was another line of ascent they could attempt. To reach it, they had to pass downward and sidewise across the cliff's smooth face.

A part of the way they could move by normal rock-climbing methods. There was a place, however, where they had to use ropes. And through his telescope Mr. Hallen had seen the technique called for. It had told him that it was one of those places where you can get down, but cannot get back up. In taking the new line of ascent, then, they had cut themselves off from all possible retreat. Once there, they had to reach the top or die.

Nobody spoke to Mr. Hallen. Nobody ever did. Even at such a moment, when all the inn regarded this climb as a sporting event and a gentlemanly bookmaker—so it was said—took bets at eight to three against its success, with lesser odds on the death of one or more members of the party. Nobody ever spoke to Mr. Hallen. He had cultivated solitude, even at the Valley Inn, until he was regarded as a sort of natural feature and ignored as such. Every morning his valet tucked him solemnly in his steamer chair, and he sat there in a magnificent remoteness until noon. In the afternoon he sat there again, with the same forbidding air of self-sufficiency.

HE HAD come to be disregarded now—the thought was grimly amusing—in the same way that a naturalist who sits perfectly still will come to be ignored by the wild things of a forest. Like the naturalist, too, he learned many things from those who ignored him. This was the Valley Inn, in what someone had quite inadequately called the American Alps. It was crowded with climbers and near-climbers and would-be climbers, and with merely social climbers in addition. There had been much to learn.

Whiteness swept across the field of the telescope. Clouds again. The climbers were blotted out with the mountain flank to which they clung. Mr. Hallen put down the instrument. He looked impassively along the terrace. Mona Dale was there, yes, and with the Tommy Carteret to whom she was engaged. She was not smiling. She was not speaking. But Tommy Carteret talked with a smooth expansiveness that explained why most men did not like him. He was rich, and he traded on it.

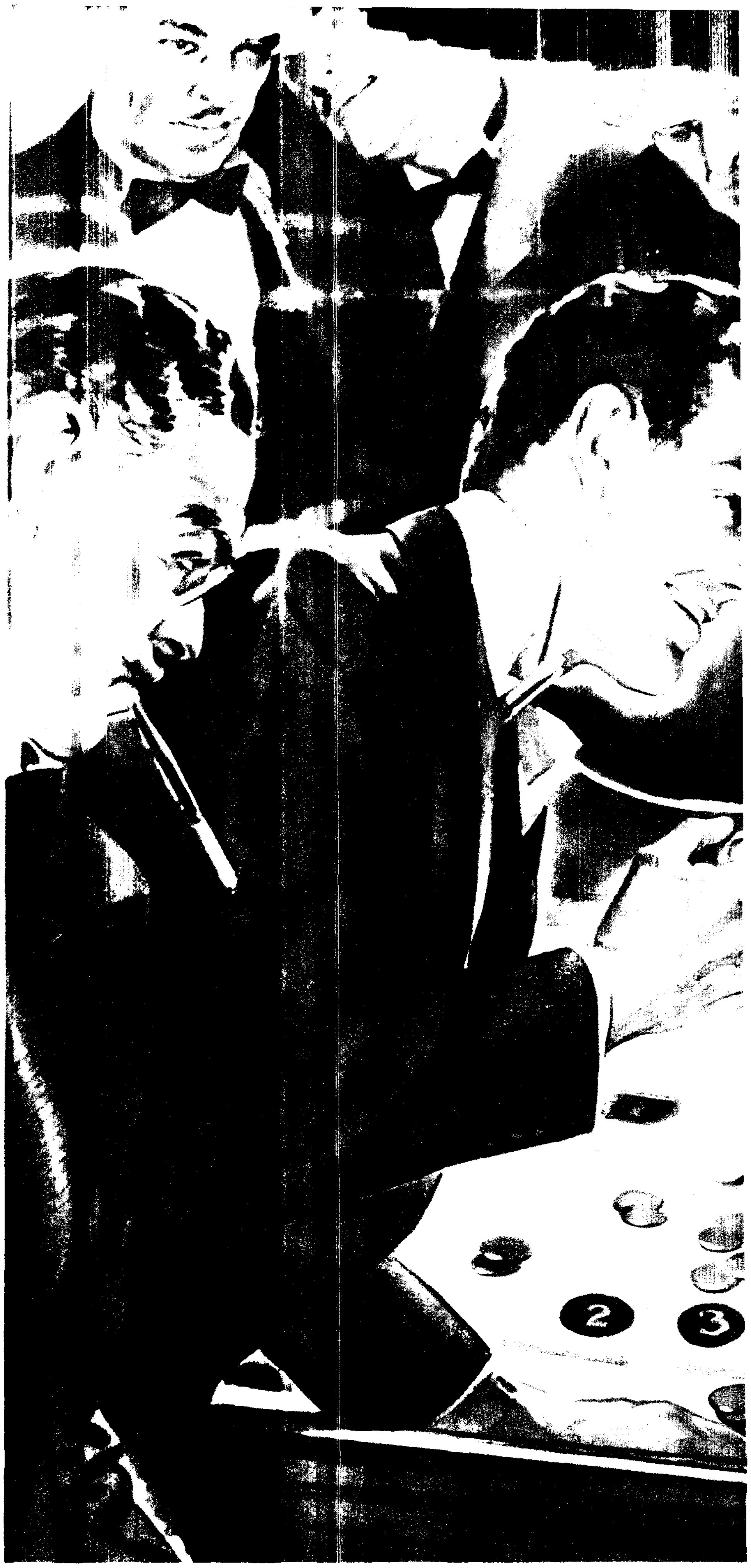
(Continued on page 63)

No Percentage

By Thomas Monroe

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The story of a girl who got in debt to the wrong man—but in love with the right one



THE guy on the door looked at the card twice before he passed it in for an okay and even when it came back and the big heavy metal door clicked open for me, he didn't seem any too satisfied. Then, inside, all the time I was checking my coat there was a bald-headed man sitting at a desk facing me and his eyes hung on my face without moving at all. They were round black eyes that didn't seem to have any lids and they weren't a bit colder than a rattlesnake's. The reception this joint gave out for a new customer didn't strike me as being exactly enthusiastic.

There was a long bar; not very crowded, but the noise was big enough; slot machines banging and rattling and a rumba orchestra going full blast in the next room. I didn't see a face that registered, so I kept going until I came to double doors that ought to lead to where I was headed for. There was a guy sitting in front of them and he looked up at me dead-pan too, but he opened the doors and I stepped inside on soft, deep carpets. After those bar noises, even the hollow rattle of the little white ball dancing around a roulette wheel and the chips clicking together on the green tables didn't disturb the kind of solemn quiet you might expect to find down in the vaults of the Federal Reserve.

It was a plenty fancy layout: a big room all done in white and gold with mirrors paneling most of the wall space, and it wasn't until you took the reflections apart carefully that you saw it wasn't really so big and there were only a quarter of the people there you had thought there were. I walked past the idle blackjack dealers to the crap table, where it looked like most of the action was centered. Action was what I was there for, even if I only wanted to look at it.

Standing around without playing wouldn't look so good, so I got ten dollars' worth of chips and laid a few on the pass line, one at a time. Mostly they lost. When the dice came around to me, I dropped two chips in front of me and when snake eyes bounced back it didn't surprise me any. I laid down two more chips and I saw a stack of pink ones go down alongside me on the pass line. Somebody liked me anyway. The dice came out seven. I let the four bucks stay, but when I got my next point right back I picked up six of the eight. Then I shot a seven again and the piles of pink chips next to me were big enough to start a seven-handed poker game.

I rolled an eight and made it before I turned around to look. It was a girl. Just then she lifted her head and I was staring into the widest brown eyes I'd ever seen—and the prettiest. She was only a kid, twenty maybe, with hair as pale gold as a field of wheat with the sun shining on it. She wore it piled high on her head in little curls like an eighteenth-century princess and the evening gown she had on was off the shoulders; but instead of making her look any older it only made her seem like a kid dressed up for a party. In that room, with the rest of those hard, covetous faces around that crap table, seeing her was like finding a fresh-picked flower on a heap of old, rusty scrap iron. It was all wrong—so wrong I couldn't think about anything else. I was watching the dice rolling down the green table top but I was seeing those wide brown eyes as clearly as I had a second before, and wondering exactly what I could do about them—if anything.

The dice turned up four and it was a long time coming out, but it finally did. Then I made another pass right back and the piles of chips on my right got smaller but they were a different color. By this time everybody at the table had decided I was hot and they were all laying 'em down heavy, one way or the other. All but me. I was still betting two bucks.

I ROLLED an eleven and I was sore; I wanted to lose those dice for more reasons than one, but the one was the girl alongside me. Then I got a six and when the seven came out in back of it you could almost hear the sigh going around that table. I looked at the pass line on my right but the dealer's rake sliding back across the cloth was only pulling in a few pink ones. The girl had already moved away from the table and when I saw her she was heading for the cashier's window with a double handful of pale green chips. Pale green chips in that place were a hundred bucks a rattle.

I came up right in back of her at the window and I saw the cashier hand her a slip of paper. It struck me sort of funny; I'd never heard of a gambling house paying off any way but in cash before. I didn't think much about it; there were other things on my mind right then. She took the paper and stood looking down at it, smiling a little, as I slid my chips through the grille and took the bills that came back. When I looked at her again, she had slipped the paper inside a little gold evening bag she carried and she was still smiling. It wasn't at me, and it wasn't at anyone; she was like a kid with a secret that she wasn't going to tell anybody, even though she wanted to.

I stood fumbling with the bills in my hand and suddenly she seemed to see me for the first time. "Oh," she said, "you're the man I was following! Weren't you lucky? Thanks—thanks very much." Her voice was clear and sweet but a little breathless as if she were excited. Well, there was no reason she shouldn't be.

"You're welcome," I said. "I'm glad you won." I was grabbing for something else to say that would be right but I couldn't imagine what it was. She started to move away, still with the little smile on her lips, and it came out before I knew I was going to say it. "You ought to be home in bed," I told her. "What are you doing in this place anyway?"

It stopped her all right. She looked at me as though she were hearing strange noises and couldn't believe them. "I—what?" The brown eyes got a little wider and the smile came off. "What do you mean?" she said. "Who do you think you're talking to?"

"A little girl who's much too nice to be here alone," I said. "If you *are* alone. And if you're not, whoever brought you ought to be slapped." Then I managed to get what was left of my brains together. "I hope you'll forgive me," I said, "but I'm perfectly sincere about it. This joint isn't exactly a charity ball in spite of the fancy decorations."

FOR a minute she didn't know how to take it. Then she broke down and giggled. "Who are you?" she said. "The truant officer?"

"Maybe," I told her. "It looks like they could use one around here. But if you really want to know, my name's Bill Galbraith and I work for the Daily Mail."

"Ooooh," she said, "a reporter? A real live one? But you can't be—you aren't

Then she lifted her head and I was staring into the widest brown eyes I had ever seen—and the prettiest

tight. Everybody knows reporters are always tight after eleven in the morning."

"I know," I said, "it must have slipped my mind today." I grinned at her and she grinned right back. "Maybe I'd better catch up," I said. "Will you join me in a sherry flip? I *guess* you're old enough for a sherry flip."

"You're flip enough," she said, "and you can stop it, too. I'm twenty-one and I'll drink boilermakers if I feel like it." Mind you, all the time she was saying it, the wide eyes were as innocent as a very young angel's. And you believed them, not what she was saying.

"All right," I said, "any way at all." We started walking across the room, passing the tables with the bored-looking blackjack dealers watching us. At the door she said, "I'll buy, on account of all the money you just won for me."

"The younger generation is certainly going to the devil," I said. "In my day, little girls like you didn't go about setting men up to drinks—and they didn't loll around in gambling hells, either."

"HUH," she said, "I suppose you all lolled around and smoked opium instead." I steered her into a corner of the bar where I could get between her and anyone else, and ordered a whisky and soda. When she said she'd have one too, I didn't argue with her—but I felt like it.

"You're funny," she said. "I never saw anyone so lucky—but you didn't give yourself a chance. Gosh, you acted like you thought the dice were loaded. They're not—at least I don't *think* they are—in this place. I know the man who owns it."

"You *do?*" I said. "My, my, imagine being so fortunate!" I was sore—here was this babe in arms telling me what it was all about. Only I guess I was mostly sore beause I didn't want her to have that kind of opinion about me. "Look," I said, "I'm not a gambler—that's just another name for sucker to me. Sure, I'll take a chance at some game where you can use a little skill—slapjack for instance. But putting down money I have to work for—eating money—in a game where any mental incompetent has as much chance of picking it up as I have—well, the public can have it."

She listened to me carefully, as though I were saying something brilliant. Then she started laughing. "I think I like you," she said; "you're so—so—violent about things. Tell me about yourself. What are you doing here anyway?"

"No," I said, "you tell *me*. I'm here on an assignment—I have to do an

(Continued on page 50)

Boss of the Bush

By Bill Cunningham

As you read this, thousands of hunters are off prowling through the Maine woods with rifles loaded for bear. But the wily bear has other plans—and we're betting on him every time

PHOTOS FROM MOTION PICTURE BY JOSEPH S. STICKNEY

An unguarded camp brings the family out of the woods

Some nice, fresh rolls make a start on the free lunch

Prize haul is a fine great box of chocolate for dessert

A few tasty wild berries just to round out the day's eats

Next, a nice splash and a little fun in a clear, cold stream

That looked like a trout so it'll pay to stick around

IF I COULDN'T be a man, I think I'd prefer to be a bear—a common, or American, black bear, with a pumpkin-colored snout, weighing around 400 pounds and approximately six feet in height or length, depending upon whether I were reared back on two feet, or padding around on four flats. The average is around 300 pounds and five feet, but I'd want a little margin—just in case.

As part of the deal, too, I'd prefer to select my residence, and that would be the great woods of northern Maine, where, under the paternal care of Commissioner George Stobie's wardens, and the iron-clad protection of a ten-months law, I'd be better off than millions of unfortunate human beings in this sorely stricken world at the moment.

How much better off might be a matter of opinion, but one triple-riveted cinch is that when it came to the sobering prospect of facing a .30-30 bullet, there wouldn't be even the start of a comparison. And when the shooting begins, although the bear can't shoot back, can't gear himself into divisions, wear a steel hat nor send back for help, he has much the better chance of surviving any given barrage. That's providing they hold the gunners off him until October and November, and the law does just that in the enlightened state o' Maine.

His personal protection at that period is a unique arrangement of Mother Nature's, that man, as smart as he is, couldn't possibly duplicate. It's part of the internal readjustment leading up to the phenomenon of winter hibernation. The bear calks off in some convenient spot around the first of December and calmly sleeps away the winter's blasts and blizzards until some time in March. His marathon boudoir is a hole under the roots of some wind-felled tree, a gouge in a hillside, or, if he's small enough, in some convenient hollow log.

Just before he retires for the season, he's cutest, keenest, quickest and most powerful. His coat is thick. His hide is tough, but a strange business has gradually taken place inside. Nature has covered him completely just under the skin with a heavy sheath of fat to use as winter fuel.

Why Hunters Despair

Simultaneously his stomach has shrunk until the opening inside it is no bigger than the average man's fist. The body is going to live on the fat; the stomach's closing up shop for the season.

Nature couldn't possibly have foreseen the coming of the man-with-a-gun, but she couldn't have done much better for the bear if she had, because this combination of physical changes makes him harder to hurt and extremely tricky to kill even at point-blank range.

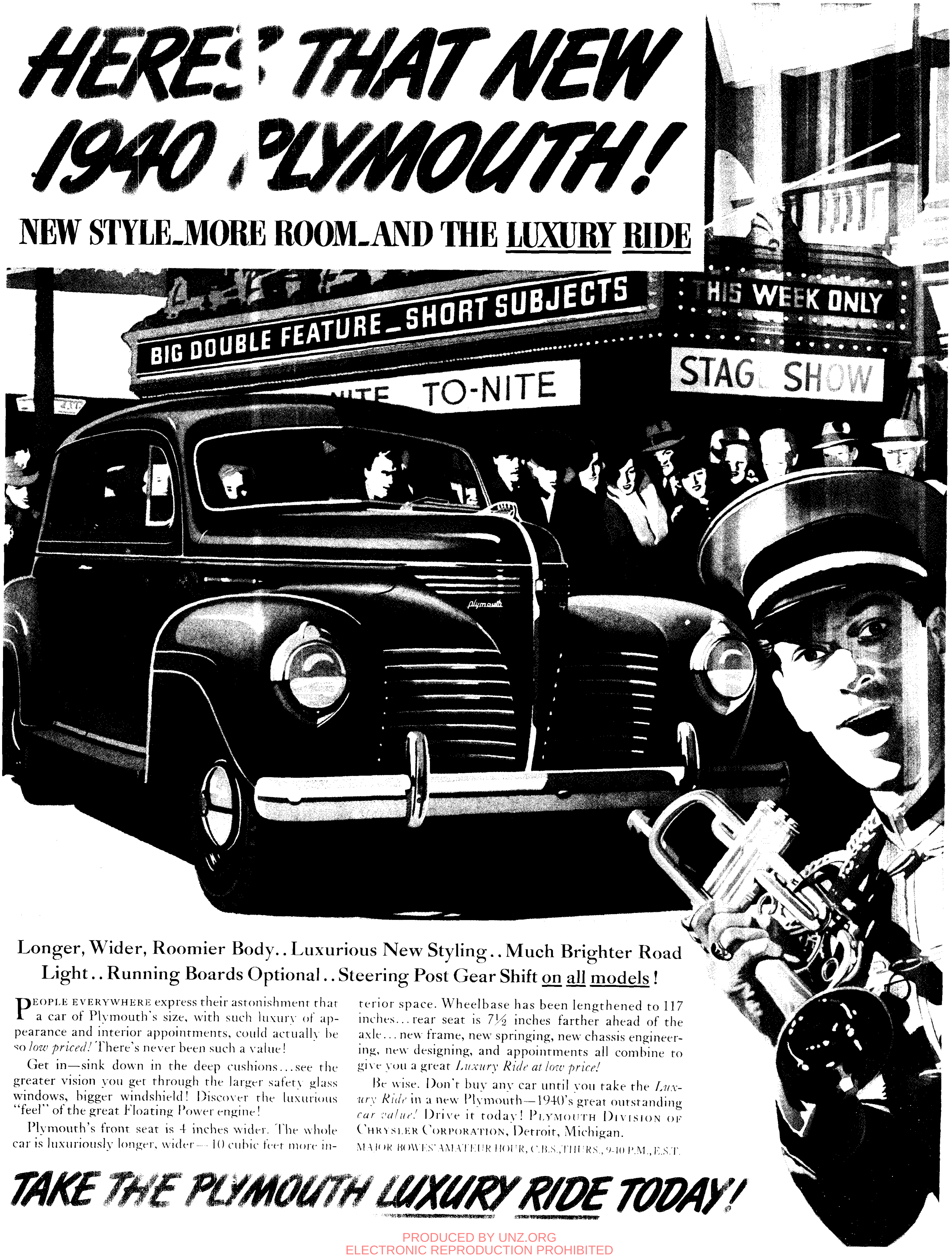
With the stomach constricted in that fashion, the vital targetage on him is reduced by that much, but it's that union suit of fat that really does the business. That fat closes over a bullet hole so quickly that a bear bleeds scarcely at all, no matter where hit. A bear is so big and so strong that it takes a direct hit in a vital part to knock him down, and he can get away so rapidly and vanish so noiselessly, even when wounded, that a gunner can never really be sure whether he's hit one or not.

With no blood to paint a spattered pattern upon the ground or upon the leaves, no telltale trail of blood to show which way he went, there's simply no way of telling. And, furthermore, there's very little chance of his crawling away somewhere and dying. Loss of blood is no problem with him. He will crawl to what the natives call a "clay slough" which is what the name implies, a water

(Continued on page 67)

HERE'S THAT NEW 1940 PLYMOUTH!

NEW STYLE—MORE ROOM—AND THE LUXURY RIDE



Longer, Wider, Roomier Body.. Luxurious New Styling.. Much Brighter Road Light.. Running Boards Optional.. Steering Post Gear Shift on all models!

PEOPLE EVERYWHERE express their astonishment that a car of Plymouth's size, with such luxury of appearance and interior appointments, could actually be so *low priced!* There's never been such a value!

Get in—sink down in the deep cushions...see the greater vision you get through the larger safety glass windows, bigger windshield! Discover the luxurious "feel" of the great Floating Power engine!

Plymouth's front seat is 4 inches wider. The whole car is luxuriously longer, wider—10 cubic feet more interior space. Wheelbase has been lengthened to 117 inches...rear seat is 7½ inches farther ahead of the axle...new frame, new springing, new chassis engineering, new designing, and appointments all combine to give you a great *Luxury Ride at low price!*

Be wise. Don't buy any car until you take the *Luxury Ride* in a new Plymouth—1940's great outstanding *car value!* Drive it today! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C.B.S., THURS., 9-10 P.M., E.S.T.

TAKE THE PLYMOUTH LUXURY RIDE TODAY!

Served for nearly a century *under a hundred flags*

4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
GILBEY'S
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN
DISTILLED
CINCINNATI OHIO.
DISTILLED FROM 100%
GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

GILBEY'S *the* GIN *that made the Martini famous*

When you realize that wherever a flag flies on the face of this earth, there's a better than even chance that you can find a place that will make you a Martini with Gilbey's Gin, you begin to see what folks mean when they call Gilbey's *"the international gin"*.

Of course, you'd expect to find a difference in a Martini made with a gin like that . . . for any gin that can win the whole, wide world's respect and *hold* it for nearly a century has to be more than merely good . . . *it has to be great!*

Not 'til you taste a Martini made with Gilbey's will you realize how much of the Martini's fame is due to Gilbey's quality! Ask for "Gilbey's" wherever you go.

THE "*INTERNATIONAL GIN*" DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES — AS WELL AS IN . . ENGLAND . . AUSTRALIA . . CANADA

Copyright 1939—National Distillers Products Corp., New York City

YOUR GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS GOOD LIQUORS

Gilbey's Gin — 90 Proof — made from 100% grain neutral spirits

Behind the Lines

Continued from page 17

working twenty-four hours a day to supply the demand for warm but chic knitted suits. Creed in London is turning out tweed suits that serve the same all-purpose use. Capes are made that can turn into full-length wrap-around skirts, warm in a dugout.

What has this to do with us, you want to know? I asked Mrs. Winifred Ovitte, editor of Women's Wear Daily, trade paper which is the bible of the fashion business. Back in 1917 Mrs. Ovitte was translating Paris cables for the paper. She has since had her finger on every fashion change and trend through the world. Her guess is better than most.

Like a good reporter, she refuses to try to predict what you will wear. But she points to the signs. Simplicity is one. It began before the war, in simplification of bodices and drapings—in emphasis on the demure note of Little Women rather than on the sumptuous elaboration of an alien court. It suits our life. It reflects our serious concern for troubled times abroad.

It needn't amount to a uniform. We may borrow the capes of European women, so easy to throw on in a hurry, we may adopt their tailored suits and carry bags that resemble their gas-mask cases. But the upshot may well be that the classical clothes the American woman wears with such zest—sweaters and skirts and tailored dresses—will again become the backbone of her wardrobe. She will travel more in America. As she covers long distances by car and bus, train and plane, she will welcome wrap-around, many-purpose coats, zippered clothes for quick changes, knitted things and laces that can stand packing and little upkeep. Necessities to the European woman, they are logical here.

Will American women wear trousers? The guess is easy, because they have been doing it for years. Trousers are a commonplace in the West. In the residential sections of New York it is not too startling to see women strolling in slacks. Katharine Hepburn, playing on Broadway, saw no reason for abandoning her usual daytime costume of slacks simply because she was in New York. Women motoring across the country wear them. The French designer Poiret, ten years ago, predicted that by 1948 all women would be in trousers. People smiled then. Maybe he was wrong. Maybe the date will be earlier. War can easily accelerate this fashion.

Paris Goes On

Trousers or skirts, becomingness and beauty won't depart from our clothes. The French fabric manufacturers, recovering from the first disorganizing shock of war, are striving to keep on as they did during the last war—supplying in their matchless materials the inspiration for designers French and American. At this writing the French couture houses have reopened, aiming to carry on one of the most important industries of France, and to continue designing for America. Sales will be made through commissionaires and resident buyers. Some may follow the lead of Bruyère who plans to show a collection in New York this month. And American designers, who burgeoned only to wilt after the last war, are now so strongly established that trouble in Paris means more and harder work for them. The very fact that they are outstanding in the design of sportswear will boost our interest in simple clothes.

We won't have dye trouble this time. America has learned how to make dyes so that your black dress won't turn green; and you can wear all the color you like without worrying about its fading. Cotton, wool, silk, rayon dropped sharply on the market in 1914. They went up sharply in September of this year, presaging good business. But there won't be an unbalancing rush to buy and stock—fashion, being changeable, is a sound stabilizing force for steady business, economists tell us.

Materially, we are less subject to war conditions than we were in 1914. Psychologically, hanging on the twirl of a radio knob, we are more so. Which, judging from the performances of women during past wars, would indicate that, workmanlike as your everyday clothes may be, you will not relinquish, at leisure and in the evening, the bewitchments of flowing skirts, siren silhouette—or whatever the current fashion may put you up to—to fascinate your men.

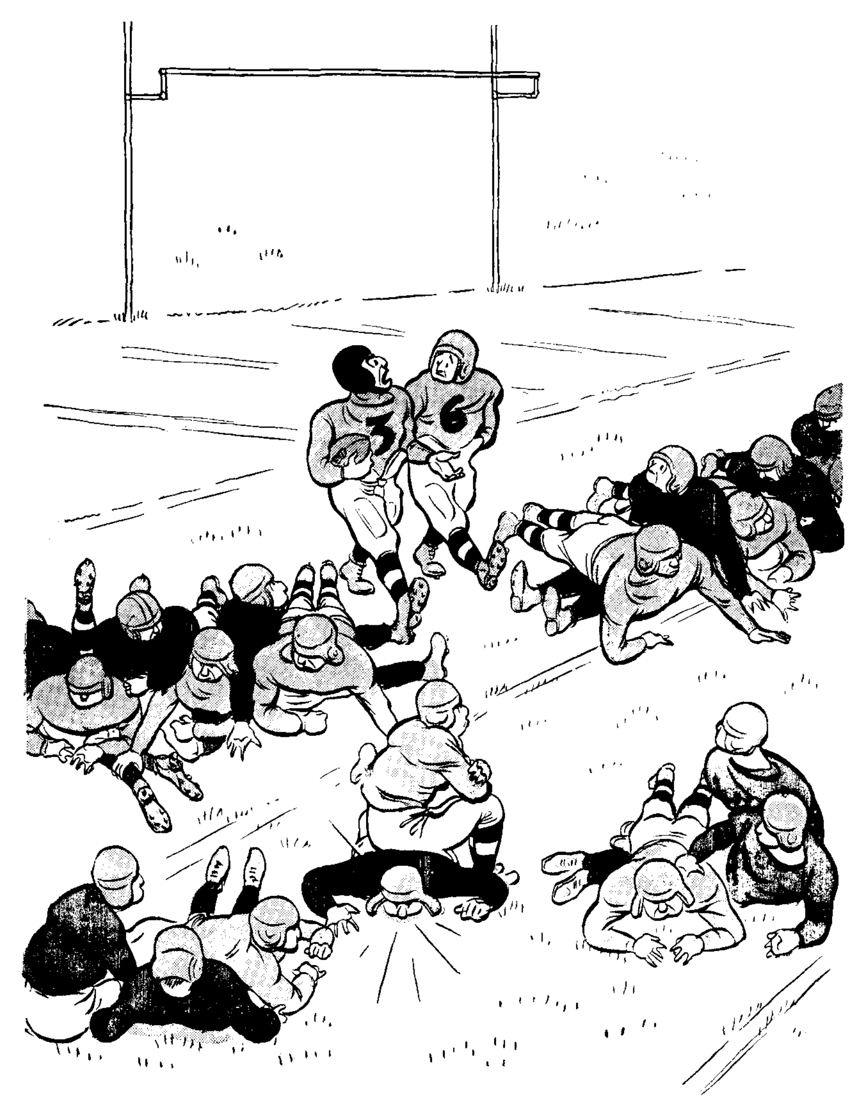
As clothes become more simplified, you will become better dressed. Look at a lady of fashion of 1914. Observe a lady of fashion of 1918. The fussy froufrou and graceless bulk are gone, and a sleek, elegant creature has emerged, refined down to smart simplicity as she shed her surplus yardage and trimming. We haven't so much to discard. But if fashion becomes less varied and more straightforward, you will meet fewer pitfalls in the way of cockeyed hats, trick sleeves and unbecoming whimsies.

Watch Yourself

Your greatest chance for error will come—has come—with trousers. Mrs. Ovitte shakes her head over the sloppy sights she has seen—women motorists en route across country, walking into a smart New Mexico hotel in their ill-fitting, mix and match slacks and shirts. Slacks are a matter for firm resolutions: To eye yourself sternly fore and aft; to fuss over the fit; to resolve to abide by skirts if you have that kind of figure.

Wasp waists and corsets? Here's a story Hattie Carnegie tells on herself: Early in September she boarded a plane in New York for a fashion show in Texas. In keeping with her position as fashion authority, designer, head of her own retail house—in keeping with the fashion award she was about to receive in Texas—she was togged out in her newest, down to wasp-waisted corset, snugged in with yards and yards of lacing. Now Miss Carnegie is as good a flier as the best of us. And it was as smooth a day as you could wish. But a short time in the air, and she felt uneasy. A little longer in the air, and she felt downright ill. Quick to the ladies' room and a long struggle with those yards and yards of lacing. Where to stow the plagued thing?

When Miss Carnegie stepped off the plane in Texas, the center of clicking news cameras, she was the last word in fashion—even to the newest corsets, in a little brown paper bag under her arm—the kind they give you to be sick in. If a stylist can't take it, we suspect the American woman won't. Nothing whatever to do with the war.



"Yeah, yeah, teamwork okay—but howzit gonna sound over the radio—'Hagan walks ninety-five yards to a touchdown'?"

ERNIE GARZA

NOR'WAY ANTI-FREEZE
THE Safe WAY

1 MORE EFFECTIVE! Nor'way is more efficient than most anti-freeze solutions. Three quarts will do the work of four! The reason? Nor'way Anti-Freeze is a methanol product—not an ordinary alcohol.

PROTECTION FROM
FREEZING
OVERHEATING
CORROSION

2 MORE ECONOMICAL! Nor'way gives you more for your money. Protection against freezing. Protection against overheating. Protection against corrosion. Yet it costs no more! Only 25 cents a quart—a dollar a gallon!

3 NO UNPLEASANT ODOR! You will like Nor'way. It is practically odorless. No disagreeable fumes. And—best of all!—it's safe in any weather. No cold is too cold for Nor'way!

• • •

NOR'WAY—THE SAFE WAY

RELIABLE SERVICE
NOR'WAY ANTI-FREEZE
COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS CORPORATION

Ever been Homesick fo
a Steering W

WHEN you look this honeypot over, a shiver is going to shoot deliciously right up your spine.

This is your kind of automobile—the one you've always wanted.

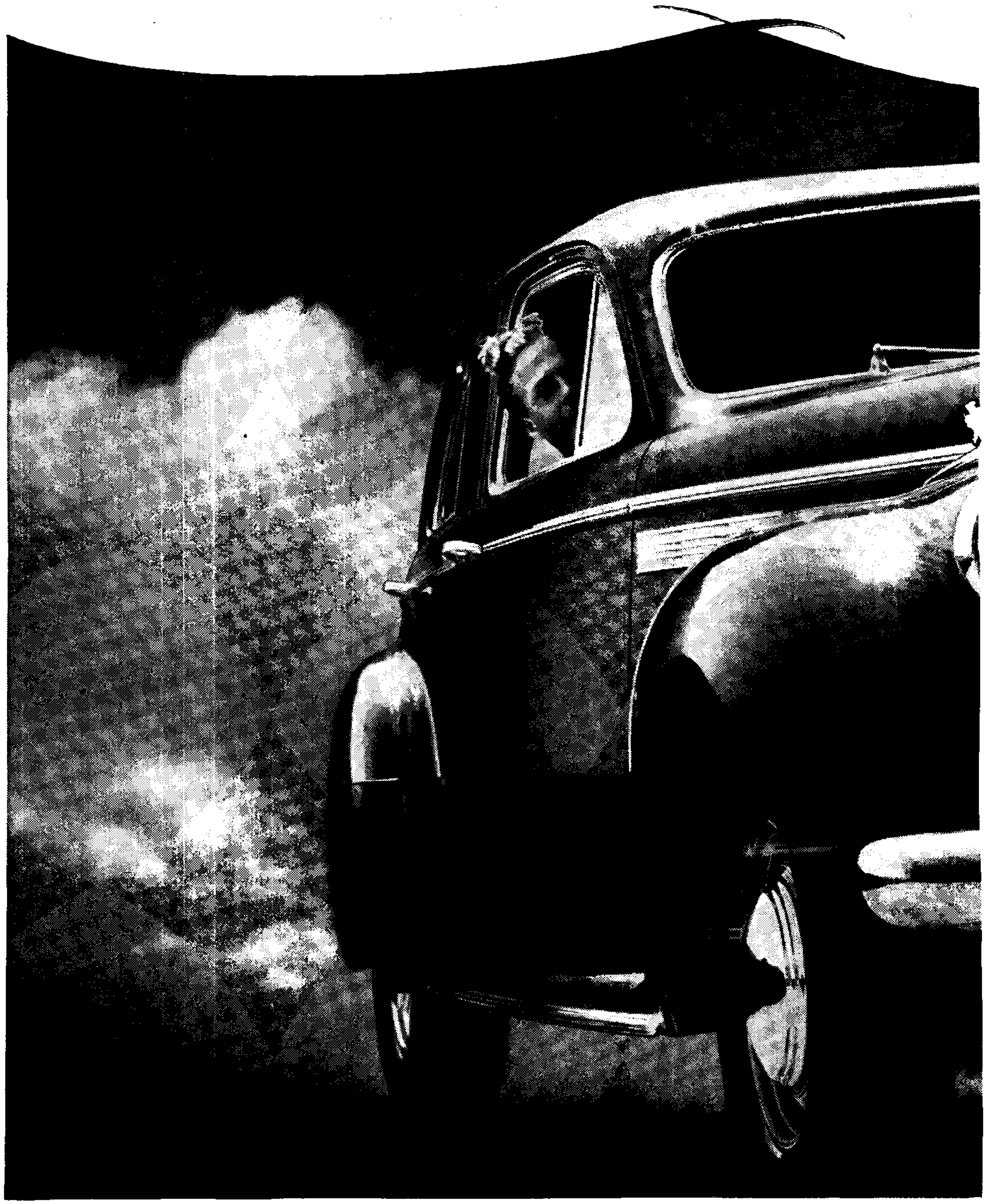
Here's the room you've been after, here's the low close-to-the-road "set" of the whole job, here's the easy-back seat they might have measured you for.

Here's the wheel and gearshift patterned to your hand, the instruments tipping you the wink, the long graceful thrusting nose pointing the way to someplace where there's fun!

And when you step on this earthbound comet's tail ⋙*s—a—a—y*➤

It starts when you want it to start, thanks to better carburetion; and new positioning of the accelerator pedal makes driving easier.

It moves through the gears like a warm knife through butter and your take-off is simply a breeze.

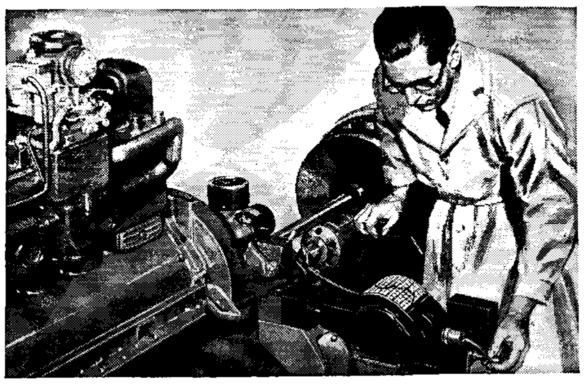


The model illustrated is the Buick SUPER *model 51 four-d*

It pours out power in a tide that sweeps up both you and the car in a heart-startling thrill of sensational action.

And now this matchless Dynaflash straight-eight engine is electrically balanced *after* assembly to micropoised perfection, its velocity smoothed to velvet.

No wonder you like this Buick. So do we! Finer, stronger, smarter, steadier—in all our 36 years it's the greatest car we've made.



A WRIST WATCH IS *ROUGH* BY COMPARISON with this giant Buick Dynaflash straight-eight—and here's why. On this specially developed machine each Buick engine is electrically balanced *after* assembly and corrected to within *⅜ths-inch-ounce* of perfect balance. No other automobile manufacturer performs this operation, giving the Buick engine clear claim to the title "smoothest thing that runs."

SPECIAL NOTE TO "ALL THREE" BUYERS

Why stop with looking at the three leading cars in the lowest price class? It doesn't cost you anything to look at Buick too — and mighty little more to buy it! It costs so little, in fact, that last year nearly 20% of our customers stepped from the lowest price class up to Buick! Think that over—and look up the nearest Buick dealer.

*uring sedan $1109 delivered at Flint, Mich.**

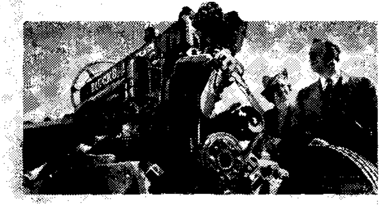
Come drive it, see for yourself. Maybe we ought to warn you that once you've tried it you'll never be quite the same.

**Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories —extra. Prices subject to change without notice.*

IMAGINE! Not a six—not a small car—but a big, roomy, power-packed EIGHT for $895

*and up delivered at Flint, Mich.**

Only car in the world with all these features



"MICROPOISED" DYNAFLASH VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE — *gets more good out of gasoline — now electrically balanced after assembly for super-smoothness.*

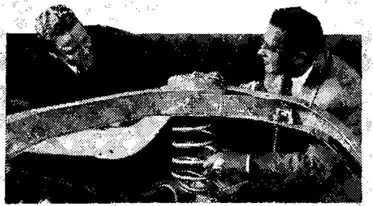
OIL-SAVING PISTON RINGS IN ANOLITE PISTONS — *for longer life, smoother operation, lower oil consumption.*

"CATWALK-COOLING" PLUS ULTRA-RAPID CIRCULATION UNDER PRESSURE —*complete circulation of coolant every two seconds with 20° higher boiling point.*

EASY ACTION HANDISHIFT TRANSMISSION—*new firm-linked gear shifting from the steering column.*

SAFETY-UNIT SEALED BEAM HEADLIGHTS — *brighter, longer-lasting filament in one weatherproof unit with lens and reflector — better lighting over a longer period.*

FORE-N-AFT FLASH-WAY DIRECTION SIGNAL—*flashes turn warning both forward and rear, automatically shuts off after turn is made.*



BUICOIL SPRINGING FOR THE "FULL FLOAT" RIDE — *soft, smooth springs of coiled steel, lifetime cushioning without lubrication or care.*

STRONGER NEW "DOUBLE WALL" TURRET TOP BODY BY FISHER—*designed and developed in collaboration with Buick—with Safety Plate Glass all around.*

TIPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES — *one pound of pressure on the brake pedal equals five pounds on each brake drum.*

AUTOMATIC CHOKE — *for fast, sure starting under any condition of weather or temperature.*

SELF-BANKING KNEE-ACTION, RECOIL WHEEL MOUNTING — *wheels "bank" on turns and "give" on bumps to absorb road shock.*

FULL-LENGTH TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE *in sealed chassis—T-square alignment of rear axle frees rear springs of all jobs but cushioning.*

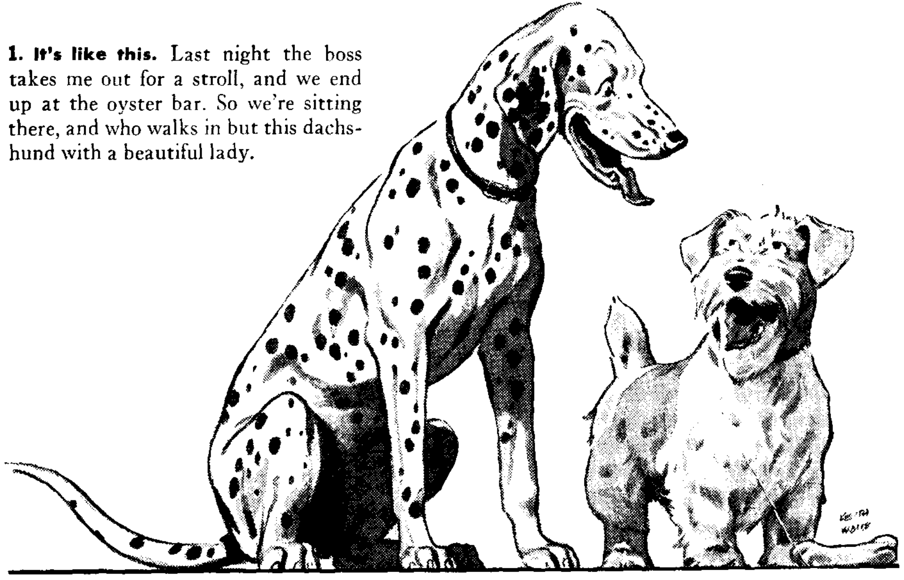
TRY A ROAD LIKE THIS—AT 45!

The wheels do a quick step—but there in the deep-cushioned seat you literally *float*. Reason, of course, is the stout springs of *coiled* steel that cushion each of the four wheels. They're softer, "springier"—but what's more important, they're unaffected by wear or the weather, keep their soft springiness for the life of the car. And they *never* need greasing—no, *never!*

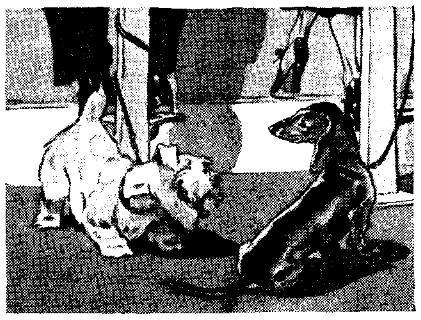
"Best buy's Buick!"

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

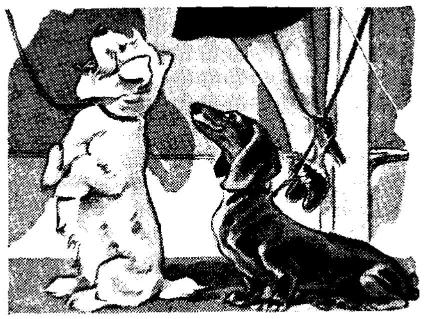
"*Who was the Dachshund I saw you with Last Night?*"



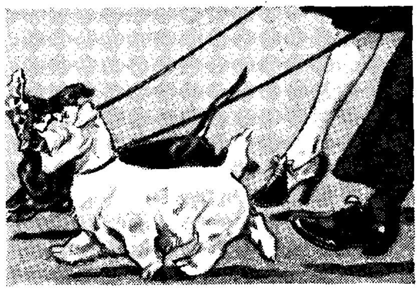
1. It's like this. Last night the boss takes me out for a stroll, and we end up at the oyster bar. So we're sitting there, and who walks in but this dachshund with a beautiful lady.



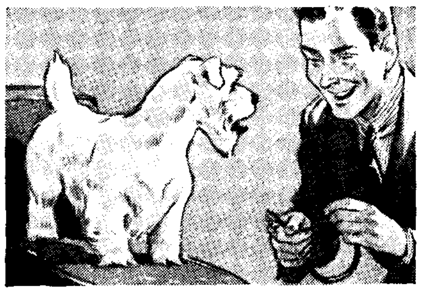
2. While I'm rubbing noses with the mutt, the boss is boasting to the lady about my carrying off the blue ribbon in last year's dog show. So then the waiter comes in with the boss's coffee.



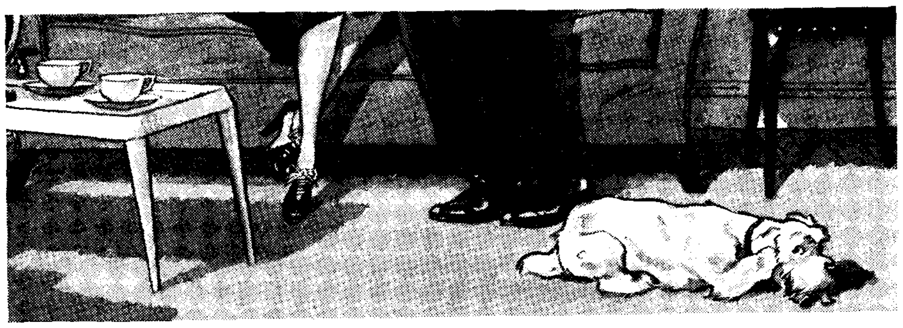
3. "I bet I don't sleep two winks tonight," says the boss. "Caffein in coffee gets me, but boy, how I love the brew!" "You'd sleep like a kitten," says the lady, "if you'd send that back and order Sanka Coffee."



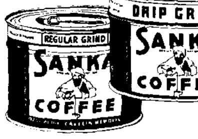
4. She tells him Sanka is REAL coffee... 97% caffein-free, so it *can't* keep you awake. He tries it, and smacks his lips, saying: "The caffein's out—but the flavor's sure left *in!*" And then, we all walk home together.



5. So this morning the boss says, "Come on, boy. We're going over to thank the beautiful lady who told us that Sanka Coffee *really* lets you sleep. And from now on you'll probably be seeing *plenty* of that dachshund."



6. Later, I hear the lady tell the boss that the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden." Then the talk gets more personal, and I cover my ears.



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE . . . DRINK IT AND SLEEP

"Drip" or "Regular" Grind. Get a Can at Your Grocer's Today!

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE" . . . laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences!—Tuesday evening—*Columbia* network—see your local paper for time and station.

Lucky Lindarella

Continued from page 14

about lotions to enlarge and magnify, and the druggist advised her to go on home and have a little sense.

She tried worrying, as someone told her worry ages people rapidly, but that failed. From time to time, she had new photos taken by the local expert, in which she tried to look like Helen Hayes, Ethel Barrymore and Mary Boland, and these she mailed out to the studio, thus keeping in touch, as advised. So passed a year.

Out of the usual clear sky, the officials sent for her again. One of her batches of photos must have caught the double chin about right, for the studio intimated she might be getting old enough to bother about. By this time, she had given up all hope of ever seeing Loretta Young or ordering filet mignons. The palpitant Linda packed up again and journeyed out by herself, leaving all relatives at home for luck.

Nobody Paid Any Attention

Just as if they had never done such a thing, they commenced taking more stills, tried every known sort of make-up and permitted Linda to wander around the studio and eat in the commissary at noon. For two mortal months, she put on make-up and took it off and nobody seemed to care which she did. She says now that this was the nearest she will ever come to dying of lonesomeness, homesickness and anxiety.

The old Darnell Scotch cropping out, she rented a little room in a little lodging house about two hundred feet away from the studio's north wall and daily she walked to and fro. She wondered often what they did with all the photographs they took, as once taken they were never referred to again and were likely burned up every night by the photograph-burning department.

She had breakfast in a hashery outside the studio, fifteen cents and no tip. Lunch came along in the studio commissary, open only at noontime, where she could say "hello" to people and pretend she worked there. Dinner was a modest meal back in the hashery. The weeks fled, with Linda usually made up and ready to be photographed, wishing she were forty-nine years old and wrinkled like May Robson or Lionel Barrymore.

She sent word home and Undine came out to Westwood to cook a few meals and encourage the struggler. After that, the days were not as lonely, and while Linda walked over to the studio each morning, and then back to dinner and bed, Undine managed to circulate. Undine is now a Hollywood expert and can answer questions that stump the young star.

Next came the big break. Mr. Zanuck suddenly cast her for the leading role in Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women, and before you could say Darnell they had started production, with Gregory Ratoff directing the green hand from Oak Cliff, who had never before faced a camera for serious business.

When the men examined the early rushes, they perceived that the kid from Texas had suddenly grown into a person, and from then on things were in the bag. Linda did a sweet job. She was a natural. If she had faults, nobody could see them. One enthusiast declared that she learned all about the motion-picture business in one picture. True, she fell a prey to the fidgets at first and they had some trouble with her fingernails, as she bit them off daily. They requested that she quit biting her nails, as it meant an expert had to appear each morning and equip her with a new set, and toward the end she quieted down. As a result of her Texas acting in her first job, they selected her for the leading part in Daytime Wife, also to be directed by Mr. Ratoff, who comes from Russia and speaks broken English on purpose.

Work was scheduled to begin on Daytime Wife in September and Miss Darnell is to be seen opposite no less a person than Tyrone Power. Linda contemplates her swath and says: "You can't believe it because, first, nothing at all happens and the commissary men can't remember me, and then everything happens at once."

The employing studio decided to send her back to Dallas so that she might be there when Hotel for Women opened in the cinemas of the old home town, and that jaunt was pretty spectacular for the Darnell family and a little upsetting. The young lady traveled in state, her retinue consisting of a press agent, her mother, the cameramen and her special schoolteacher, Mrs. Kay Gorchakoff, formerly of the public-school system of Los Angeles. Arriving in Dallas in a rich Pullman coach, she was escorted to the Baker Hotel and ushered to the President's suite, which is air-conditioned.

Mrs. Darnell went along on home to visit the family, and the residents of Dallas dropped in to tell Linda they always knew she had it in her. She received 3,800 letters and 2,000 telegrams. She arrived in Dallas on Thursday and left for Hollywood the following Monday, and in between she made three personal appearances in the movie theater, said hello to thousands, met the mayor, visited the Chamber of Commerce and received therefrom a plaque reading: "Welcome home to Linda Darnell." She rode in state behind police sirens, attended services at the Oak Cliff Christian Church, caused her father some trouble and caught cold.

Mr. Darnell lives in the little house in Oak Cliff, and in normal times his telephone rings three times a day, one ring a wrong number. . . . Linda's triumphant advance changed all that. The phone rang every three minutes, mostly at night and Calvin Roy Darnell grew pretty weary of talking to people he didn't know and who wanted to know how he felt. It's all right to have a famous daughter, but a man needs his sleep, and when the expedition started for California Calvin Roy stood it with fortitude. He has only nine years to go until he gets his pension and therefore is not moving to Hollywood with the others.

Stage Fright of an Actress

Kay Gorchakoff helped coach Linda for the Dallas job of personal appearances at which the new celeb was to stroll upon the stage and thank the audience for its friendly applause. Linda had a speech beginning: "I am overwhelmed by your kindness." There was more to it, but that was the opening. She walked out bravely, the audience howled approval, the boys yelled, "Hi, Linda," grownups clapped their hands and Linda got as far as "I am" and stuck.

She tried to think of "overwhelmed" and she couldn't. She looked all around her for "overwhelmed," cleared her throat, moved her feet uneasily, and out in the dim recesses of the theater Kay Gorchakoff squirmed in sympathetic distress, made her own mouth into "overwhelmed" and tried to send it by telepathy to the footlights. The Darnell speech officially stuck at "I am," and after a while Linda simply gave up and walked off the stage, with the audience applauding happily, just as if she had made a good speech.

After half the population had shaken hands, Linda hastened back to Westwood, where her rooster was waiting. She owns and operates as a pet a saturnine rooster, name of Wheaty, one leg broken and patched up. This fowl sits up with the Darnell family at mealtimes and is treated with affection and esteem. Linda has had the pet since his early egghood, and when her mother brought him out from Dallas there was difficulty with the railway people, who refused to transport the rooster unless Mrs. Darnell took a compartment.

But No More Minor Roles

As soon as she finished the job in Hotel for Women, the studio shipped her and Kay Gorchakoff to Cedar City, Utah, intending to chuck her into a minor role in the picture. Drums Along the Mohawk, which was being clawed together in the wilderness, and there Linda and Kay sat in a tent and wondered. They prowled nervously, waiting for a preview report on Hotel for Women and one day came word that her small role in Drums had been abolished by the studio. . . . Linda looked at Kay and immediately contemplated another weepy train ride back to Dallas—fired again.

That wasn't it. Mr. Zanuck decided on no more minor roles for Linda, but a starring part with Tyrone Power. Linda's first gesture was a new car and the family moved into the new house on Ilona Street, three blocks from the studio and hard by the Tennessee Gate. She can't drive the car yet, but is taking lessons at night.

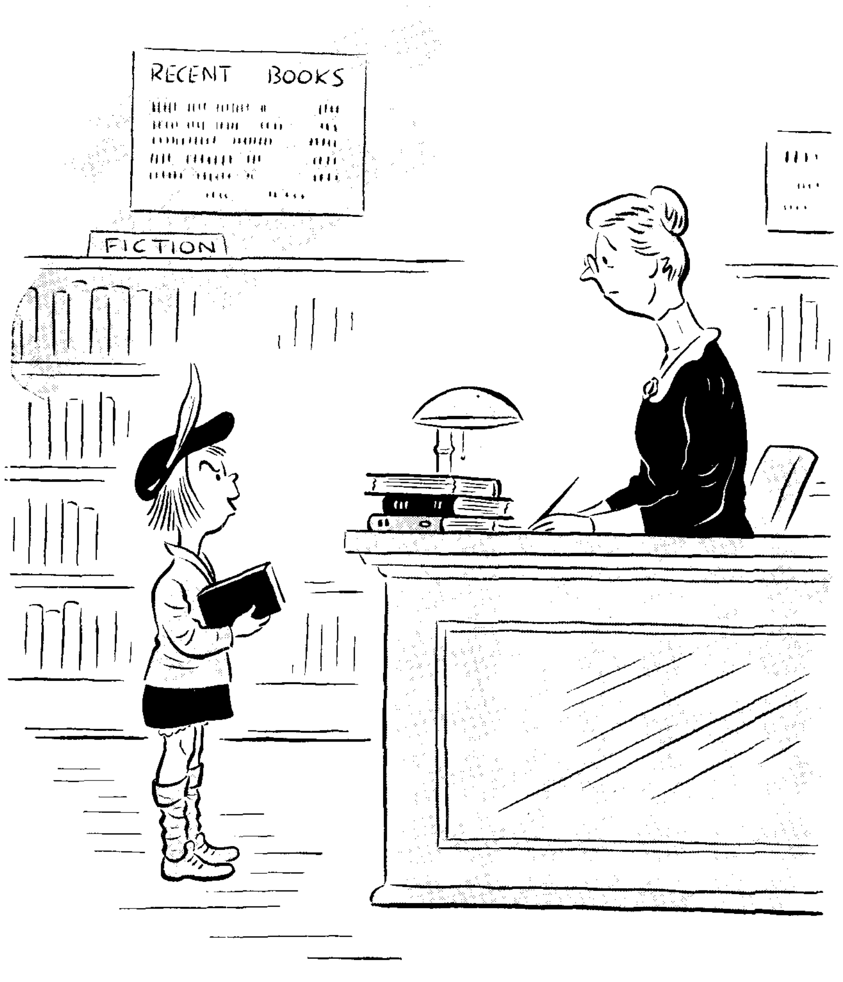
Her family consists of this quiet Calvin Roy Darnell, father; Margaret, mother; Linda; Richard, 28, an insurance claim adjuster; Evelyn, 24, married; Undine, 21, expert on Hollywood customs and conditions; Monte, ten, and Calvin Roy Jr., nine. Linda, her mother and Roy Jr. are now citizens of Westwood and somebody writes home daily.

Back in Dallas, a few years ago, Linda started dramatic work in the school plays, having her first part at the age of ten in an Easter drama, wherein she wore a costume of cheesecloth and cried visibly. She graduated from the Lida Hooe Grammar School and was in the Sunset High when uncovered by the talent scout. At times, she posed for publicity pictures for the Greater Texas and Pan-American Exposition, modeled for the Southwestern Style Show and various department stores.

Upon polishing off her first job in Hotel for Women, she wondered what to do for the boys, having read somewhere that a movie actress always does something for the boys. Norma Shearer gives them little golden gifts. Not having any little golden gifts, Linda sat down and painfully wrote each and every electrician, grip and workman connected with the picture a letter of warm thanks, pleasantly shocking those hardboiled gents, as nothing like that ever occurs in the movies.

She has seen Mr. Zanuck only four times since going to work. She drinks milk and doesn't smoke, chew or curse. She swims, rides, roller-skates and weighs 109 pounds. She is five feet and four inches from stem to stern, has brown hair and eyes, beautiful teeth and Kay Gorchakoff swears she has the finest skin of any human being in Hollywood and doesn't require lotions, creams, skin foods, wrinkle erasers or beauty aids in any form. She just washes up, like a farm hand at lunchtime.

Down in Texas word comes that Mr. Darnell may not move out to Hollywood even after he gets his pension. Five days of those telephone calls gave him a pretty fair idea of what you might expect.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FICTION

"Got anything on the flowers and bees—know what I mean?"

FRANK BEAVEN

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HELLO, ANNE! I CERTAINLY RATED THAT DIG LAST NIGHT. AND THANKS FOR THE PRESENT OF "VITAMIN-ENRICHED" PEP. BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME WHAT A SWELL-TASTING CEREAL IT IS! I COULD EAT IT EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK
IF YOU HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT KELLOGG'S PEP. COOL, CRISP FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, MARVELOUSLY FLAVORED AND ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B AND D! EAT PEP EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!

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A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Not in the Orders

By Lloyd Lewis

LOOKS like it's afire already," said one of the soldiers as the detail turned in at the long lane and started toward the white mansion. He was the only one of the six whose face was beardless and whose clothes still retained any of the original blue. All the others wore rags from which the sun and rain had drawn the color.

"Yep," drawled the thin corporal at his elbow, "but it's only the windows catchin' the red on the clouds back there. Our house back home used to face the west that way at sundown."

The gloaming was in the black cedars that ran up the lane, and, in the dying light above them, bull bats were skimming. Shadows gathered behind the four great pillars on the veranda ahead.

"Do we have to do it?" quavered the recruit. "That's the finest house we've seen since we left Savannah. I'd like to sleep in that house. Couldn't we put it off till morning?"

The sergeant, from his place at the head of the trudging detail, looked back over his massive, stooping shoulder at the boy and droned patiently: "They start the war, these South Carolinians, yes?" His voice had a thick foreign accent.

Looking quickly away, the recruit shortened his step and let the distance between them grow. In the seven weeks since he had joined the regiment, he had never been able to look steadily at the sergeant. The older man's yellow-red hair hung in greasy strings, his beard was shaggy, his face square and flat, while across it, furrowing the nose, ran a long, slashing scar, memoir of Shiloh's battle, two and a half years ago. It was his hands, hanging like blocks of wood at the end of those long, hairy arms that the boy disliked most. On the Indiana farm at home, the boy had imagined himself going into battle behind a leader whose white-gloved hands lifted a battle flag over the heads of the charging soldiers.

"Halt!" grunted the sergeant. They stopped at the porch steps. The white door was opening and out from between the pillars came two women in voluminous silk. One was young, the other passing from youth to middle age. They stopped at the veranda edge.

"Iss Judge Smallwood at home?" asked the sergeant, whacking dried mud from his thigh with the big felt hat he had picked up somewhere.

"He is not!" snapped the elder of the two. "Why do you ask?"

"Because, madam, we haff come to burn this house and I would explain why." He spoke casually, almost with a sigh.

"Since when have you Yankees thought it necessary to explain?" said the younger woman, tossing her head and looking scornfully at the men.

The sergeant answered in the weary tone of one who recites an old story: "The rules of war. Noncombatants they shoot four soldiers and they burn two bridges by Congaree Creek, yonder, early in this morning already, and when such things happen we always burn the nearest house."

THE women's faces grew whiter. Then the younger spoke: "Well, go ahead! You can see we are only two defenseless women. We cannot hope to oppose you all with the success our menfolks have so long enjoyed. Go ahead! Our slaves have all run off. We are alone. Don't think for one little minute we'll lower ourselves to beg anything of barbarians."

As she finished, the elder sister took up the attack: "No, indeed, don't be afraid of us. We can see there's no use appealin' to you. Why, you haven't an officer or a gentleman among you. Whom could a lady entreat? Yes, whom? Go on, burn the house!"

While they talked, the sergeant had opened his mouth in a long, tremendous yawn, and the recruit, standing apart from the others at the side, noted how the man's fangs showed, like yellow ivory. At length the sergeant moved heavily up the steps, across the porch and into the house, the women drawing their skirts away from his contamination as he passed. Then they stood, like two statues to cold fury, while the soldiers leaned on their muskets, their eyes wandering over the front of the house and the younger woman's figure.

None of them had spoken, a few minutes later, when the sergeant reappeared, announcing: "Ladies, please to step down to the yard. Men, carry out the furniture—everything."

For an hour he led the soldiers in their grunting toil, till at last beside the pale sisters on the grass stood a wide array of massive mahogany, marble busts, golden-framed paintings, heaps of silver plate. Then he came to the door carrying a lighted lamp, called: "That's all out. Move that piano farther yet. These big houses throw the heat."

When the men had obeyed, he smashed the lamp onto a pile of drapes along the hallway floor, and came clumping down the steps toward the tree against which his musket leaned.

"You all are just swine, nothin' but swine," came the younger sister's voice. "That staircase in there is every bit rosewood, put there by hand by Swiss wood carvers Grandfather brought over. But that means nothin' at all to you—"

"And that mantel," said the older woman, "Sister and I brought home from France. But no Southern lady expects a Northern boor to understand culture. You all are just ignorant savages, just—"

"March," said the sergeant quietly to his men as he threw his blanket roll over his shoulder, and they started off down the lane which was brightening as the flames rose behind the windows. Four of them sauntered off, covertly comparing certain small souvenirs they had pocketed. The recruit lagged behind, still listening to the unending tirade from the women:

"—just low, vulgar mudsills, comin' down here to take cowardly revenge on your betters—coarse, low white trash smashin' everything we aristocrats have that you haven't got—brutes—"

The recruit's cheeks flushed and his eyes lowered, but as he turned to follow his comrades a movement caught his eye. The sergeant, back there by the tree, shifted his gnarled bulk toward the women, and as he moved he whipped out his bayonet and fixed it into his musket.

The boy cringed and the torrent of words died in the open mouths of the women. But before the sergeant came to the crinoline figures, he stopped, raised the lid of the grand piano, propped it up with the point of his bayonet, drew to him a horsehair chair, sat down, shook a tattered flap of sleeve away from his left hand, and began to play. His thick, stubby fingers left stains as they flew up and down the keyboard.

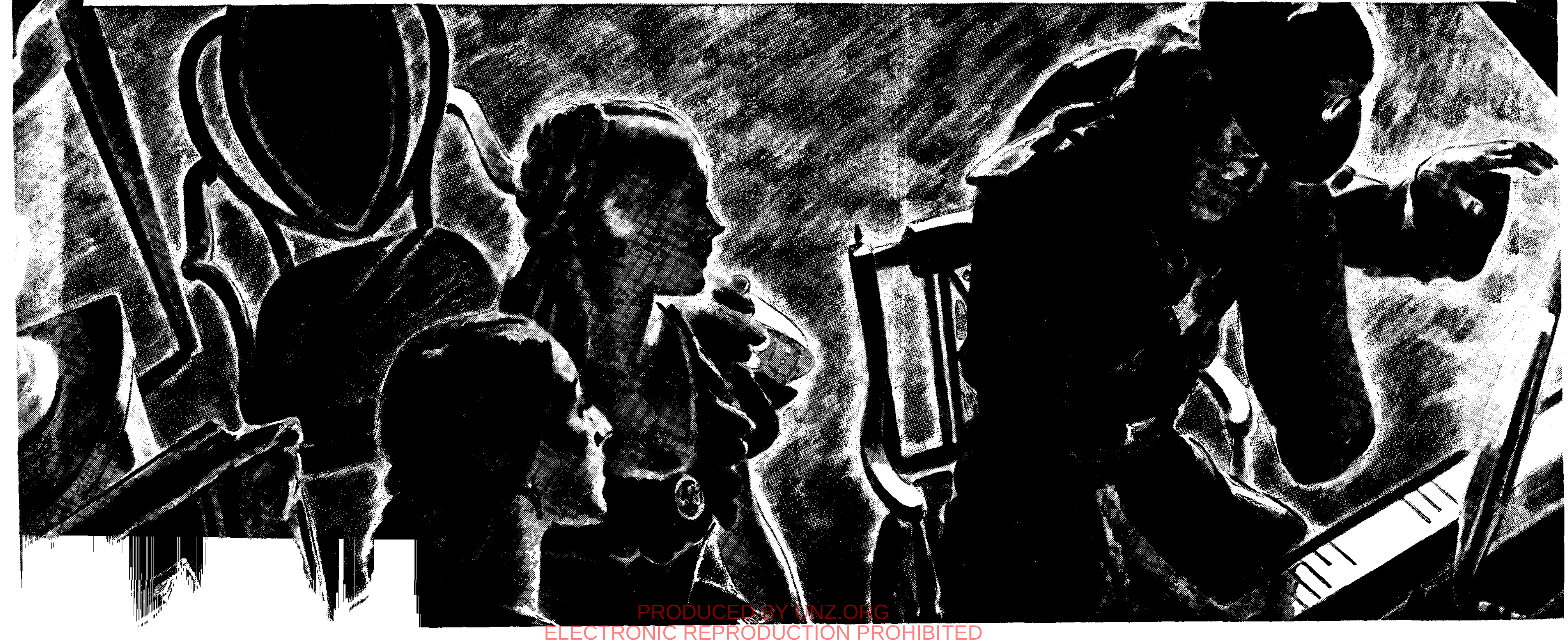
He bent an ear, under his ragged hat, as he ran the scale; then he looked up, nodded approval at the staring women, hitched his chair back a fraction of an inch and began Chopin's Nocturne. A crash from the house, a tongue of flame from one window, then from another. The sergeant lifted his face to the red light and changed to Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata.

The piano became an orchestra, now thundering back at the burning house, now drifting, cool and limpid, on a current of melody so low that the boy, from his distance, could scarcely hear it. The sisters' hands had dropped to their sides, and their lower jaws had sunk. Their eyes went from the long scar on the face that was turned up to the billowing smoke, down to the dancing fingers.

A smash of the bass with a thin trickle of melody riding through, then dying away—

THE great shoulders rose. The sergeant heaved to his feet, the chair toppling over onto its back. He stood looking at the piano, his little eyes half shut, his head nodding ever so slightly. One finger he lifted, touching a key very gently. He listened for a second, then jerked his musket away, letting the piano lid bang down. He stepped back, and, with a sudden swing, sent the butt of his gun smashing furiously. The jangling piano caved in, down upon its delicate and splintered legs.

Brushing past the wide-eyed and silent women, and on past the gaping recruit, the sergeant strode, shouldering his musket, following his men. But the boy, with three running steps, came abreast of him in the lane, walking as near to him as he could and stealing proud glances at him from the corners of his eyes.



The piano became an orchestra, now thundering back at the burning house, now drifting, cool and limpid, on a current of melody

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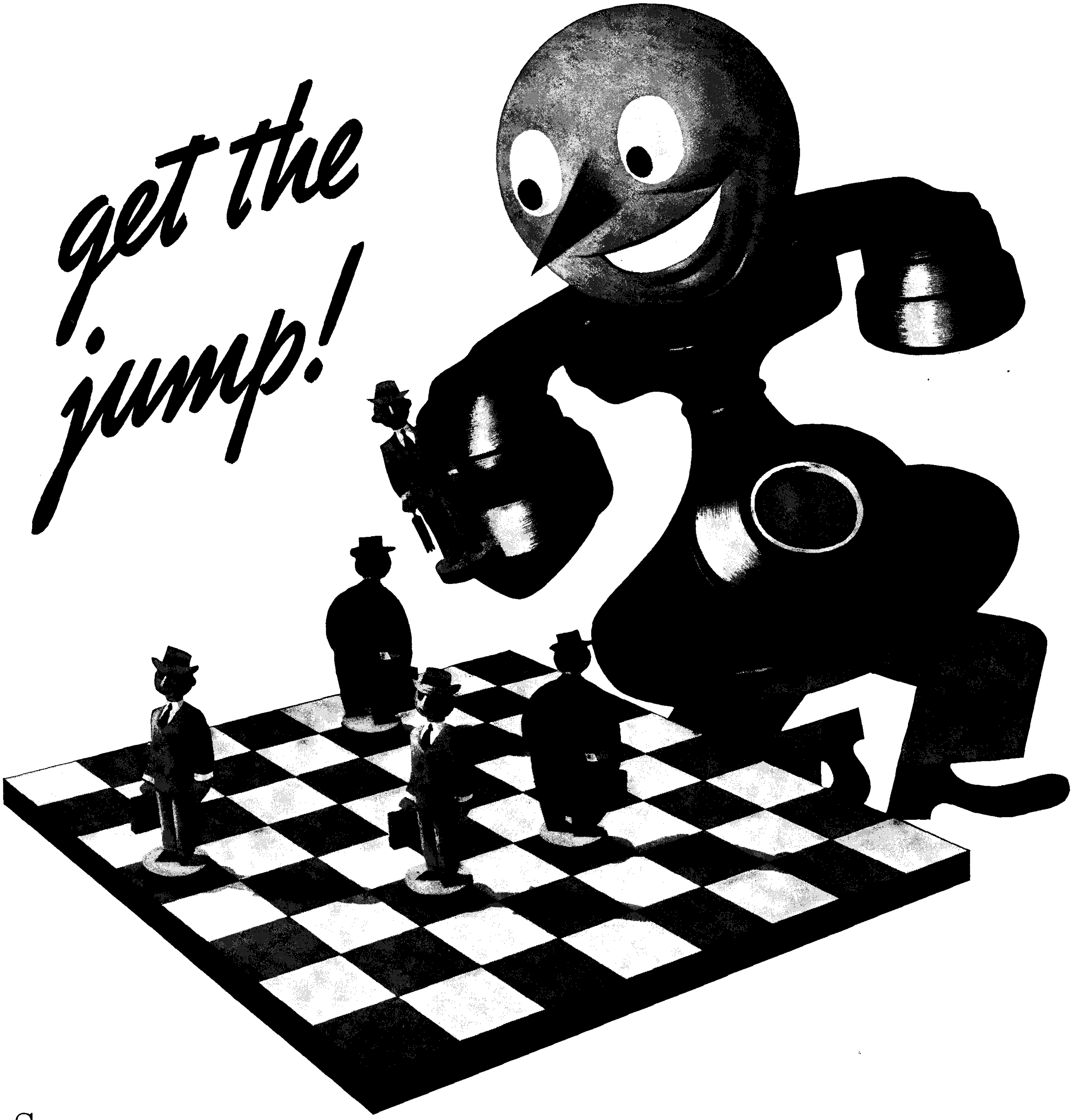
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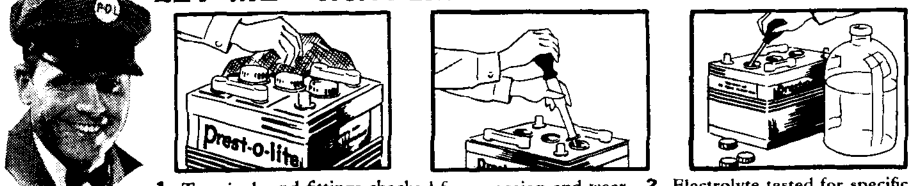

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Right of Conquest

Continued from page 16

She looked down at her hand on the stem of her glass, and she was very pale. "I don't think I like you," she said.

"I think," he said roughly, "that's the first lie you ever told in your life."

ALL the next day the girl's face was before his eyes. He felt again the grace of her flowing in his arms and he caught his breath. It had never been like this before. Never—

There was a chalk talk in the field house in the afternoon, and Cody stared back dumbly, unhearing, when Anders told him to repeat his count on the 41 reverse play. Anders got very red and glared in helpless anger, and somebody inquired unpleasantly, "Why bore Cody?" Swanson nudged Cody and chuckled, "Snap out of it, fella."

He looked at Swanson strangely. Margot was Swanson's girl, and Cody shook his head in blank wonder and disbelief. The squad was going to the country club for the night, and Cody walked around the bus and into the area behind the field house to his roadster. He drove very fast to the Women's Club.

Margot was about to step into the lift when he touched her arm. She swung about, and his heart jumped when he saw the light in her eyes. And then the light was gone, and she was saying troubledly, "I thought the team—"

"Yes," he said, "but I had to see you again. My car is outside. Come on."

She shook her head. "I don't think I'd better."

He stepped closer, and the scent of her hair and her light perfume was in his nostrils. "If you don't," he told her, "I'll kiss you right here."

She gasped, and the little brown toque jerked on her head as she drew herself up. "Look here—" she began, and then he had his arm in hers and he was walking her briskly through the lobby, down the shallow flight of stairs and into his car.

He drove slowly down Grand Street and into University Drive, and his hands were not quite steady on the wheel. Once he stole a look at her, where a street light glistened through the tree leaves; she was sitting straight and taut.

HE TURNED into the golf course and shut off his motor before the low, dark blur of the caddie shack. He turned to her, and her eyes were dark and stormy in the white oval of her face. "Margot," he said huskily, and closed his hands on her shoulders.

She started to tremble. "Bill, don't—"

"Margot," he said again. She bent under his hands, and then suddenly she was in his arms. Her mouth was as sweet as he had dreamed it under his own, and as fierce. And then her hands were on his chest, thrusting, pushing him away.

"Let me go," she said angrily. "Let me go! Oh, you—"

A savage joy sang in his veins. This was what he wanted, what he had been seeking.

"All right," she said, and her voice was ragged. "You've kissed me. You've made love to your best friend's girl. Now take me home."

"Margot," he commanded harshly, "stop playing with me. You don't love Swany. You love me." He caught her roughly into his arms again, and she didn't resist, but put her head on his chest. She was shaking, and he sensed then that she was afraid.

He didn't know how to comfort her, and he sat there angry and helpless, and the old bitterness came down on him. He reached forward and snapped on the ignition, backed the car quickly, and they ran through the quiet streets under the quiet trees.

At her door he demanded, hard-eyed, "Tomorrow, after the game?"

"I don't know, Bill," she said. "Oh, I don't know."

He slept badly, and he was sullen and jumpy in the morning. He felt a small shame when Swanson invited him to breakfast with Margot, but watching Swanson drive off in the roadster, he thought defiantly, "He isn't the man for her. He can't bring her alive. Only I can, and she knows that."

He felt more confident then, and he began to make plans. They would fly down into Mexico; Margot would love Mexico. Why, she said she had never been out of the United States! Then they would go to Santa Barbara and he would borrow his brother's schooner. They would sail to the Caribbean. . . .

He was excited and half bemused as he dressed in the locker room. The players were taut, jittery, and Anders walked among them moodily, his eyes straying ever to Cody. Anders walked with Cody out of the door. "It's your team, Bill," Anders said urgently. "You're the captain. You've got an obligation. . . ."

CODY'S lips lifted automatically, ironically, and Anders stopped short, swearing under his breath. Cody pulled on his helmet and led the team at a fast trot into the stadium, into the great roar of sound that greeted them.

He tried the wind, and when he won the toss, he elected to receive. He trotted back to his five-yard line, and Swanson ran with him, clapping his back. Swanson's blue eyes were blazing. "Come on now, Bill! Come on, now!"

The ball came thudding to him out of the sky and he gathered it in, sprang sidewise and pivoted away from the Grange end, slued away from another jersey and streaked for the side line. Swanson put a block on a burly tackle and Cody cut back and lanced through the massing jerseys to the thirty-five-yard line, where they pulled him down.

Grange took the ball on their own twenty—after Cody had finally been forced to kick—and started to roll.

The Grange line was massive and fast-charging, and it struck with a solid, shattering force. It smashed vertical gaps in the Milton wall and the big, hard-running Grange backs swarmed at the gaps and knifed through. They came past mid-field, to the Milton forty, where they were held.

Swanson cried, "Come on, Bill! Let's go!" Cody endeavored to sweep the wings twice and they buried him. Swanson cried, "Bill, what the hell! The old fire!" Swanson plowed for seven yards, just missing the first down, and Cody kicked.

Grange came six yards, five yards, eight yards. They tore off the yardage in huge chunks and threw it away. Behind Milton's lighter, bending forward wall, Swanson and Jorgens, the number two back, performed heroic deeds. They stopped Grange once more, when the quarter banged, and then Grange was coming again.

Cody, in the safety position, admired without passion. His legs took him automatically to cover on passes, took him into the air to bat them down. He had no fever, and he saw the turgid, uncharted channel of his life take on a pattern beyond this football field. A pattern which, with Margot, he would carve for himself. His own. Not the stale, restricting Cody pattern in which they attempted to confine him.

Grange came over early in the second quarter, and converted. Swanson had stopped exhorting Cody, and in front of their captain Milton dug in deeply, desperately. But vainly; ten minutes later, on Milton's fifteen-yard line, Grange elected to play it safe and booted one squarely between the posts.

They went off the field and the stands cheered without warmth. The big board said: MILTON, 0; GRANGE, 10, and they sank down in the locker room heavily. Undergraduate managers and former players milled and crackled, and Anders shouted, "Look at you—you're licked! All because—"

Anders started toward the rubbing table where Cody lay on his back. A freshman stripped off Cody's left shoe and stocking while the trainer stretched tape under the other instep. Anders halted, square hands on hips, glaring; then he swung viciously to Swanson. "You! Maybe you know how . . ."

The coach's voice hissed, and Swanson listened, rubbing his hands on his pants uncomfortably. Swanson's blue gaze was unhappy on Cody, and Cody shut his eyes quickly before the sudden vision of Swanson as he would look tomorrow, when he found them gone. Swanson would refuse to believe it.

"You can take 'em!" a high voice was haranguing. "They've shot their wad. Go out there and . . ."

Cody grimaced sourly. The high voice was his cousin Ted, All-America at Milton two years ago. Before Ted there was Cody's brother Slick, and before Slick, Roger. That impressed Swanson too. "You can't just go bustin' out of here and make a damn' fool of yourself!" Swanson had thundered when Cody had threatened to go to Spain, or to China, or to anywhere.

"You stand for something around here," Swanson had insisted. "You're not like me, a nobody. They depend on you. They look up to you."

Cody had sneered that they would look up to him if he never moved a finger, and they took his exploits for granted. So why should he give a damn? He wanted, he declared violently, to make his own spot. Some way. Some place.

Swanson wasn't very articulate. "But this is the place to do that, Bill," he had pleaded painfully. "Right here, where you belong."

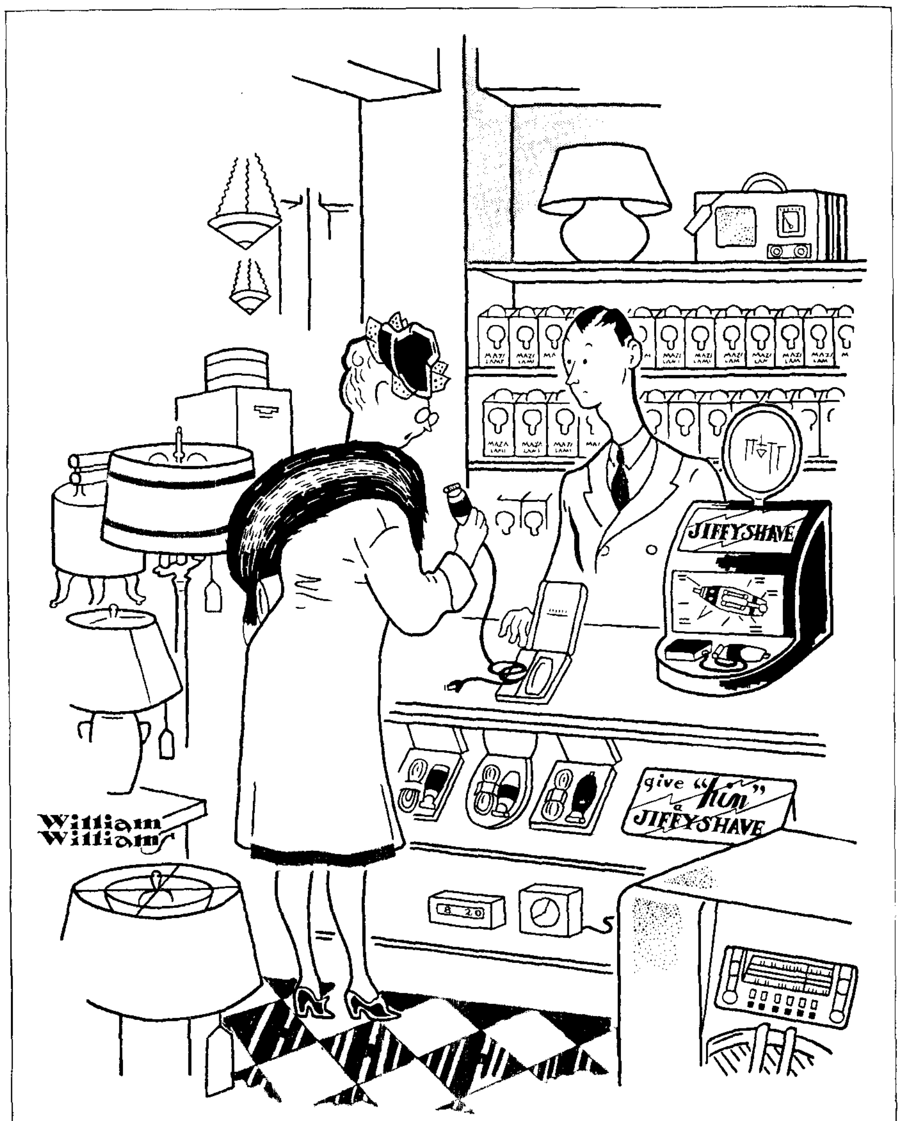
He had scoffed at Swanson's arguments, but vaguely he had sensed some elusive truth in the big man's laborious words. But it hadn't panned out, and he had waited, his bitterness and discontent growing, until now. He had been waiting, he told himself, for Margot. Swanson wouldn't be able to talk him out of it this time. Cody breathed faster, fighting down a panicky thought that Margot might refuse to go away with him.

THE trainer asked, "How is that ankle now?"

Cody tested it and said, "Fine." He rolled over, and the trainer's hands were in the caves of his sides. He wished that it didn't have to be Swanson who loved this girl. Not that he hadn't done a lot for Swanson. Why, Swanson was sure to be captain next year. You might call it a fair trade.

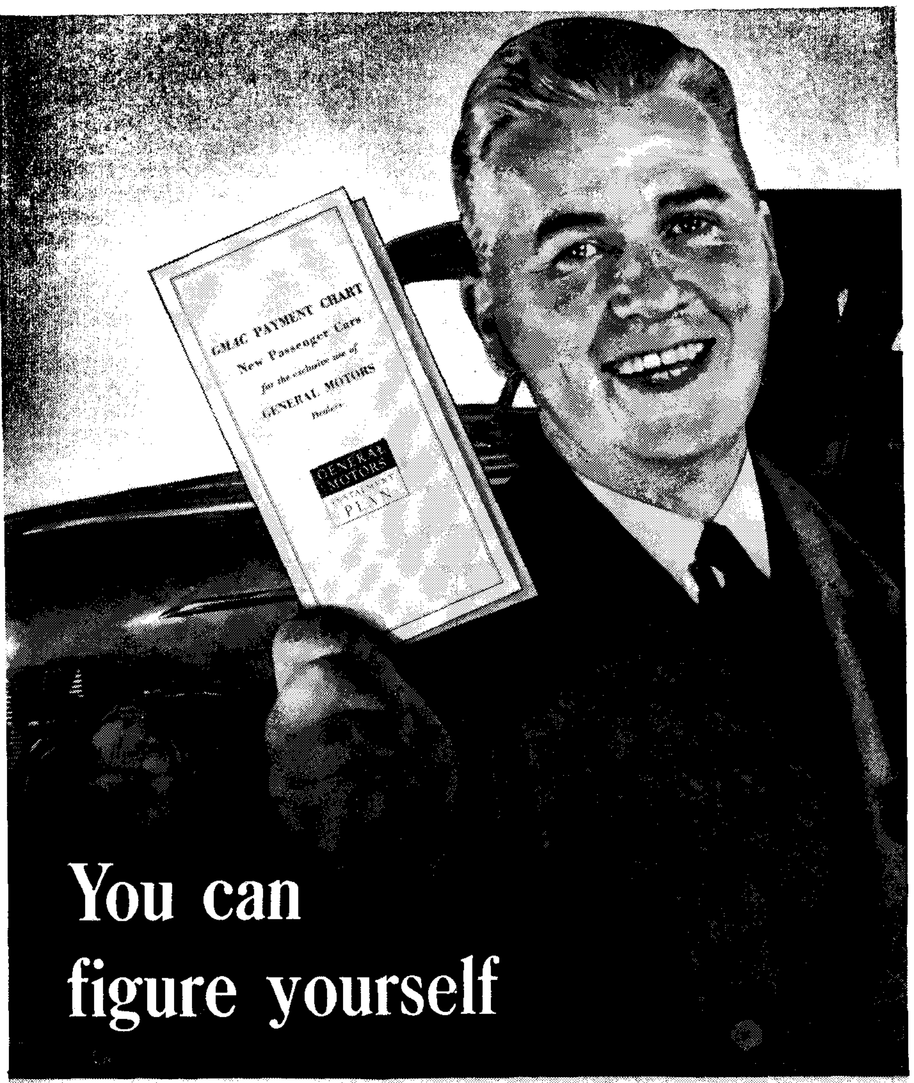
He thought, shaken, "That's lousy. That's why she's afraid of me, because I think like that."

He sat up while they pulled the jersey over his pads, and he thought desperately that he must find a way to show Margot that she needn't be afraid of him. He remembered her trembling in his arms last night, and the hard tight-



"I presume it operates on either B.C. or A.D. current"

WILLIAM WILLIAMS



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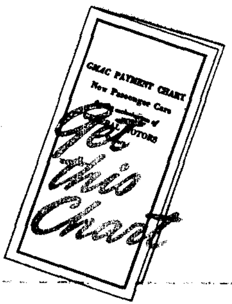

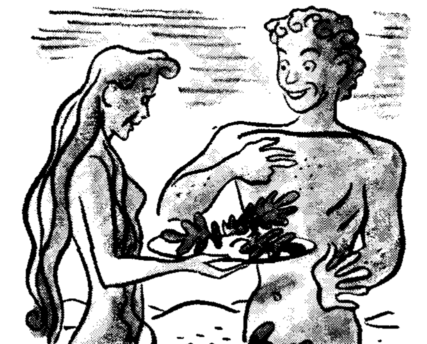

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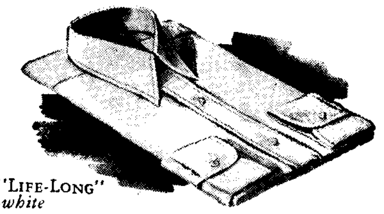

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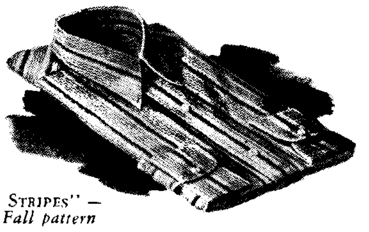

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ness drained from his body, leaving him weak.

It was time to go out, and he got up and filed out with the others, past the pugnacious bitterness that was in Anders' eyes. In his new mood he knew regret for the stocky coach. It hadn't been a good season, and if they lost this game the alumni would be hollering to have Anders thrown out in the alley.

Swanson put his hand on Cody's shoulder. Swanson said hopefully, "What do you say, Bill?"

He nodded, not looking at big Swanson. Swanson, like Anders, wanted to win this game like hell. Margot knew that. The others wanted to win it just as badly. Cody had the sudden, rising hope that if he helped them win it that would show Margot he wasn't the ruthless, selfish egotist she feared he was.

Grange took the kickoff and promptly took up where they had left off in the last half. Their powerful line broke gaps in the Milton forward wall and the hard-running Grange backs piled through. In seven plays they came to Milton's forty-yard line.

Cody called, "Thorne!" suddenly, to his number three back. He sent Thorne back into the safety position, went into the second line of defense himself to flank Swanson. Swanson wiped gore from his nose with the back of his hand, grinned at Cody. "Want some action, huh?" The linemen turned around and glowered surprise at Cody, spat on their hands.

THE Grange backfield started a sweep around Cody's end and Cody dusted in there, riding the wave of blockers, knifing for the runner. He got a hand on the man's leg, and then Swanson was in to spill the pile.

Swanson jerked Cody to his feet. "Nice going, kid."

Cody spotted the reverse to come over the weak-side guard and he shouted it, bulled in with Swanson and Jorgens to roll back the play before it hit the line of scrimmage. Grange messed up a pass and punted into the end zone.

A new small fire was licking at Cody when he spoke to the team in the huddle: "Mow 'em down and take that Martin out. I'm going over his tackle."

They piled Cody up, and he was sharp, angry in the huddle: "I said get Martin! Hill, you're letting that guard box you—" He stopped before their scowls. Hill growled, "Sure, sweep 'em out of the way for the great Cody. The big shot is warming up to rate a few cheers."

Cody said grimly, "Change signals. Jorgens in the tailback. I'm in number two. I'll get Martin myself."

He was through the hole behind Swanson, throwing a savage, rolling block on Martin. Jorgens banged through the vent, twisting for twelve yards before they dragged him down. They repeated over the other tackle off an unbalanced line, with Cody bouncing a Grange wing off his feet and collaborating with Jorgens to trap the Grange fullback. Swanson skated behind them and bolted to another first down.

In the huddle they stared at Cody wonderingly, and he knew what they were thinking: the Great Cody passing up the glory, choosing to take a beating by blocking for the others! Cody sent Swanson and Jorgens galloping, bulling before them, then letting go in his hard, sure blocks.

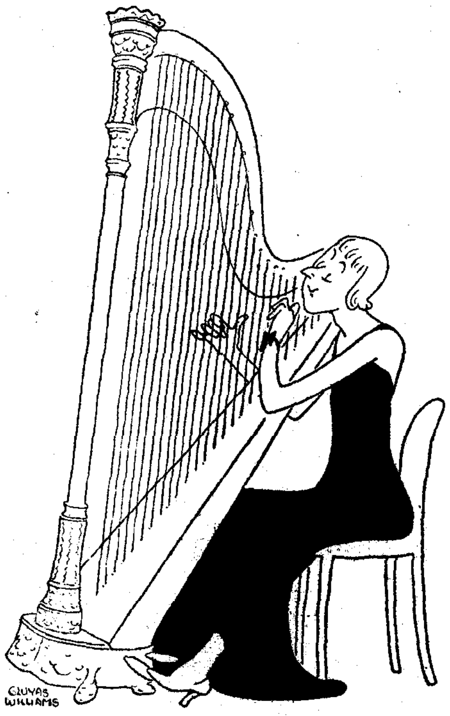
They progressed across mid-field, and the new fire in Cody was burning in an urgent flame; he had the odd alarm that he daren't lose it. The stands were exploding to life behind him, roaring for Jorgens and Swanson. The players' weary eyes were brightening on Cody; they snapped out of the huddles with fresh stimulus.

They slogged at the stubborn chalk marks. Swanson was a busy, raging giant, and Jorgens was a Polack warrior. Hill was a bellowing titan. They crashed through behind Cody, bled on him and laughed at him when they picked him up. They were wonderful men, and fighting for them was a sweet, fierce joy.

PEOPLE OF NOTE

By Laurence McKinney

5—Harp



If there's one lady in the bunch
To find her takes no special hunch
Nor sight particularly sharp
She is the girl who hugs the HARP.
The very longest tuner-upper,
She has to have an early supper,
And seated on a lonesome chair
Proceeds to wind up the affair.
Then she will sit and sit and wait,
Dispassionate and desolate,
Till the Conductor's nod, or frown,
Sets her to stroking up and down.
And after these chromatic bits—
She simply sits and sits and sits.
A Harpist must have lots of pluck—
A black silk costume—and a truck.

They yelped, "Take it over, Bill!" but he called instead on Jorgens for the one-yard thrust for their first score. The team roughed Cody, crowed at him, and when he saw the exultant gratitude in their eyes he felt his battered mouth pout to pipe his own glad crow.

Then it was all the way up the grimly yielding yards again, and every yard was beautiful. Cody was driving ten quietly frenzied men on ten ribbons, and he knew that they loved him. And it was someplace in those bitter, beautiful yards that he loved them back and acknowledged his captaincy.

This was what it was then: this fine, high pride of having earned his mates' respect and admiration. They didn't mistrust him any longer as an arrogant lone wolf. They didn't resent his ability as something he held cheaply and wasted. He had given himself for the first time to their cause, and in return they accepted him and gave him his gift of leadership.

He recognized humbly that this was what he had wanted all the time; to earn this high place that had been his before in name only, but was his really now by right of conquest.

His right ankle was very bad, and he was dragging it and having trouble getting up when they reached the Grange thirty-yard line. Swanson hauled him up, set him on his feet and chuckled happily at him. The electric clock showed three minutes to go. He told them, "This is it. Make it good," and he gave them the play, grinning at them. He felt quick and sure and strong.

He was fading, and the stands came howling to their feet as he cut for the side line, doubled and cut back, his arm cocked. He couldn't race them on this ankle, and he panted a little prayer and let go—

Jorgens took it all alone in the end zone, kissed it gleefully and screamed. Then the whole stadium was screaming. . . .

CODY limped off the field, and a man with two legs ran on in his place for Grange's desperate, last-minute passes. Cody's name boomed about his head, and there was a hard smarting in his eyes as he relished those cheers. He tried to take his blanket from Anders, and Anders cursed him gruffly and draped Cody's shoulders himself.

Grange's last-minute passes didn't connect, and Bill Cody was in the locker room with a hundred madmen. He got away from the gleeful madmen at last and sat on the floor in the shower. The good water rained on him, and automatically he kept time with his fist on the stall side to the count thundering in the locker room. Fourteen. Fourteen was Milton's victory number today. And after a while Bill Cody got it figured out.

He dressed and went out with Swanson, and Margot's face was framed for them in the window of the taxi at the curb. Margot's face was lovely and ravaged, and it was radiant. Her eyes were shining level on his, and he reflected that even up there in the stands, in that last half, she had learned that she wouldn't have to be afraid of him any longer.

Swanson urged, "Come on. What are you waiting for?" And Swanson breathed, "Isn't she wonderful! But if she ever looks at any other man the way she's looking at you—"

Cody said, "Have fun. Here's where I leave you."

Swanson was outraged. "Are you nuts? We're going to put on a party. A big party!"

Cody shook his head. "Give Margot my love. My folks are in town." He grinned. "And Flo."

Swanson grinned back reluctantly. "Oh, it's like that?"

"Yeah," Cody said. "Tell Margot I'd come down to say goodby, but this ankle won't hold me."

He watched them drive away, caught one glimpse of her face turned back to him. It was startled. He started to walk. He ached with his bitter, hard-won peace.

Eye It — Try It — Buy It!

SPECIAL DE LUXE
CHEVROLET
USA-1
1940

..and then you'll know "Chevrolet's FIRST Again!"

First in beauty . . . first in driving and riding ease . . . first in performance with economy . . . first in modern features . . . first in all-round value!

CHEVROLET
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Eye It—Try It—Buy It! That's the way to convince yourself that this bigger, more beautiful Chevrolet for 1940 is the value leader of the low-price field! You'll get a pride-quickening thrill out of its new "Royal Clipper" Styling; you'll get a still greater thrill out of its lightning-flash Valve-in-Head performance, its exclusive vacuumatic gearshifting, its new "Ride Royal"*; and you'll get the greatest thrill of all out of the fact that it brings you all these luxury features *at the lowest cost for purchase price, gas, oil and upkeep!* Eye it, try it, buy it—*today*—and convince yourself that "Chevrolet's FIRST Again!"

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION,
General Motors Sales Corporation, DETROIT, MICH.

Only Chevrolet Gives You All These Quality Features at such low prices

NEW "ROYAL CLIPPER" STYLING • BIGGER INSIDE AND OUTSIDE • NEW FULL-VISION BODIES BY FISHER • NEW EXCLUSIVE VACUUM POWER SHIFT • "THE RIDE ROYAL"—Chevrolet's Perfected Knee-Action Riding System* • SUPER-SILENT VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE • PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES • ALL-SILENT SYNCRO-MESH TRANSMISSION • LARGER TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH • NEW SEALED BEAM HEADLIGHTS WITH SEPARATE PARKING LIGHTS • IMPROVED SHOCKPROOF STEERING* • NEW CRYSTAL-CLEAR HI-TEST SAFETY PLATE GLASS • NEW SAFE-T-LOCK HOOD • RIGHT SIDE SERVICE

Chevrolet has more than 175 important modern features!

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CHEVROLET for '40

LOW PRICE OF NEW 1940 Majestic RADIO AMAZED ME!

AMERICAN and FOREIGN RECEPTION!... With All These Features

- TWO Wave-bands!—gets all standard U.S., foreign, ships and amateur broadcasts!
- Plays on AC or DC.
- Smart new styling; walnut or ivory plastic cabinet.
- Automatic Volume Control and Tone Control.
- A price that's lower than many sets that get American broadcasts only!

AND JUST SEE THIS TRIPLE-VALUE PORTABLE

Plays on battery, AC or DC! New kind of push-button control. Amazing new Majestic advancement. You can add hours to life of old battery by playing on both battery and house current; will not hurt battery or set! Front panel slides out of sight at top; pull down to close radio as in inset.

CONSOLE RADIO THAT PLAYS RECORDS AUTOMATICALLY!

Plays 10- and 12-inch records intermixed! Automatic record changer; self-starter; automatic stop; constant-speed motor. 6-tube radio gets all standard U. S. broadcasts; foreign; ships; amateurs. Magnificent tone!—gorgeous console. You'll enjoy a demonstration at your dealer's.

Write for illustrated literature and name of nearest dealer to MAJESTIC RADIO & TELEVISION CORP., 2612 W. 50th St., Chicago. Cable Address, "Majestico, Chicago." Dealers! Write for name of nearest distributor today.

Majestic MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

TRADE IN YOUR OLD MAJESTIC ON A NEW MAJESTIC

The World is Like That

Continued from page 18

shock to discover her in this gentle, gracious person with the caressing, soft voice, the graceful, slender body, the appealing eyes. Jocelyn felt suddenly forlorn and helpless. She had no defense against this sort of thing.

Waiting alone for Norma's return, she tried to recall every detail of the vision that had come slowly downstairs in the last shafts of afternoon light. Braided hair, not quite gold, not quite brown; a blue gown wrapped tightly about a tall, thin body and spreading in waves about silver-slippered feet; nervous long hands covered with rings.

"I haven't been one bit happy about my big girl!" Janet had said. "If Daddy'll forgive me I think I'm ready to begin all over again."

"Hypocrite!" Jocelyn said to herself angrily. "She's been married twice since she left him, and is talking about getting married again! And now she walks back into the house as if nothing but a married quarrel had happened!"

ALL their plans for the happy holiday in Hawaii were wrecked now. They couldn't go off and leave Norma's mother here with old Mrs. Fordyce. The wearing of new clothes, the packing, the excitement of going up to board the big ship and sailing off into the South Seas would be canceled because of this new development.

The countess had decided quite suddenly upon the Western trip, Jocelyn knew. She had heard her say affectionately to Norma, as the two had preceded her up the big stairway: "I'd no more idea of coming than you had at this time yesterday, sweet. But I had a letter from Granny that made me so unhappy—"

They had both ignored her. Natural enough, a mother and daughter reunited after months of separation. They would ignore her from now on. Why not? She had no place in the story. Sandy hated her, and unquestionably the countess was all ready to dislike her heartily, to resent her having ever been made a member of the household. Philip, trying to protect his child's interests, would be helpless, and Granny would always be for the line of least resistance, for the easiest course. Norma might say a word in defense of her beloved companion, but nobody would hesitate for a second to drown out her voice; if Norma wanted anything really important, that was in itself almost sufficient reason for her being denied it by grandmother, mother and governess.

So Jocelyn loitered about the room in a miserable state of indecision and apprehension. What were they all saying, in that room across the hall? What attitude could Philip possibly take toward this woman who had deserted him for another man, fifteen years earlier, and who had twice married since? She had felt no maternal yearnings toward Norma when the poor child had been shuttled from school to school, from governess to governess. She had gone her giddy way then, being reported in the hungry newspapers as buying a diamond here, chartering a yacht there, opening a mansion at Palm Beach, giving a party to two hundred friends in a New York penthouse.

All this time Norma had been lonely, misunderstood, unhappy, growing more twisted and self-centered every day. Now, just as the child was developing a natural affection for her father, just as she was finding a suitable group of friends, this mother must turn up to wreck the whole scheme once again!

Norma's reaction to it would be all-important. Jocelyn was not long left in doubt as to what that would be. About an hour after the conference in Mrs. Fordyce's room began, she heard voices, opening and closing doors and Norma's voice in the hall.

When the girl came in she was in the excited, talkative mood that Jocelyn especially disliked. She held out a hand upon which blazed a magnificent ring of two pearls and an oblong diamond.

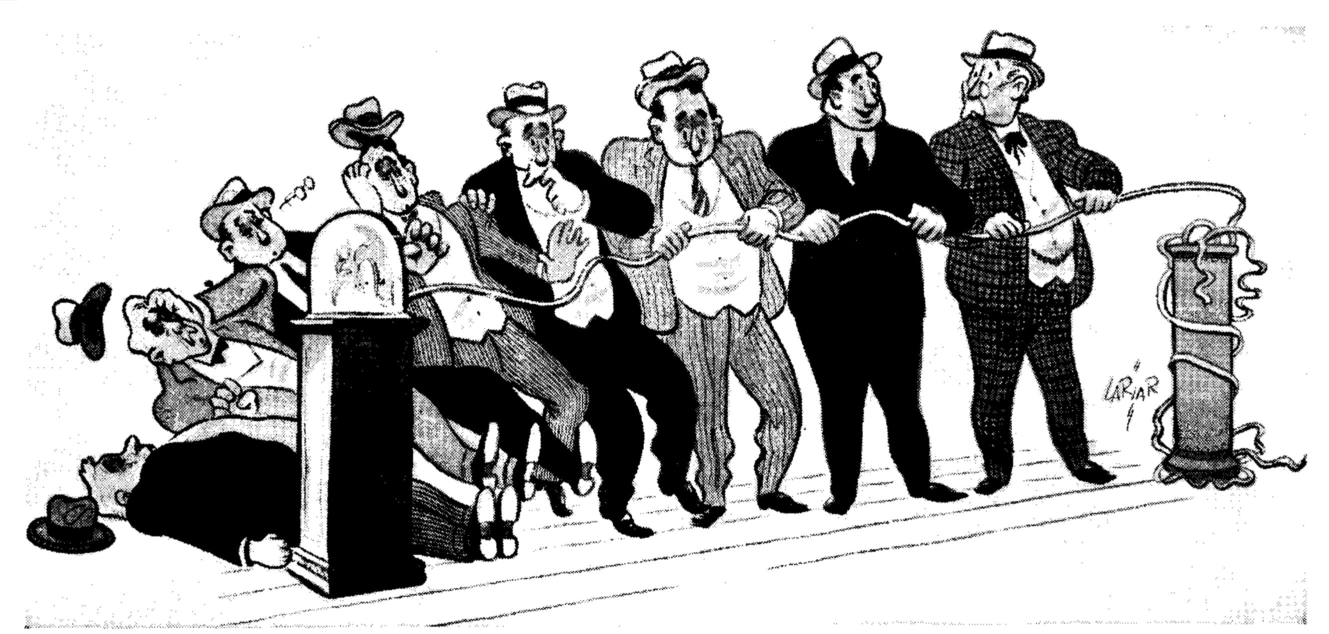
"Look what Mamma's given me, Jotsy! Did you ever see such a rock! My grandfather gave it to her when she graduated and she had it reset for me. My dear, such goings-on! It looks as if my delightful parents were going to agree about me for once in their lives. A coming-out party in Honolulu this summer, instead of next fall, with people coming from all the corners of the earth, China and London and everywhere! Mamma says she's tired of worrying about me, and of course I am a handful, and consequently the entire committee is going to camp on little Norma's trail—imagine the excitement when everyone around here gets news of the great reconciliation!"

Jocelyn could make nothing of this jargon. It was Norma at her worst; Norma slipped back to the spoiled child of a few months ago; chattering glibly of things she knew nothing about, tossing off airy references to distinguished persons Jocelyn did not know, elated with her own position and power, wild for freedom.

"Norma." It was Sandy's most triumphant, smoothest voice from the doorway. She came in, elderly and rustling, for the moment ignoring Jocelyn completely, speaking only to the younger girl. "My dear," she said, "I think Mamma will want to sleep in here with you tonight. Did you speak to Mattress about the change? We are moving you back to your old quarters, which are quite ready," Sandy continued, turning to Jocelyn without looking at her. "The countess naturally wants to be with Norma. So I think, Mattress, if you'll see one of the girls about getting the room Miss Britton has been using in order, we'll move the countess in as soon as you're through. Have them help Miss Britton move her things back to her old rooms, will you? My dear child," the old governess added to Norma affectionately, "this is exciting, isn't it? To have our Mamma suddenly appear with all these beautiful plans."

"We're probably not sailing Saturday, Jotsy," Norma announced importantly, following Jocelyn to her rooms, as Jocelyn went in and began to gather her things together. "Mamma wants to go down to Honolulu for three months, in a few weeks, and have my coming-out party there, with all the guests—about two hundred of them—invited to come down and stay two weeks! Can you imagine it, beach parties and dances and swimming! Mamma says nobody ever did that before, and it'll make it different from any other party that ever has been!"

NORMA did not accompany her when Jocelyn followed the maids, laden with her clothes, books, small possessions, to her old rooms. She found the place in the same exquisite order, filled with the same comfort and beauty that had impressed her upon her first arrival at Hill Acres, four months earlier. She had been a complete stranger to all the mystery and unhappiness and folly of this big house then; she had been amused, curious, anxious to stay and become a part of the life of one of the richest little girls in the world. She had



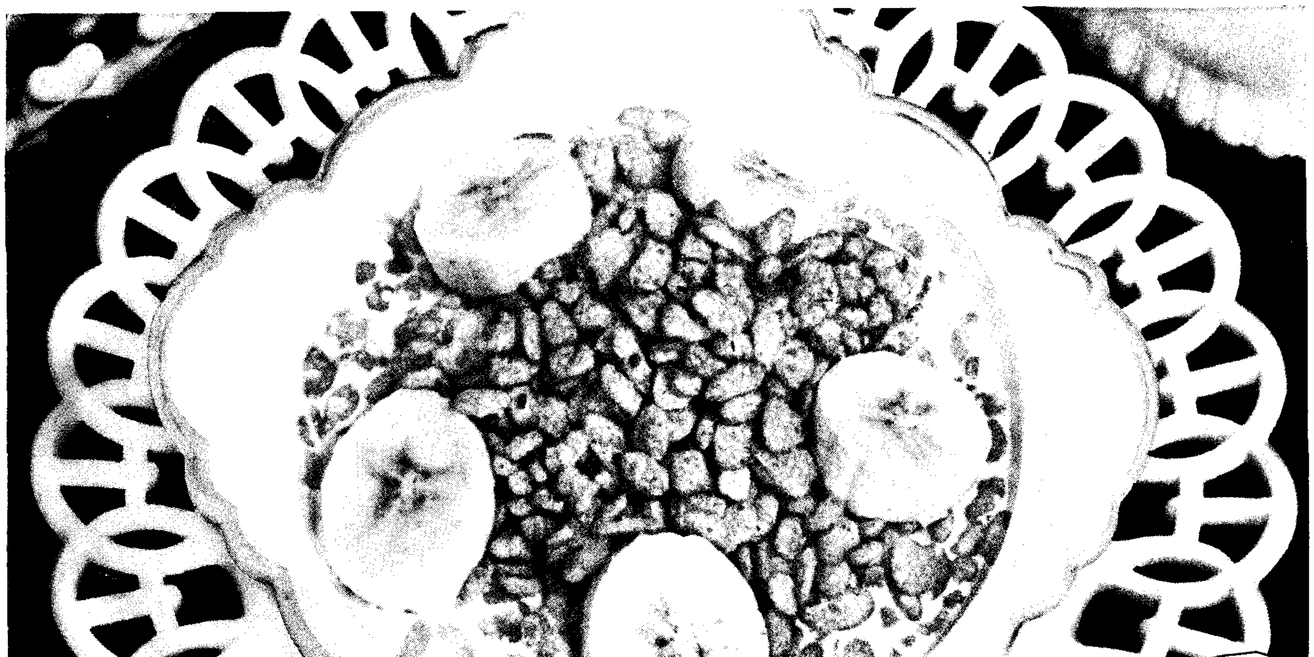
"Hold on—here it comes!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

So Crisp—

snap!
crackle!
pop!

a "crunch" in every delicious spoonful!



Delicious with fresh, frozen, or canned fruits

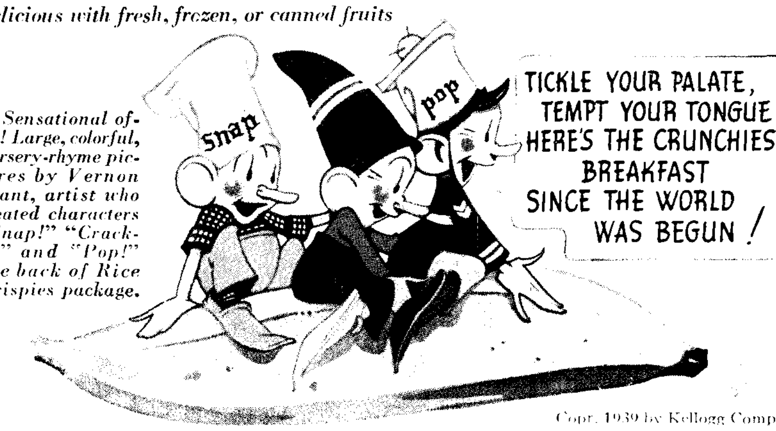
IS THERE mutiny afoot? Dish up Kellogg's Rice Krispies and the most determined breakfast rebel will see the error of his ways!

Children—grown-ups—everyone goes for this really different cereal. It has such a unique, full-bodied flavor . . . and the knack of holding its marvelous crispness from the first delicious spoonful to the last.

Yes, Rice Krispies look different—taste different—even sound different. You'll hear them snap! crackle! pop! in milk or cream, to prove their crispness. And they're made by a wholly different process patented by Kellogg: they're "oven-popped" and then toasted a luscious, golden brown.

Only premium quality, American-grown "Blue Rose" rice goes into Rice Krispies. They come to you with their crisp freshness protected by Kellogg's new and exclusive inner-wrap, which is completely "Waxtite" heat-sealed at both top and bottom. For a real breakfast treat—choose Kellogg's Rice Krispies at your grocer's now!

Kellogg's
RICE KRISPIES
FLAVORED WITH MALT SUGAR AND SALT
snap crackle pop
So Crisp
THEY CRACKLE IN CREAM
TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.


Snap
pop
TICKLE YOUR PALATE,
TEMPT YOUR TONGUE.
HERE'S THE CRUNCHIEST
BREAKFAST
SINCE THE WORLD
WAS BEGUN!

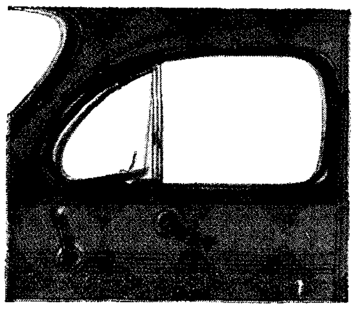
Sensational offer! Large, colorful, nursery-rhyme pictures by Vernon Grant, artist who created characters "Snap!" "Crackle!" and "Pop!" See back of Rice Krispies package.

"OVEN-POPPED" BY KELLOGG'S PATENTED PROCESS!

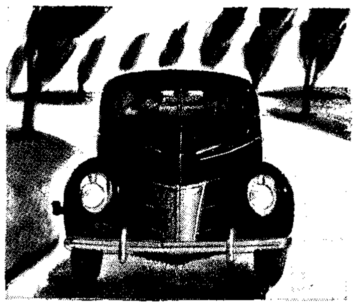
Rice Krispies are absolutely unique in form. They'll float for hours in milk or cream. Product and process are protected by United States Letters PATENT NOS. 1,925,267; 1,832,813.

Copr. 1939 by Kellogg Company

1. More Room Inside. More leg room, elbow room, seating comfort. Parcel shelf. Large luggage space.

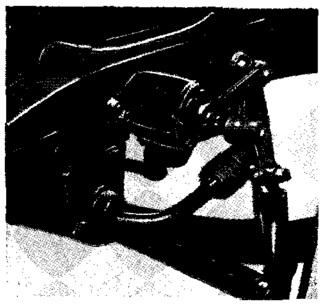


2. Controlled Ventilation. Front half pivots. Divider strip slides down with window in closed body types.



3. New Ride-stabilizer. Torsion bar (85-hp models only) controls sway and makes steering easier.

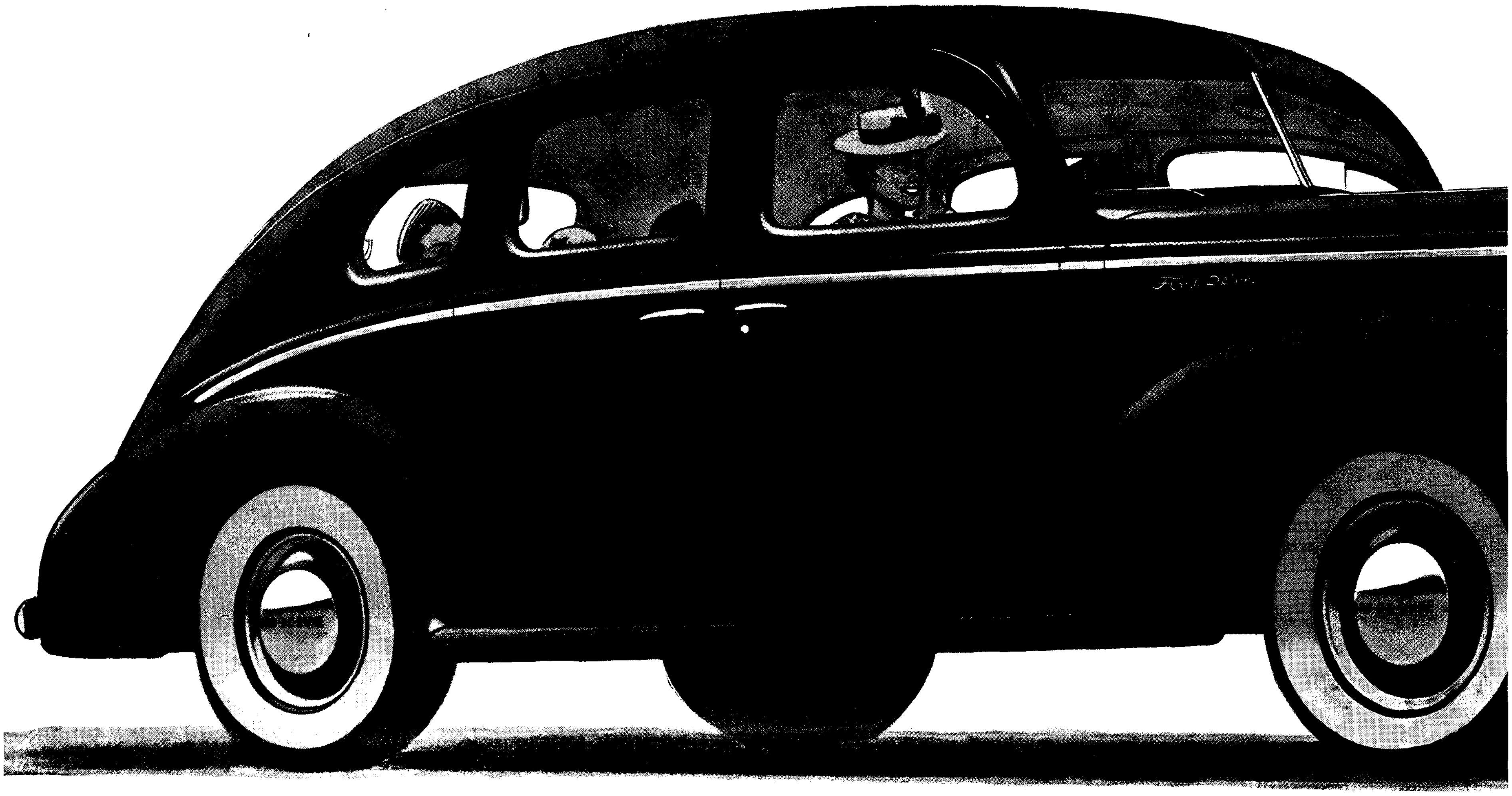
4. Improved Spring Suspension. Softer springs front and rear, longer front spring (85-hp models only).



5. Improved Shock Absorbe
"Self-sealing" packing gland che
leakage and saves frequent filli

THE NEW FORD

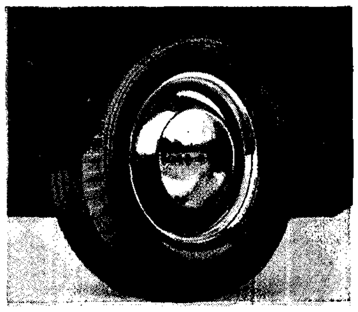
V



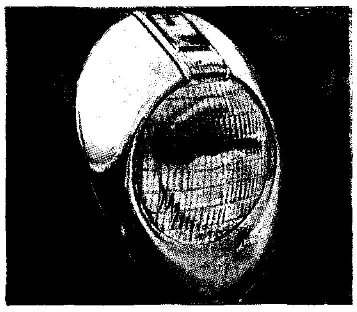
The new 1940 De Luxe Fordor Sedan (white sidewall tires extra)

15. Improved Soundproofing. New quiet. Result of rigorous research in design and insulation.

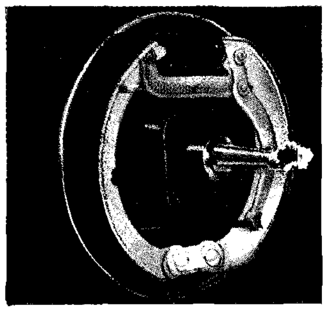
16. Improved Transmission. For easier gearshifting. "Blocker" type, same as used on more costly cars.



17. New Design Curved Disc Wheels. Definitely reduce road and tire noises, contribute to quiet ride.

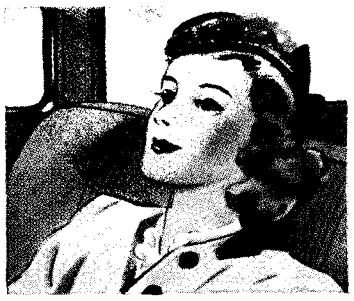


18. Sealed-Beam Headlamps. Bulb, lens, reflector sealed. Better light, longer life, safer night driving.

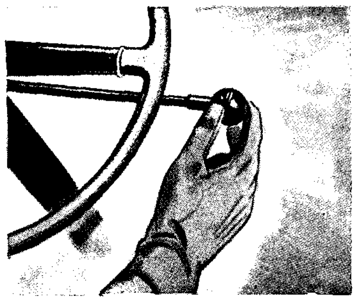


19. Improved Drums for Big h
draulic Brakes. New brake dru
contribute to quieter operatic

wo-way Adjustable Driver's at. Rises as it slides forward, hout changing angle of seat back.

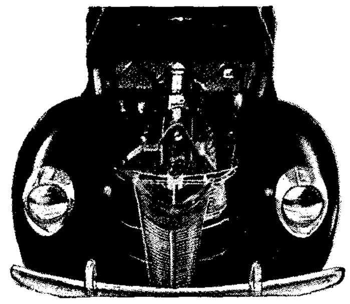


7. New-type Resilient Front Seat Backs. Improved design. Unusual comfort without unnecessary bulk.



8. Finger-Tip Gearshift on steering post. All models, no extra cost. Easy action. Front compartment clear.

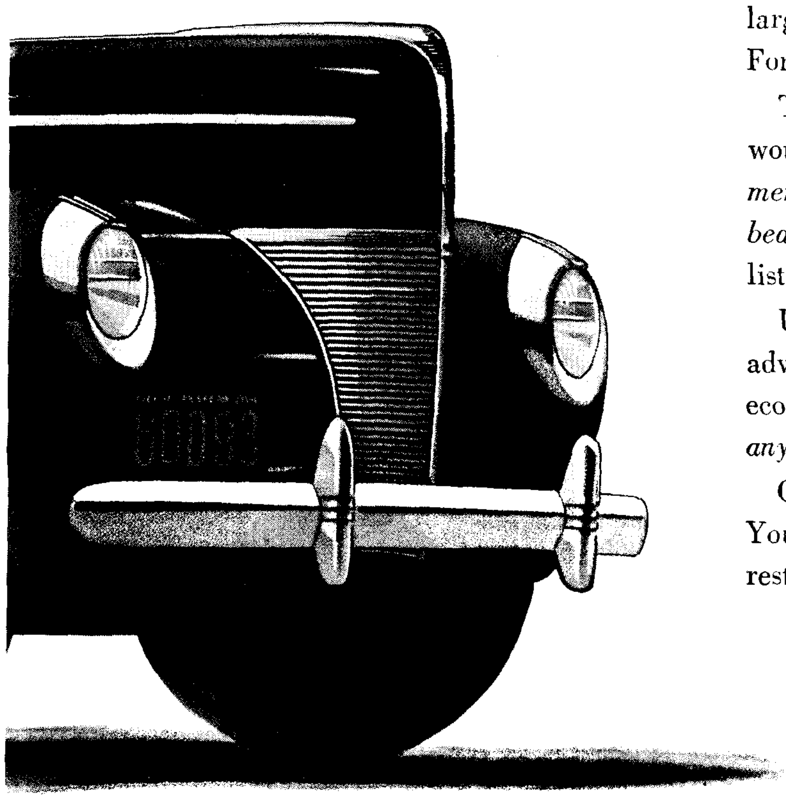
9. New "Floating-Edge" Seat Cushions. Unusually comfortable. Soft cushion springs have free play.



10. Engine More Accessible. The deep hood on all models makes V-8 engine very easy to get at for service.

CARS FOR 1940

H 22 IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS

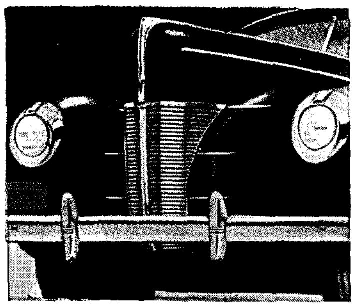


All the experience and resources of the world's largest automobile plant have been poured into the new Ford cars for 1940.

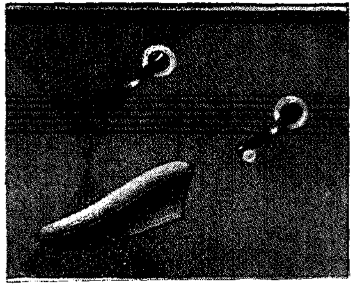
There are many refinements that only an engineer would appreciate—*and 22 really important improvements that make the cars more comfortable, more beautiful, quieter, safer, and easier to drive.* They are listed and illustrated here.

Underlying all these improvements are the basic advantages of Ford design, Ford dependability, Ford economy, and *the smoothest, sweetest-running engine in any low-price car.*

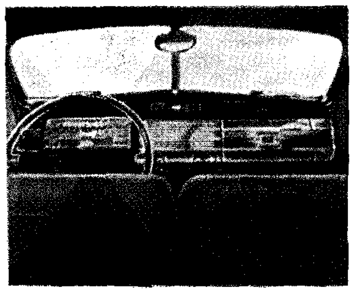
Get in and get acquainted with the 1940 Ford V-8. You'll like its substantial feel, its eager response, its restful ride. And you're sure to like the price tag too!



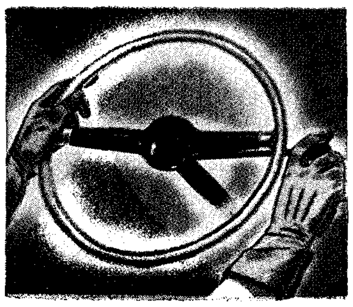
11. New Exterior Beauty. Distinctive character. Modern, flowing lines. Longer hood. Graceful grille.



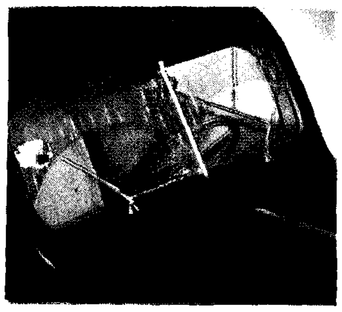
12. New Interior Luxury. New color harmony. Rich upholstery. Handsome hardware and appointments.



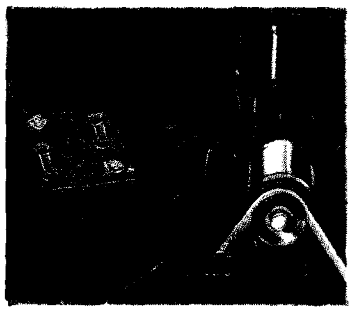
13. New Instrument Panel. Attractive, colorful. Well-grouped gages. Exceptional amount of equipment.



14. Two-spoke Steering Wheel. Smart, modern, attractive. Gives perfect visibility of instruments.



0. Dual Windshield Wipers are ounted at the base of windshield r better vision. Single control.



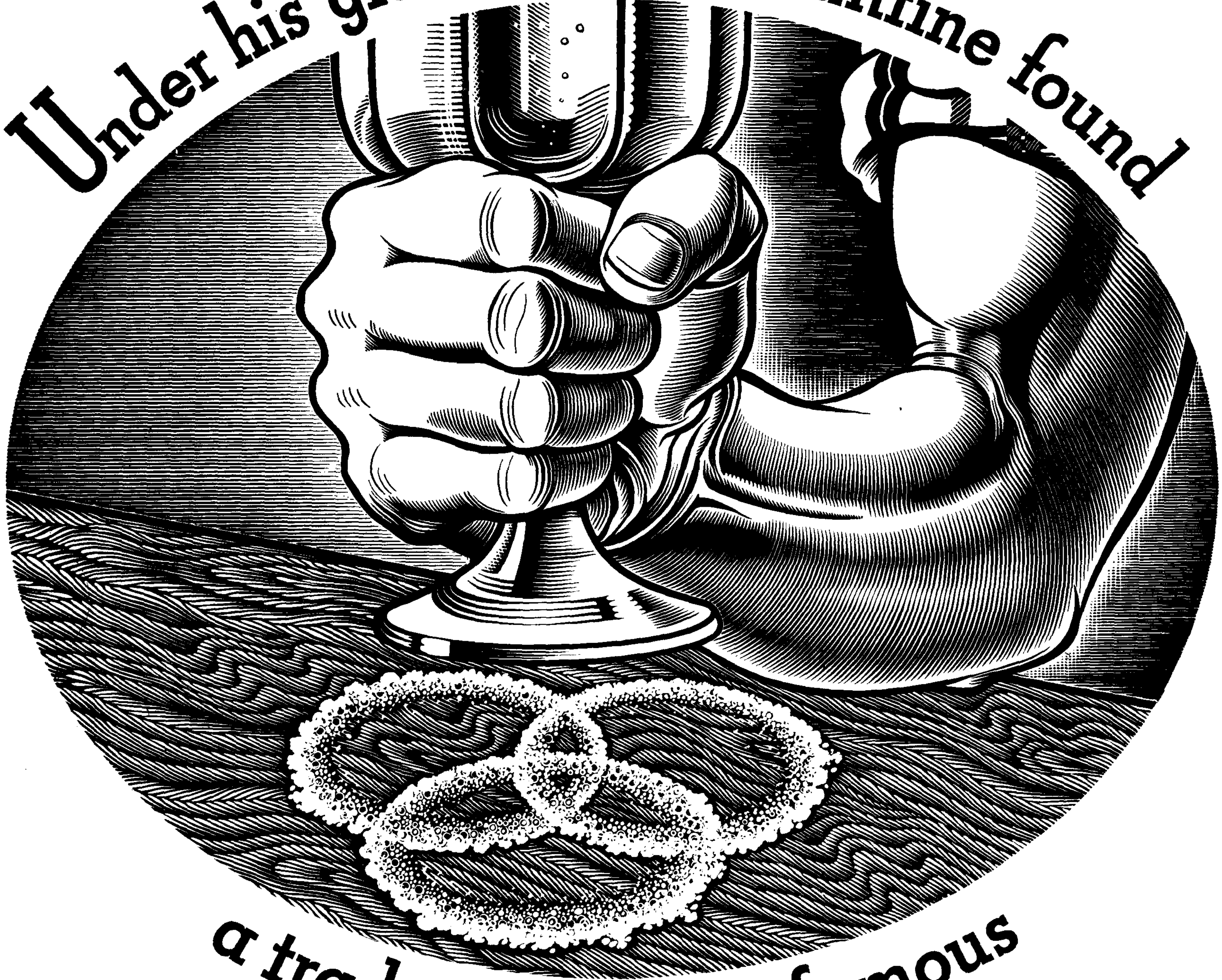
21. Bigger Battery Capacity, Larger Generator. Battery capacity increased 20% for all 1940 cars.

22. Battery Condition Indicator on All Models. Shows condition of electrical system at all times.

FORD V-8 for 1940

FORD MOTOR COMPANY—FORD, MERCURY,
LINCOLN-ZEPHYR AND LINCOLN MOTOR CARS

Under his glass Peter Ballantine found



a trade-mark now famous

TESTING ale in 1840 was a simple process. Peter Ballantine knew ale from the ground up, and he trusted his taste beyond any man's!

When his ale had ripened, he called for a tumbler. One healthy drink, and he set the glass down, to roll the brew on his tongue. "It ha' the PUR-R-ITY," he said, his Scotch burr mingling with the brew in his speech.

Another gulp, and more tongue rolling. "It ha' the BODY," was his verdict, and no doubt whatever about it.

The third drink drained the tumbler. Much pursing of the lips and squinting of the eyes. "Ah, and it ha' the FLAVOR-R-R!" he pronounced with final authority.

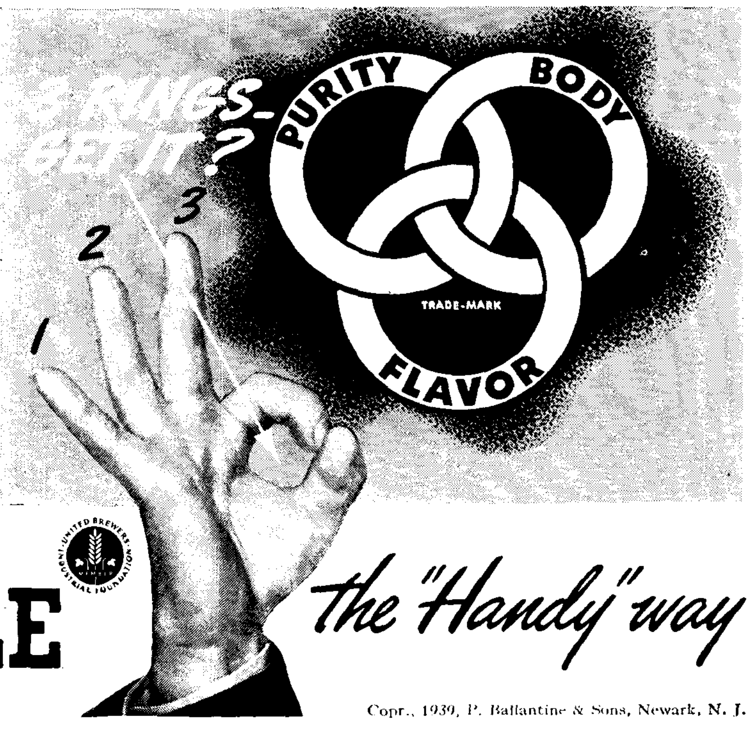
When the empty glass was lifted, Peter Ballantine's eye chanced on the pattern of rings from its bottom, dewy on the scoured oak of the table.

"Thr-r-ree tests—thr-r-ree rings—" he mused, "the mar-r-rk of good ale. See the rings on the board, lads—I ha' my trademark!"

•

Peter Ballantine's taste in ale proved to be America's own—*more people get more enjoyment from Ballantine's Ale than from any other . . .*

AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE



Order BALLANTINE'S ALE *the "Handy" way*

Copr., 1939, P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

been humiliated by her own weakness in the affair with Kent Dunham, glad to find here in these cosy little rooms, whose windows commanded one lovely park view after another, healing and help.

Now everything was changed. Now she had been tested in the fire of these feverish excitements and superficialities and found wanting. Now she had learned to love Philip Fordyce, to ache in every fiber of her being to be near him, to be with him, to count somehow in his life, and just as in his careless generosity he had offered her the dazzling position of his wife, it had all been snatched away. He liked to solve problems easily, Philip. And unquestionably he liked his daughter's young governess. But how much? How much would whatever he felt for Jocelyn count against the powerful batteries of his child's mother, his own mother and the implacable Sandy? Jocelyn felt helpless and confused, uncertain what to do, what action would be wisest now.

She walked restlessly about her rooms, now determined to pack up all her belongings and leave for her aunt's house in Sausalito, now fiercely determined not to be worsted at this first encounter but to wait and see how matters would shape themselves. No word came to her; no message. She was afraid to go back to Norma's rooms, to try to get in touch with Mrs. Fordyce. She could only wait.

THE Sunday afternoon faded into darkness, and night came down with chilling fog from the hills. There was a tap at Jocelyn's door at half past seven o'clock, and Lena came in with a supper tray, and stopped to light her fire.

"Et get colt," observed Lena.

"It is cold," Jocelyn agreed. She was sitting in a big chair now, with a book. The sudden warmth of the blazing logs was grateful indeed. Lena drew the curtains; the room assumed the snug, homelike air that Jocelyn remembered having loved when first she came to it.

Another tap at the door, while Lena was still busy. Jocelyn's heart rose. It must be Norma!

But instead it was Miss Sanderson who stepped in; inclining her head sideways with a bleak imitation of a frozen smile that was characteristic of her and that Jocelyn particularly disliked, and not meeting Jocelyn's eyes as she sidled to the chair opposite her. Often, before Norma had taken her wholly to her heart, in the days when Jocelyn had still occupied these rooms, she had seen Norma curled there, chattering, listening, growing fonder of her young governess every minute. Now the stiff dead-leaf-brown silk of Sandy's pleated and ruched old-fashioned garment was spread there instead, and Miss Sanderson, with a little preliminary "hem!" as sharp as a bullet, and a little dry sound of clearing her throat, was ready for battle.

"Miss Britton," the older woman began, as Lena went noiselessly into the bedroom and closed the door, "just a few suggestions. The countess has moved into Norma's rooms; you knew that. It seems as if she can't get near enough to the dear child, now that they're together again. I brought up Janet Lockey," Miss Sanderson continued, after another sharp "hem!" as Jocelyn said nothing, but sat watching her steadily. "You knew that? I had her from the time she was eleven. She had lost her mother, dear child. I was with her everywhere. When they put her into a German school, an Italian school, I boarded there with her. And I think I may say I discharged my trust carefully. Hem! To the best of my ability, at least.

"She was very young, of course, when she married Mr. Philip. Too young, perhaps, but her father never refused her anything, and indeed he was very fond of Mr. Philip, too. Three years later, unfortunately, they quarreled, as young people will—"

"I thought she left him for a man named Caverley," Jocelyn put in coldly at this point. Miss Sanderson's expression, which in an acidulated and reluctant fashion had approached an indulgent smile, altered instantly. She scowled.

"She was very young," she said frigidly, "and whatever she did was done more in mischief than in—in any spirit of—of recklessness. I was with them at the time," the old governess went on, gathering dignity as she proceeded, "it was after I had been with Mrs. Griscom's daughters. I was trying to organize Miss Janet's household; she had had great trouble with the baby's nurses. She had been dancing with Captain Caverley a good deal, and I suppose I may say flirting with him—"

"I suppose you may," Jocelyn said dryly in the pause. The other woman gave her a glance, and her face darkened with a dry flush.

"I heard them laughing one afternoon, down on the lawn. That very lawn out here, under your windows. And quite suddenly Miss Janet—as I called the countess then—came flying into the house and packed an overnight bag, and they were gone. It was an escapade, she herself had no idea how serious, and we know now that she afterward regretted it very deeply. She was only with the captain two years, and after that," said Sandy, with the tone of one giving great credit, "she did not marry anyone for seven years. Not anyone!"

"THAT was something," Jocelyn said approvingly. Again Miss Sanderson looked at her sharply, but the girl's round eyes were innocent of significance. "How long before she and Mr. Fordyce were divorced?"

"A year. He applied for a divorce immediately, but under the California law it took a year. She wanted him to go to Reno, but he said he could not be spared for six weeks."

"*She* didn't go to Reno?"

"She couldn't. The captain was stationed in some New York place. She lived near him, and after the year was up they were married. It was very uncomfortable for her, of course, but her father was with her."

"Oh, her father was with her?"

"Certainly. He joined her immediately. Otherwise—hem!" said Sandy elegantly, "it would not have looked very well."

"Under the circumstances how was it she got Norma for a quarter of the year?"

"Under what circumstances? There was nothing extraordinary in the circumstances."

"When I first worked for Fordyce, Sawyer and Fordyce," Jocelyn said, "the girls in the office said it was an elopement with Captain Caverley."

To this Miss Sanderson made no reply.

"It was because of her father that she got the baby some of the time," she said shortly. "But indeed, we mustn't gossip this way," she interrupted herself, drawing her shoulders up primly. "I came to say that Mrs. Fordyce and Mr. Philip and the countess and Norma have all gone over to the club for dinner. I see Lena's brought you yours."

"All together!"

"Certainly. The countess has a great many friends here and she said she wanted to give them a surprise."

"But—good heavens! Fourteen years after their divorce!"

"They have seen each other in that time. As a matter of fact Mr. Fordyce saw her in New York the last time he was there, in the banker's office," Miss Sanderson said stiffly and uncomfortably.

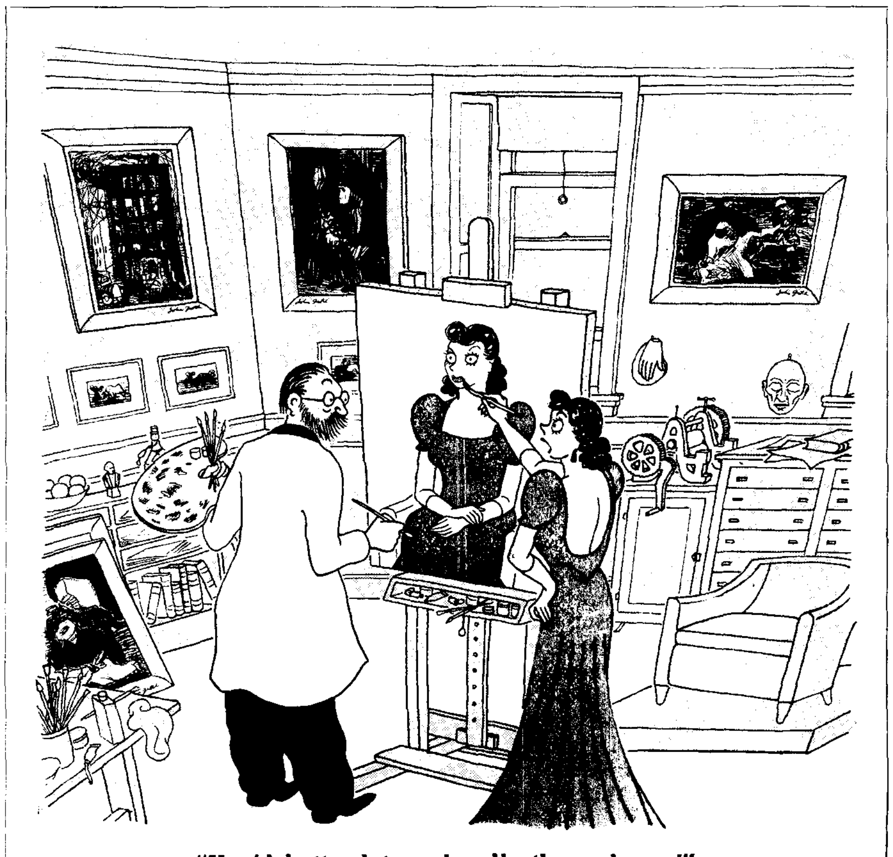
Jocelyn was silent for a moment, looking into the fire, her head whirling, and the other woman was silent, too. Suddenly Jocelyn asked over a sick sense of defeat:

"And what is the plan now?"

"I dare not hope for a reconciliation now, although I pray for it, as his mother does," Sandy said piously. "But I do dare to hope that there will be a friendly adjustment. It is my confident belief that Mr. Philip has never loved any other woman, and I think her coming to him tonight stirred him to the soul. Hem! Stirred him to the soul."

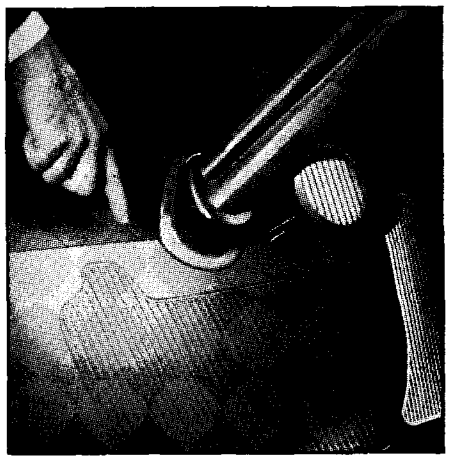
"Norma said something tonight of taking a place in Hawaii and having a coming-out party there."

"Her mother wants to take her there



"You'd better let me handle the make-up!"

IRV BREGER



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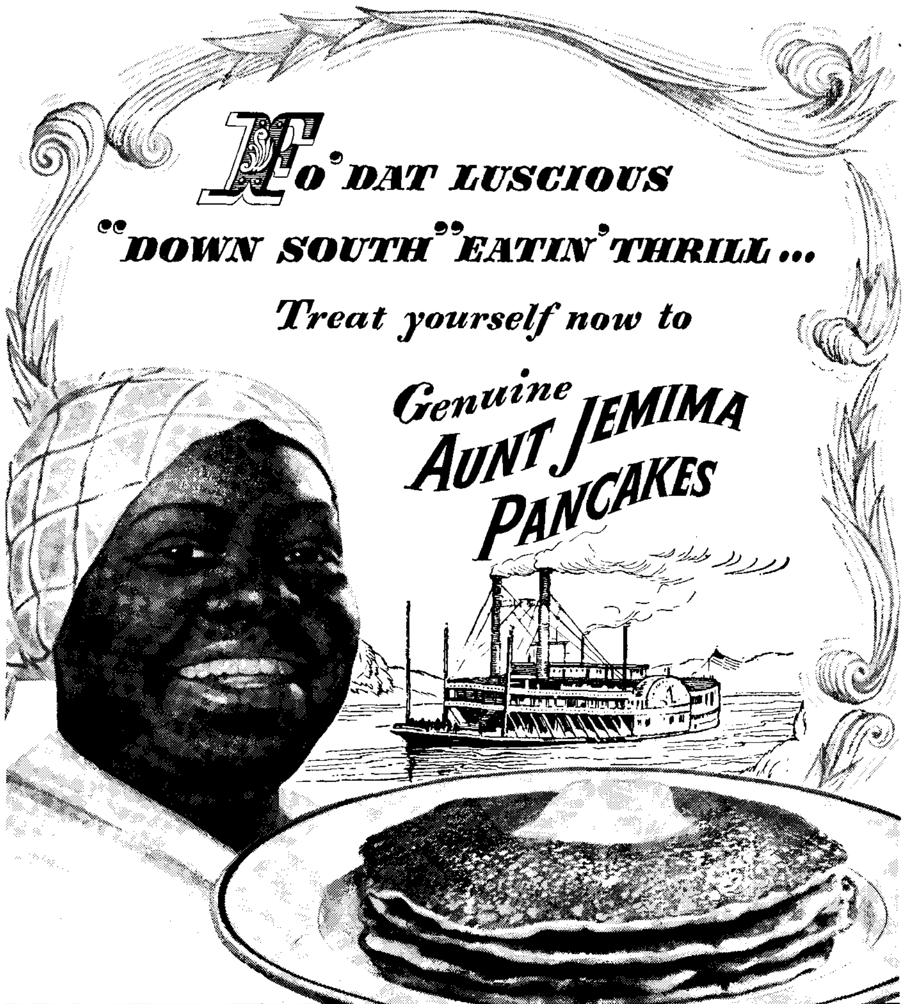

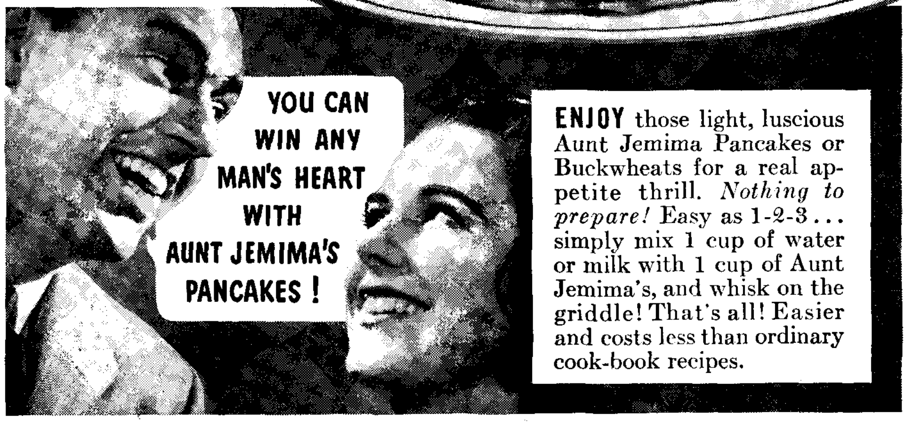
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for a few months, her father perhaps joining them later. Just what the arrangement will be I don't know. But Mrs. Fordyce asked me to give you this."

She leaned forward, a pink slip in her hand. Jocelyn looked at it blankly; looked up.

"What's this?" she asked, her cheeks reddening.

"That's the countess' check for three months' services, Miss Britton, and she asked me to express thanks for all of them for the kindness you have shown to Norma."

A dozen phrases came to Jocelyn's mind; she discarded them all and sat silent, staring at the paper. Sandy was not worth her fire.

"Now, when would you want to go?" Miss Sanderson pursued it gently, inflexibly. "Any one of the men can drive you into town whenever you like. Tuesday? Wednesday?"

"I would like to say goodby to Norma and Mrs. Fordyce tomorrow," Jocelyn said after a moment. "I could leave in the afternoon."

"I'll arrange that, then." Miss Sanderson's voice sounded as if she strove to conceal her content. "You see none of us will be wanted, since the countess herself is taking Norma in charge," she went on tactfully. "Of course, she's always been devoted to the child, but moving about so much—

"I may accompany them to the islands," she recommenced after a moment, as Jocelyn remained silent. "But that would only be as the countess' companion. She may want me to go."

Jocelyn was too crushed to speak. Even if she had been able to express her resentment that this other woman had been sent to dismiss her, her offended pride at the presentation of the check, her desolate sense of being unwanted, of being no use to anyone now, whatever her earnest efforts at usefulness had been, she would not have given Sandy the satisfaction of witnessing her agitation. Before Sandy she would display nothing.

She stood up, folded the check small and put it under the mantel clock. Her look indicated to the other woman that the interview was over. Sandy rose, too, and moved with her usual stiff effect of posture and deportment to the door.

"I'll tell Mrs. Fordyce and Norma that you'll see them in the morning?" she said on a rising inflection.

"Please."

That was all. The door closed softly on Sandy. Jocelyn was alone.

She went to the window and opened it, kneeling down with her elbows on the sill and her eyes straining out into the dark. There was no moon, but the stars were all the brighter for that, and by their light she could see the outlines of the great trees and the faraway silhouette of the westward hills. Hill Acres. She loved it; every inch of it.

Jocelyn drew in her head, got to her feet, looked across the room to where her new luggage had been piled by the curious maids who had moved her things from Norma's suite an hour or two ago and suddenly put her head down into her hands and began to cry.

IN THE morning she had her breakfast upstairs and finished her packing, hoping, praying every minute that Philip would send for her. But ten o'clock came, eleven, and there was no word.

It was almost noon when Lena came in to say that Mrs. Fordyce would like to see her, and Jocelyn, with a fast-beating heart, went to the big, beautiful bedroom to find the mistress of the house at her dressing table, Annette busy with her hair.

"Yes," said Mrs. Fordyce, lightly, nervously, as Jocelyn came in. "Good morning. What's it trying to do, rain? Well, I suppose Sandy told you last night that all our plans have changed."

"That's what we must get used to, in the world," Sandy herself said with a resigned smile. She was sitting knitting industriously in a chair close to the dressing table.

"The countess is going to take Norma with her to Honolulu," said Mrs. Fordyce. "Whether they'll sail as soon as Saturday or not I don't know. But Norma's clothes are all ready, and I suppose Janet has brought trunks of them from New York. Phil could turn his reservation over to her, I should think."

"Mr. Fordyce isn't going?" Jocelyn asked, instantly heartened by the thought.

Mrs. Fordyce made no answer to this, apparently absorbed in the jerk Annette had given her head in placing one of the curls.

"Damn you, Annette," she said.

Miss Sanderson held off her knitting and eyed a row of purling.

"He will follow later," she explained.

"Then there's nothing to do but say goodby," Jocelyn said. She extended a hand to Mrs. Fordyce, who wiped cream from her own hand on Annette's apron before taking Jocelyn's hand and saying, through the mirror, "Goodby, and thank you so much!"

"Goodby, Miss Sanderson," Jocelyn said, retreating.

"Goodby and good luck I'm sure," said Sandy, sweetly, and without punctuation. She did not look up from her knitting.

ACROSS the hall in Norma's rooms Jocelyn found the girl scribbling away madly at her desk in a new gold-bound diary that, she explained, her mother had brought her.

"No more lessons!" Norma exulted. "Mamma says I'm too advanced for them. After all, travel educates, Mamma says, and meeting all the strange people I do, and having my own way of judging them. Mamma laughs and laughs at me, she says I'm not quite like anyone else, and I guess that's true, because I remember when I was only a tiny baby—"

It went on and on. The old mad, childish babble of things she didn't understand, didn't remember correctly, was quoting from some boasting tale of her grandmother or mother. Jocelyn listened for a while, a careful half-smile on her face, and then asked Norma if she would say goodby for her to her mother and father.

"It's a shame about Honolulu!" Norma said, by way of reply to this. She looked pale this morning, last night's lip red still smeared on her mouth; her rich dark hair giving off a scent of tobacco smoke, her breath indicating that nobody last night had limited her as to liquor. "But of course we'd only have had a week there," she went on, "and Mamma and I intend to stay for months, rent a beach place with lots of garden, or maybe buy one, and have parties! If I have a coming-out party Dad'll come down, and loads of yachts—the fun! Mamma says it just suddenly occurred to her, 'Why, here's my little girl, the most interesting personality I ever knew, and I'm letting everyone else have the fun of her!' It seems a letter I wrote her—remember that funny letter I wrote the day I just felt funny—"

The stream this time was interrupted by the entrance of the countess, who also looked pasty of face and seemed weary in manner. A beautiful dressing gown trailed about her, her hair was in a tumbled, disordered mass of curls.

"She really is beautiful," Jocelyn thought. Immediately she was under the spell of the cultured, lazy voice.

"Miss Britton, I'm so glad you came in. You had my check? And Sandy tells me you're going today. That's not hurrying you? I'm afraid I've upset your plans and Norma's for the Honolulu trip, but my little girl here has forgiven me and I know you will. I just got what I call 'Norma hungry,' and out I had to come to see her for myself. What I didn't realize was that I was going to find a little beauty for my daughter; I'd have adored her just as much if she hadn't been a perfect little Countess Powtowka. You know that picture, with the ribbons around her hair? I'm going to try Spotty here with ribbons some day and have her painted. We used to have a copy of that picture in my room when I was married to Captain Caverley—old-fashioned, but I think this child here has something deliciously quaint about her. Anyway, I'm going to give her just the bestest—bestest—"

Norma had gone to take one wing of her mother's chair as a seat and was cuddling up against her. The countess punctuated the last words with little bitelike kisses against the girl's cheek.

"Yes; she's going to have a happy summer," the countess pursued. "You know it never stops, down there. Dances, beach parties, fascinating men playing guitars. Darling," said the lady, rubbing her temple against Norma's, "you've not had a very good Mommy so far. But she's going to make it up to her Spotty-baby. That's what I used to call her," she finished, smiling at Jocelyn for sympathy. "I wanted a boy, of course; everyone did. And when this measly little bunch of black hair and red skin was put down beside me I asked the doctor—the man nearly died, he adored me anyway—what I'd ever done to get such a spotty baby. Of course it set the whole hospital in an uproar, because it seems most mothers don't speak at all for hours and hours, and then it's to praise the baby."

"Measly little bunch of black hair and red skin!" Norma echoed in delight.

"That's what you were. But now you're my little princess, who's going to have the happiest time of her life. But we mustn't keep Miss Britton, darling. Say goodby and trot along and have your bath, but don't dress until we know what we're going to do. Miss Britton," the countess went on, when she and Jocelyn were alone, "I want to explain this situation to you. You, of course, think of me as a frivolous, selfish woman who has neglected her child all these years. I haven't," Janet said, tears of maternal devotion in her eyes. "I've always tried to do what was best for Norma, for I've realized that she was an unusual and excitable child, and ought to have careful handling. Two years after I eloped—which was, of course, all a girl's silliness and imagination—I divorced Captain Caverley because I knew he was a completely unfit father for Norma.

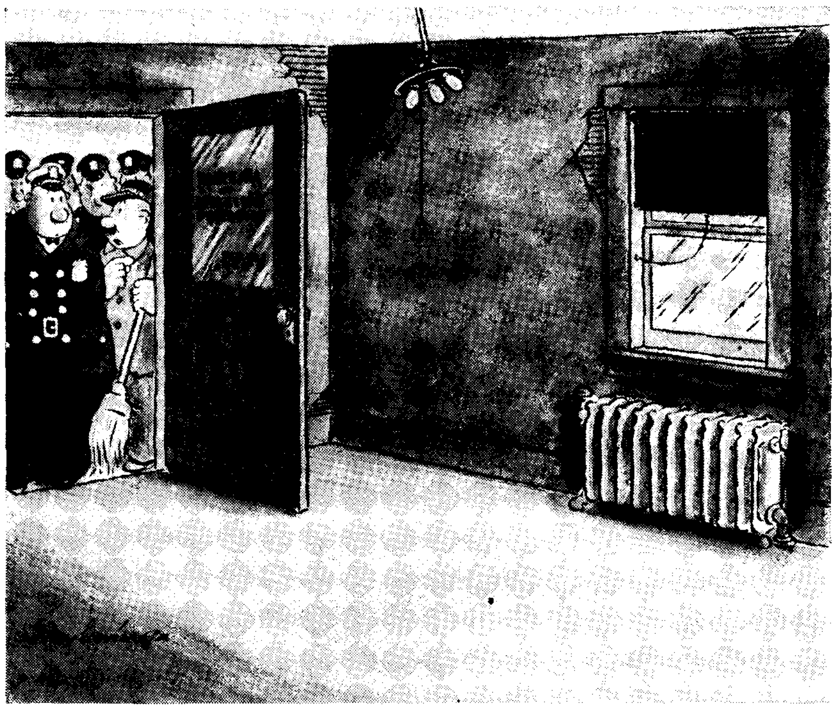
"As to Count von Sturnberg, he fell in love with the child long before he did with me. We were on a cruise on my father's old yacht, Norma and her nurse and a dozen friends and I, and we picked up the Count at Hamburg. The instant he saw her he was completely bowled over. He paid absolutely no attention to me; he simply followed that seven-year-old baby about like a slave. She adored him, then. She hates him now, of course, but on the old Janorma she did really adore him."

JOCELYN wondered contemptuously why they always had to justify themselves, deceive themselves. Janet must know in her heart that she had destroyed Norma's life, and that of Norma's father as well. But she was presently in tears of self-pity as she described effort after effort, sacrifice after sacrifice gladly made for her child, and so often futile.

"Spotty wrote me such a happy, funny letter about her Easter trip to Honolulu," Janet said. "It waked me up, suddenly, I mean it really did. I thought how affectionate and forgiving Mr. Fordyce always was, and that perhaps we might have a home together down there some day, in the islands, with Spotty. That's the way it ought to be, and that's the way I hope it will be. He worships Spotty, and Bert—his mother—tells me that he's never quite forgotten his bad Janet. So," she finished sweetly, "you understand, don't you? That we do appreciate your goodness to Spotty, and that you've perhaps done something to reunite a family that was just a little bit off the track. And now, I'm sorry, but I must run along."

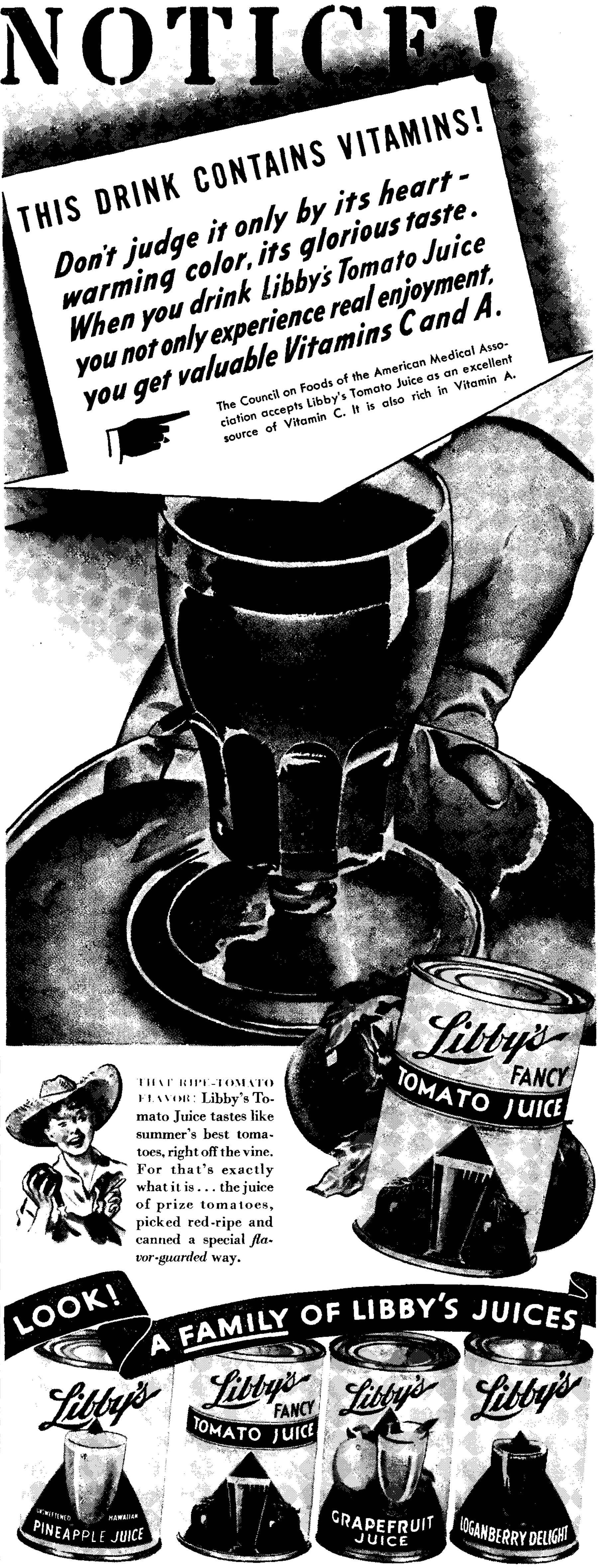
That was all. Jocelyn was out in the hall again, with nothing to do but find a butler to carry her bags downstairs, and to follow them to the waiting car. She moved through her goodbys to the staff automatically, with a queer numbed feeling inside her, and as she drove away she seemed to be driving into a great void, in which nothing was of interest, nothing mattered.

With a last gesture of luxury she asked



". . . and last night, Chief, when I cleaned up, everything was just like it always was. They was all here . . ."

JAY IRVING



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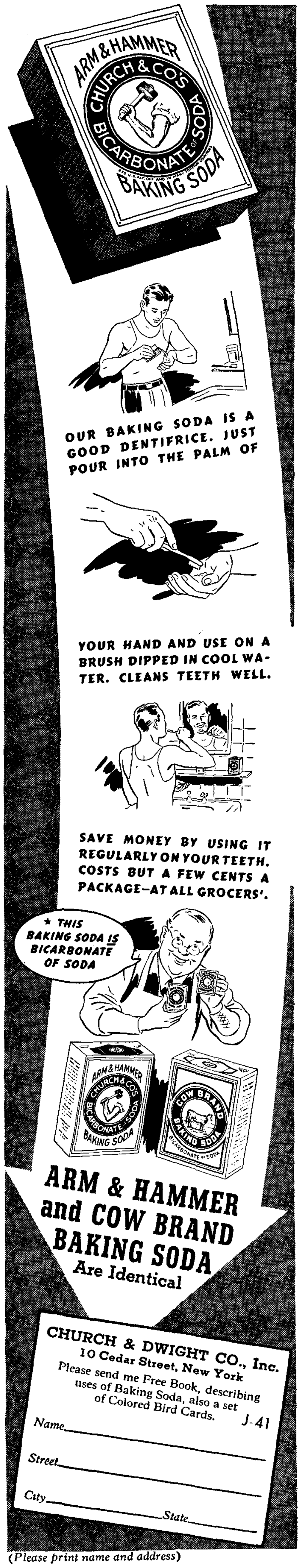
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the man to drive her all the way to Sausalito, and descended at the gate of Maple Den shortly after one o'clock, weary and dispirited and fighting a maddening impulse to cry. But five minutes in the household of the Partridges were enough to dissipate any self-pity, and to plunge her at once into the roaring life of the household. It appeared that in the middle of Tots' wedding plans for June, Ned Whitehouse, who had for several years been Sissy's beau, had burst in upon the family only an hour earlier with the news that he had been promoted, that he was to be in charge of the Bakersfield office and that he wanted eighteen-year-old Sissy.

This had thrown all six sisters into a very ecstasy of excitement, a mad readjustment of plans. Immediate efforts must now be transferred from Tots to Sissy, announcements must be sent to the papers; Sissy must notify the manager of the shoe store in which she worked that she was leaving at the end of the week. Sissy could be married in white if she would wear Jossy's wedding dress; everyone thought that would be charming. "And carry field flowers the way Margaret Pierce did!" "Oh, field flowers!" cried everyone at once.

Awakening babies were given their afternoon glasses of milk to an enthusiastic description of their aunt's plans. They were going to have an Uncle Ned in three weeks, how did they like that? Sissy dashed back to the store to pay what attention she might to afternoon sales, Ned raced back to his city job, but the others circulated about in a close group all afternoon, everyone afraid to be absent for even a minute for fear something might be said that must not be missed.

It was decided that Sissy herself should tell her father, and as he came in, genial and weary from office hours, half an hour before Sissy did, there was a terrible thirty-minute interval in which all the girls were bursting with the great news, whispering in corners and exploding into apparently causeless laughter at the slightest word from him.

EVENTUALLY Sissy was back, and in his arms, and all the others were gathered about to laugh and cry and exclaim over the youngest bride.

"Sissy, you could *easily* have a baby before you're nineteen!"

"Tots, your kitchen shower at Jane's is on Thursday night! We'll have to let Sissy in on that."

"Listen, if Sissy wears my wedding dress, and we're just the same size, why don't I wear her bridesmaid's dress, and why don't we all wear the bridesmaids' dresses from my wedding?"

"Now, darlings, that makes it much too much of an affair. If we are going to do it so soon, let's keep it very simple and just have—"

"Listen, Mamma, it's just as easy to have quite a lot of people and not hurt their feelings, really it is!"

"Listen, Mamma, sandwiches and coffee and two big cakes and let them wait on themselves."

"Sissy—Mrs. Whitehouse!"

"Sis, you'll have to have cards!"

"Ned wants her and Jane or Jossy to drive down to Bakersfield and house-hunt."

"House-hunt! Oh, heavens!"

The old doctor kept his arm tight about his fourth daughter; now and then with his free hand he wiped his eyes. Jocelyn, looking at him, benign and gentle and wise, with blooming girls swarming all about him, kissing him, curled at his knee, hanging over the back of his chair, contrasted the parenthood in this shabby house with the other example she had so recently had a chance to study, and wondered once again if just too little money were not, after all, a better condition than much too much.

Ned, of course, came back to dinner. They sat down fourteen to a wild meal of not enough of any one thing to go around, but of plentiful variety. Aunt Nell had expected only seven of them; there were eleven chops. But two cans of corned beef hash pieced them out nobly, and the round dish of new potatoes was flanked with the oval dish of noodles. A half pan of corn bread heated up from lunch was supplemented with a sheet of biscuits; there were three kinds of jam, the heel of Sunday's ham, some stale spongecake made into layers with a cream filling and whatever other odds and ends the icebox supplied: a small bowl of spinach, some cold asparagus, a slab of chocolate custard.

All these things were set about at random, and the young hands reached for them, and the young voices jabbered in a tireless stream. Aunt Nell had her elephant teapot beside her; the doctor as always dined on hot milk and toast; the big coffeepot circulated among the tall milk glasses and scattered cups. Jocelyn sat next to her aunt, and gathered details of family news under cover of the wedding chatter. Richie, the son of the house, sat on the other side of his mother. He was of a gentler, quieter, type than his sisters, not good at schoolwork. Aunt Nell asked Jocelyn anxiously as to whether she thought it would be a good idea to have his tonsils out. It seemed a bad time of the year for it, with the flu scare just over.

She paid but a kindly, indifferent attention to such portions of the news from Hill Acres as Jocelyn chose to give her. Norma was going to Honolulu with her mother, was she? Never mind, Jocelyn, you'll get your chance another time, dear. Jocelyn could see that her aunt's mind was already working on the number of presentable napkins that the family could rally for the wedding, the probability that there must be overnight provision for Ned's folks, who lived in Portland.

"Sis," Jocelyn said, "why not have Miss Snyder tighten the upper part of your bridesmaids' skirts and sort of full out the lower part and put rickrack braid all around? That's what I saw at the Freeman wedding last month and it was awfully smart."

"Oh, Jocelyn, that sounds like an inspiration!"

"I gave Tots three hundred and I'll give you three hundred," said the doctor, "but anyone who asks me for more wrings my old carcass dry!"

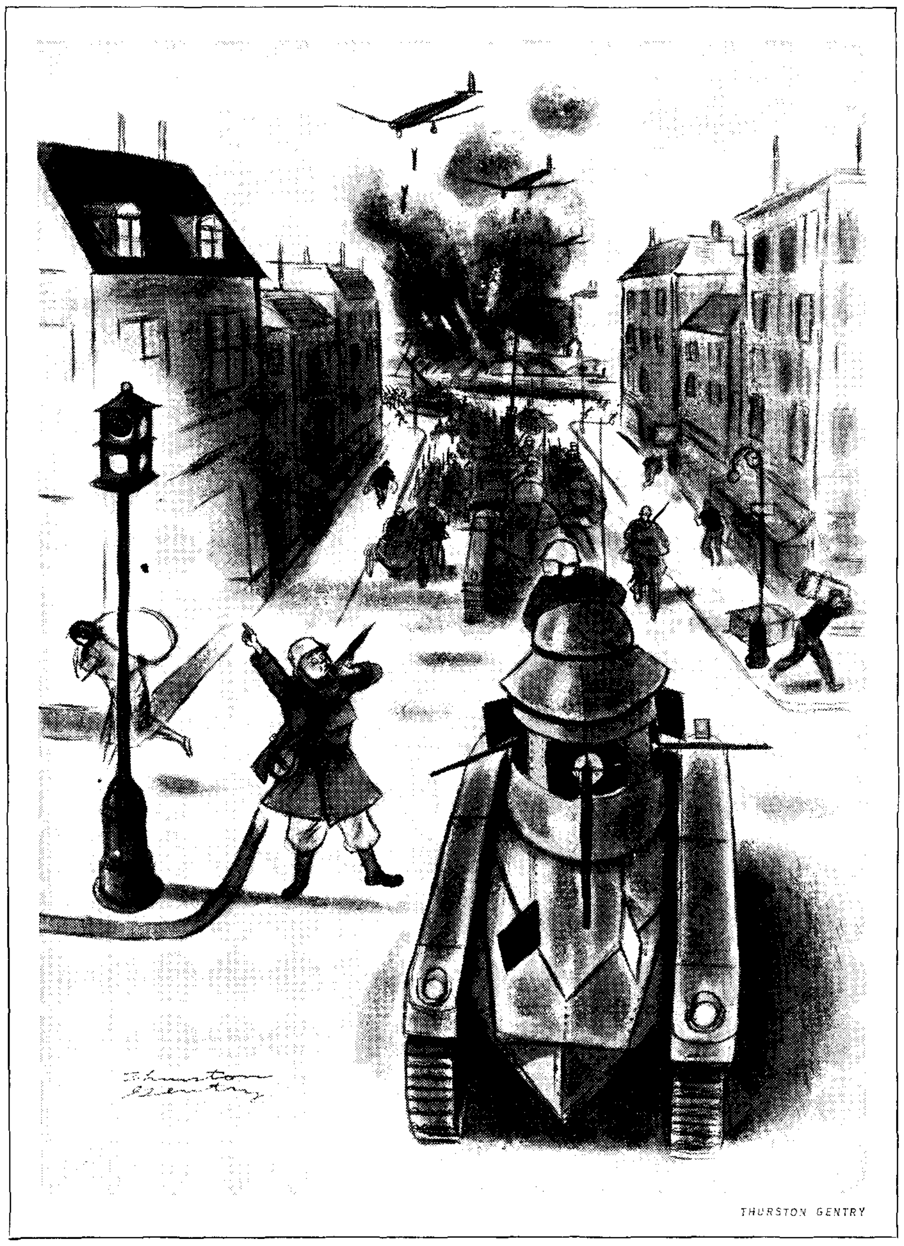
"Daddy, what an angel you are!"

"Ned wired his mother this afternoon, Mom."

"Sis, don't have it Thursday. Have it Saturday and then all the boys can come."

It was all so good, Jocelyn thought, and so good for her. This joyous, wholesome home talk; these pretty, eager sisters outvying one another in suggestions and generosities in some way had the effect of soothing her spirits. These were her own people; this was the world in which to find realities and peace.

AFTER dinner everyone but the brides-elect, Tots and Sissy, who were already planning the newspaper notices that should dignify them into Madeleine and Ellen, flew upstairs to find the bridesmaids' dresses of two years ago, and see what their possibilities were. The others attacked the dishes, put the dining room in order and were ready with suggestions when the younger girls came



"Raise an extra million dollars a day? ...WHO, *ME*?"

BILL FOR TAXES
(Federal, State and Local)
One million dollars a day
$1000 000.00

Yes, it's a Fact: If beer didn't pay a million dollars a day in taxes, the American taxpayer would have to find an extra million dollars a day to meet the costs of government!

What a help to government and to taxpayers in these times! Beer's taxes (around 400 millions each year) reduce the cost of government for all other taxpayers.

What a help to workers: Beer has made more than a million new jobs . . . plus a 100 million dollar ***yearly*** market for farmers' crops. All since re-legalization!

Beyond these economic benefits, beer is a mild, wholesome pleasure . . . and a privilege worth preserving for those who enjoy it. Which means making and keeping beer retailing as wholesome as beer itself.

That's why the brewers of America are now operating their unusual "clean-up or close-up" program. The plan is one of strict self-regulation in conjunction with law-enforcement authorities.

The brewers know that they themselves cannot usurp the legal responsibility of the regularly constituted authorities.

But they have organized to give full support to the law enforcement agencies and to execute within the industry a strict code of social responsibility.

* * *

FREE BOOKLET *describing details of this plan will be sent on request to United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. B9, 21 East 40th St., New York, N. Y.*

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL

BEER . . . A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION

I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, AUNT AGATHA
for your tip about my husband's breakfast!

AUNT AGATHA, I CAN'T GET JOHN TO EAT A BITE OF BREAKFAST! HE SEEMS TERRIBLY RUN-DOWN!
A HUSBAND WHO WON'T EAT BREAKFAST IS A SERIOUS PROBLEM BUT I HAVE THE ANSWER. JUST WAIT TILL WE GO SHOPPING THIS AFTERNOON!
THAT AFTERNOON
BUT I'VE TRIED CEREALS. JOHN WON'T TOUCH ANY OF THEM!
I'LL BET YOU HAVEN'T TRIED SHREDDED RALSTON, THAT NEW BITE SIZE CEREAL WITH SUCH A WONDERFUL FLAVOR. IT MAKES BREAKFAST SO INTERESTING FOLKS WANT TO EAT...AND MY HUSBAND SAYS WHOLE WHEAT KEEPS HIM FEELING LIKE A MILLION!
I'VE BEEN TELLING MY NIECE HOW MUCH MY HUSBAND LIKES SHREDDED RALSTON!
MY CUSTOMERS SAY IT MAKES A QUICK ENERGY BREAKFAST—JUST WHAT EVERYBODY NEEDS. IT COSTS ONLY A TRIFLE, TOO... ABOUT 1¢ A SERVING!
LATER
M-M-M! I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'VE ENJOYED ANYTHING LIKE I HAVE SHREDDED RALSTON. IT WAS JUST WHAT I NEEDED TO GIVE ME A MORNING APPETITE AND KEEP ME FEELING FIT!
YOU'RE LOOKING GREAT, DEAR! I WISH AUNT AGATHA HAD TOLD ME ABOUT SHREDDED RALSTON SOONER!

Shredded Ralston
Whole Wheat
Ready to Eat
Shredded Ralston
IT'S BITE SIZE

Morning Appetite Tempter!

Crisp, delicious Shredded Ralston topped with sliced bananas and milk or cream. Energy and flavor in every bite. Try it!

downstairs wearing the discussed garments, prepared for criticism.

Jocelyn crouched on the floor at her cousin's knee.

"Look, Aunt Nell. A row of fine tucks, see, to lift it? And then chiffon, fluffing out—"

She had gotten so far when a voice from the open parlor doorway said mildly, "What goes on?"

The world turned upside down in a burst of stars. Her heart stood still, began to race deliriously. She scrambled to her feet, laughing, exquisite, her face April. Philip Fordyce came into the room.

"The Dancing Lesson, by Degas," he said, on a rising inflection. They all laughed, and the girls, more like a high tide of roses than ever, clustered about him and explained that while they had been absorbed in the thrill of Tots' approaching wedding quite suddenly little Sissy had taken the center of the stage. Eighteen days to her wedding!

Philip entered into the spirit of the occasion wholeheartedly. He took out a notebook and said that if Tots and Sissy had picked their silver patterns he would send them each a berry spoon.

"Everyone gets berry spoons," he told them seriously, "and everyone thinks they are perfectly useless. But believe me you can do wonders with a berry spoon. Mush, you know," elaborated Philip, "and milk toast."

THEY were all in such spirits anyway that they found this irresistibly amusing, and Jocelyn's sweet, liquid laughter had in it a note that, for some reason she could not understand, brought tears to her aunt's eyes. The thought of silver patterns had already held Tots in rapt delight for some weeks, but it was new to Sissy, and fresh uproar arose as her sisters voiced their advice. Have it like Jossy's; have it like Sally Brougham's; have formal modern; have lotus flower!

Just how she knew not—for everything had gone rosy and bewildering and vaporous and she was hardly conscious of what she said or did—Jocelyn found herself and Philip Fordyce wandering down the steep garden paths with the dusk not yet so deep about them but what they could see the paths and the dim gleam of flowers, and the moon rising large and pale over the eastern hills beyond the bay. Belvedere and Alcatraz and far Berkeley sparkled with chains of lights; toward the west the home lights of San Francisco rose tier upon tier against the dark blue sky. Across the lane the meadow fell away below them to scattered oaks and the dark waters of the bay; the night was warm and still, and the red lights of little boats at anchor were mirrored in the water.

"I came to say I'm sorry it all broke like this," said Philip. "I telephoned home today to get in touch with you, and found you'd gone. I don't blame you. I know you're angry. But I wanted to say that I'm sorry."

"I'm not angry," said Jocelyn. "I came away because Miss Sanderson didn't leave me in any doubt that that was what I was expected to do. She was kind enough to say she'd say goodby to you for me."

"Sandy," he said thoughtfully, and for a minute he did not speak again. "Jocelyn," he went on then, "what did they tell you?"

"Why, when you all went to the club last night—" she was beginning, when he interrupted her.

"Club?" he said briefly.

"Didn't you go to the country club?" she stammered.

"With all of them?" he demanded in turn, equally amazed.

"She said you did."

"Sandy did?"

"Well, she may not have said it in so many words. But she said—she certainly implied, that you and the countess were friends again—"

"Friends again!" he interposed on an impatient laugh, as she hesitated. "My dear girl, we've been divorced for fourteen years, and in all that time she hasn't made a friendly gesture toward me, or ever indicated that she wanted to see me! There can't be any talk of a reconciliation between Janet and me; it would be absurd! If I was angry when she walked out on me and my mother and a little girl of two, fifteen years ago, I've had cause to be a hundred times angrier since. She has kidnaped Norma—oh, we kept it out of the papers, but that was what it amounted to. She left her in Paris with three nurses and five doctors, down with scarlet fever, and went with friends to Cairo.

"I didn't," he added in a more moderate tone, as Jocelyn merely waited in silence, her eyes starry in strengthening moonlight, "I didn't want even to be in the house with Janet overnight. They were all planning to go to the club, I came into town to my club and stayed there. You knew that?"

"No, I—I didn't know that." Suddenly she felt weak and small and helpless, and, sitting down on a garden bench and covering her face with her hands, she began to cry.

Instantly his arms were about her, and so came her hour of miracle, and Jocelyn entered upon the kingdom that is only for lovers, and took possession of it. His kisses on her mouth, his words close to her ear, her whole crying, laughing self leaning against him, safe in his big hold, never had she known such a heaven of ecstasy, or dreamed that it might ever open its doors to her.

Presently a period of comparative sanity set in, and Jocelyn could dry her eyes, and listen and laugh and cry, although she was still shy of words.

"You just went away."

"Of course I went away!"

"And her coming doesn't make any difference?"

"Why should it? It makes this difference," Philip admitted on second thought, "that we don't go to Honolulu Saturday. She'll probably go and take Norma. And after they're gone we'll be married. You'll come down and visit my mother, and we'll have a little dinner for the few people who matter, and after that we'll be married."

"Oh, but your mother'll hate me!"

"YOU know my mother. The minute you're established there she'll take you entirely into her confidence, gossip about Janet, go to her card games and dinners and go off to her place on the Rogue River in July. Nothing matters to my mother except that she's amused."

"I really do think it's—it's awful the way rich people live," Jocelyn said, conceding him this with a startled little laugh.

"You know you've never said you loved me, Jocelyn."

"I've loved you ever since you came over here that Sunday to ask me to come to Norma. Perhaps I loved you before that," her tender, shaken voice said out of the dark. "Only—only I can't believe it," Jocelyn added in a whisper, as if she spoke her thoughts aloud.

"Why not? I'm not offering you much. You've just said yourself that money doesn't buy much happiness. I'm offering you Norma, for she'll cling to you like an abalone once you—you belong to us. She's *always* going to be a problem. She'll marry, but that won't end it. Her mother'll always be a problem. In fact, you'll be a working housekeeper for the whole crowd of us," Philip said, "and you'll not get much out of it!"

"I'll get my wildest dream of all dreams out of it. I'll marry the one man in the world who has made me feel that —that I want to marry!"

"Who are you talking to?"

"You."

"And I've a name, I suppose?"

"Phil."

There was a long silence.

"I'm going to try," he presently said, "to make you the happiest woman in the world. I'll be so happy myself, I'll be so proud of you, that perhaps I'll be selfish. But I'm going to try. Just thinking about you as my wife, Jocelyn, has made all the world different to me in these last few weeks. It was Janet, I suppose," Philip went on, "who first made me realize what I was feeling. I had to see her in New York for a few minutes, in the bank.

"It was about Norma's affairs, of course, and we were merely civil to each other. But she said that my mother's letters had been full of the new governess, and asked if you were pretty. I said that you were the sort of woman in whom looks didn't matter. That you were handling Norma with so much intelligence and affection and imagination that she was an entirely changed girl. I suppose," the man concluded with a chuckle, "that that was what alarmed Janet. At all events the first thing she said to me last night when we went into my mother's room was that I was in love with you! She'd evidently been thinking it over. Well, I had, too. I thought about it in the train and I thought about it when I got home. And it seemed suddenly to smooth out everything, to be the perfect, the restful, the wonderful answer. And then I knew!"

"But—but can she get Norma away from you, if you marry again?" Jocelyn asked fearfully.

"Why should she? She's married twice since she left me."

"I know. But Norma wants to go with her now, and that may mean that she never wants to come back. They said you were going to join them."

Philip laughed, throwing back his head, dropped his cheek to rest it against her hair again.

"That was pure fiction," he said. "That was to scare you away."

"But surely they wouldn't think that if you wanted to you couldn't get in touch with me?"

"They might. Especially if my mother could persuade me to go with all of them to Honolulu on Saturday. That would have made a long gap. You see, darling, they didn't know that I'd asked you to marry me. They may have thought it was just a passing feeling."

"And you're sure it's not?"

"To whom are you speaking?"

"Phil." For the first time in this talk he heard the characteristic quiet little chuckle under her voice.

"No, dear. I'll not change. You may."

"I'll not change. But if I am the person who separates you from your daughter—"

"Then you might be the person who gives me my son."

"I didn't think of that. I've not had time to think of anything. And oh, Phil, I won't dare tell my aunt or anyone about this tonight! They're nearly insane over Sissy's plans as it is!" Jocelyn's voice had in it some of the notes of young delight and awe that made it sound like Sissy's own.

"As far as separating me from Norma goes," Philip presently said seriously, "her mother never can do that. Janet will take her to the islands, give her a royal time for a few days, and then forget her, and abandon her to Sandy. Poor kid! Janet will be dancing, drinking, racing about, gambling, and then there'll be talk of schools for Norma again, what on earth to do with Norma, and back she'll come, only too glad to get to Dad and Jotsy!"

"Oh, I hope so!" the girl ejaculated.

"THIS is Monday," he said. "They sail on Saturday. I don't want to marry you in any hole-in-the-corner way, Jocelyn. I want them to know it. I want the papers to have it, and I want whatever ceremony you and your people here think best. Of course we'll have this whole crowd here invited, and you'll decide how it's to be. I'll see you tomorrow—will you come over and lunch with me tomorrow? We'll find a ring and you can select your own berry spoon. I always give brides berry spoons."

"Oh, Philip, we aren't really planning our wedding!"

"We really are."

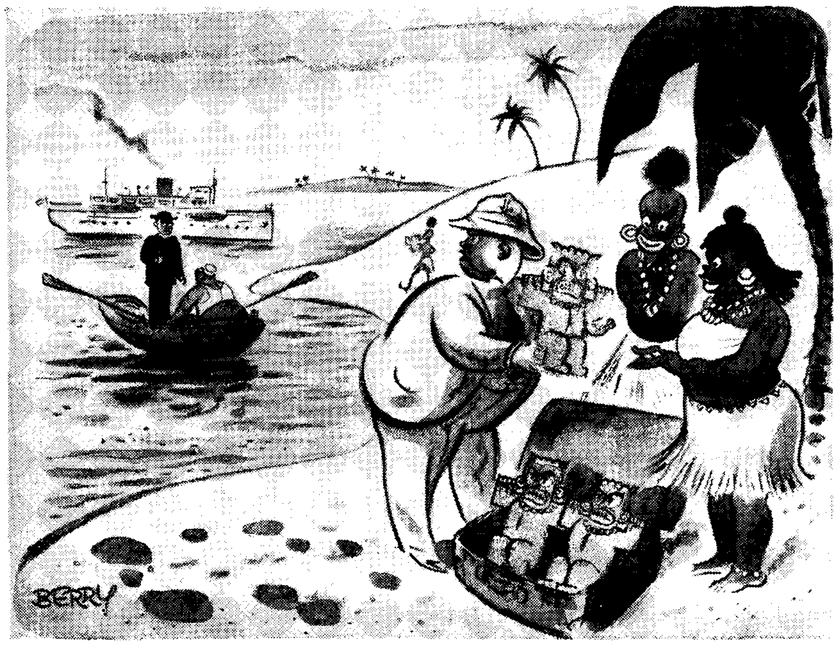
"This morning," she said, "I thought I was the unhappiest woman in the world. Now I'm by miles and miles and miles the happiest!"

They walked to his car and stood talking, and he took one more kiss and went on his way. Jocelyn walked back to the house in a dream of heaven. It could not be true, but it was true!

There was still a good deal of confusion and noise going on in the parlor; Jane met her in the hall.

"I entirely forgot to pick up Timmy!" said Jane. "Jocelyn, Mr. Kent Dunham's here. He got here about fifteen minutes ago and he's in the library with Dad. He says he's got to see you!"

(To be continued next week)



"Shucks!"

MICHAEL BERRY

TENSE?

Learn how to ease up as test pilots do

IT takes a quick head and steady nerves to be a test pilot—to take up new planes for the first time and put them through their paces.

So coffee is a favorite beverage of the men who do such hazardous flying. It brightens the perception—sight, hearing, touch and other senses. It improves self-control. It even increases physical strength—and eliminates the causes of fatigue.*

If you want to perk up—ease the strain of a busy day—be able to work better—drink coffee. The pick-up lasts only two hours with 97 out of 100 people, so you can enjoy coffee in the evening and a good night's sleep too. Try it—and see.

*Medical authority on request

PAN AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, NEW YORK CITY

RIGHT or WRONG?

Can you score 100% in this 1-minute Coffee Quiz?

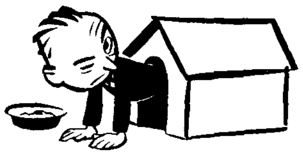
COFFEE IS SERVED TO ATHLETES

Right? ☐ **Wrong?** ☐ The fact is, coffee enables the muscles to contract more vigorously, puts new life in them. Also livens up the brain for better coordination. So, many famous coaches have coffee served at training tables and during the rest periods of strenuous football, basketball and hockey games. Check "Right" above.

COFFEE AIDS DIGESTION

Right? ☐ **Wrong?** ☐ Coffee is almost universally served to patients in hospitals, and is prescribed by doctors and dietitians. For coffee stimulates the flow of the gastric juices in the stomach and so helps the digestive organs in their proper functioning. Check "Right" above.

ARE YOU IN THE DOGHOUSE?



CHEER UP! What you need is another cup of coffee!

COFFEE CHEERS YOU UP!

REMEMBER THIS: To make good coffee, use enough—a heaping tablespoonful to each cup.

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world

BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • NICARAGUA • VENEZUELA

We Will Meet Again

By John and Ward Hawkins

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE preparing his case for a young client—Freddy Bascom, charged with a crime he did not commit—Peter Kincaid, a lawyer, is approached by a deputy sheriff, Joe Hicks, who tries to bribe him to withdraw from the case. An altercation ensues, and Peter knocks the fellow down—*and kills him!*

At his trial, he acts on the suggestion of Max Sandstrom, a political power in the state, and pleads guilty; he feels certain—because Sandstrom has told him that his sentence will be suspended—that he has nothing to fear. But he is condemned to spend eight years in the state penitentiary; *and the sentence is not suspended!*

Months pass. Then Max Sandstrom makes an astounding proposition to Peter's lovely wife Paula: If she will divorce her husband and marry him, he will have Peter paroled; if she will not marry him, he will do nothing! Adoring Peter, Paula is willing to do anything to secure his freedom. She secures a divorce, marries Sandstrom, whom she loathes. . . . Meanwhile—working with his father, wise old Stanley Kincaid—Peter has learned much concerning Max Sandstrom.

When he is released from prison, he goes straight to Paula, and demands to know her reason for divorcing him. Unfortunately, Paula—now thoroughly cognizant of Sandstrom's true character, aware that he is a dangerous crook—is afraid to answer his questions; and Peter—deeply wounded, angry—leaves her.

It is Peter Kincaid's theory, based on evidence dug up by his father, that Sandstrom has murdered two prominent men (his close friends), and that one of his henchmen killed Joe Hicks. Feeling sure that Marion Cantrill, Sandstrom's mistress before he married Paula, now hates the man and may be willing to talk, he makes every possible effort to find her. But, afraid of Sandstrom, the woman has disappeared.

Following a stormy interview with Paula, in the course of which it becomes obvious that Paula detests her new husband, Sandstrom exclaims: "I'll expect you to act—in public—as my wife should. Mrs. Sandstrom can have no interest in a paroled convict. Do you understand me?" Paula stares at him. "I do," she says calmly.

VII

PETER KINCAID was shaving when the telephone rang. He frowned at the lathered face in the mirror, and went to the phone table beside the bed. The switchboard girl said, "A gentleman to see you, Mr. Kincaid. I—ah—I'm sorry, sir. I guess he's on his way."

Peter Kincaid said, "Thanks." He stood there for a moment—a tall man, big-shouldered and yet lean, naked save for the towel caught around his thighs. A dark intentness came into his face and he murmured, "Gentleman? Now this is nice. . . ."

He had time to wipe the lather from his face and find a robe before someone knocked softly. Peter Kincaid opened the door, and grinned tightly as he blocked the opening with his body.

"Yes?" he said. "What can I do for you?"

The man who had knocked was tall and very thin. His rusty black clothes had a "slept-in" look; his hat was just a hat, pulled low over wet eyes. He gave Peter Kincaid a loose, slow smile.

He said, "I'm Krause. Remember me, baby? Sam Krause, the guy that messed up the fix an' put you in the clink for three years."

"What do you want?"

"I want in, baby. I got talk to make."

"What makes you think I'll talk to you?"

"They all do," said Krause; "you will. You know where I come from, an' who I work for. You want to hear what I got to say, an' I don't do my talkin' in halls."

FLATLY, Peter Kincaid said, "You win." He let Sam Krause go past him, half closed the door and followed the tall man full into the room. "But don't sit down, Krause. You won't be here long enough."

"Still mad, huh?" Sam Krause smiled. "Hell, I can see how that'd be. We tell you everything's fixed, an' then the judge throws the book at you. I felt bad about that."

"Write a history," said Peter. "Mail me a copy."

Sam Krause said, "When I get up this early in the morning it means something. Relax. This takes time."

"You've got five minutes."

"The judge that sent you away is out'n the sticks now. He got tangled up with some phony stock an' had to resign. We had a time with that guy, an' we had a time with that damn' parole board."

"You're a liar!" said Peter Kincaid.

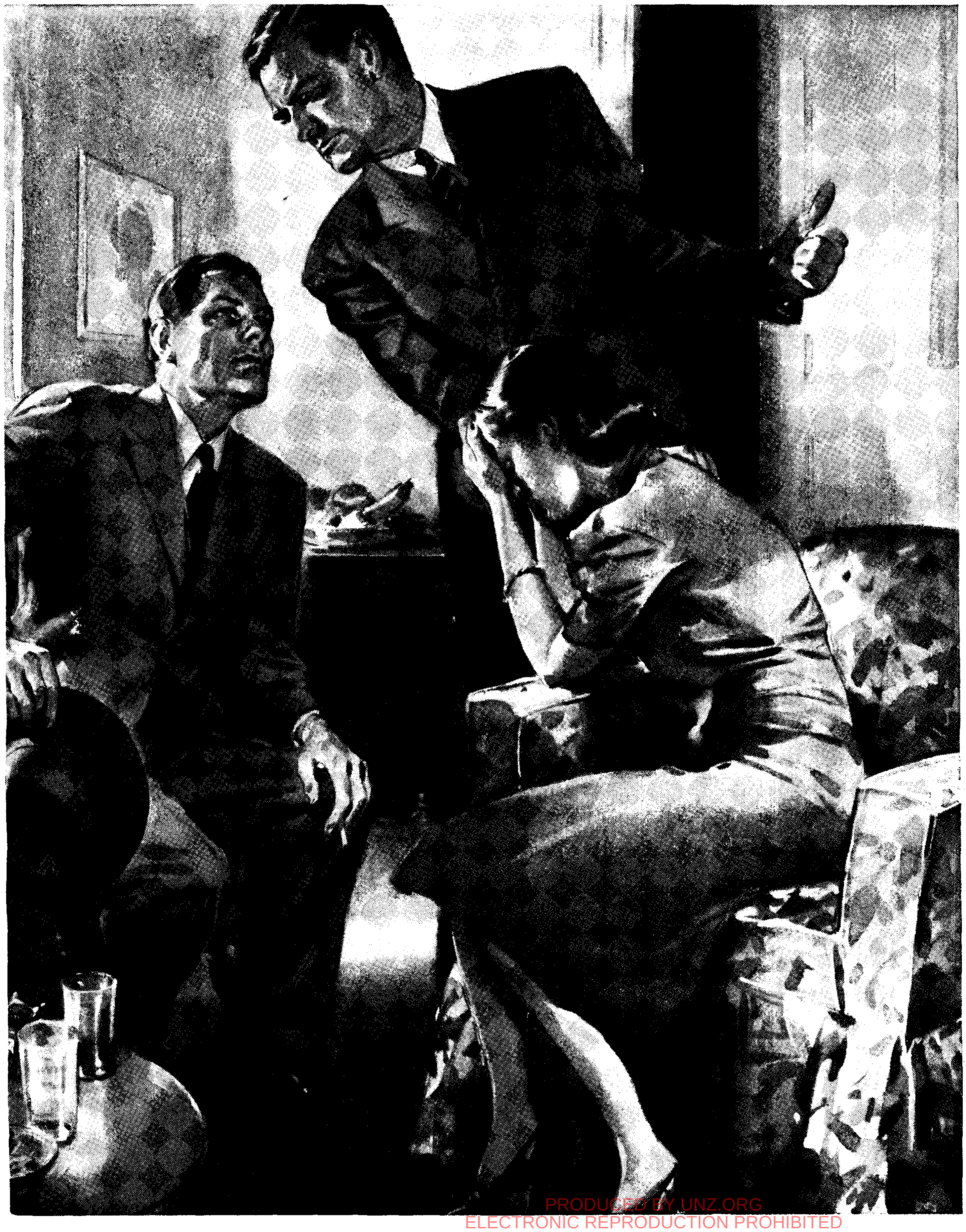
Sam Krause wagged his long head, his insolent calm unshaken. "So I'm a liar?" he said. "You're a kind of impulsive guy. I can see why you're always in trouble." He turned casually, and went across the room to sit on the bed. "Look, guy, did you ever think about leaving town? You know, shoving off for a new start where everybody and his dog don't know your record."

Peter Kincaid said, "So that's it?"

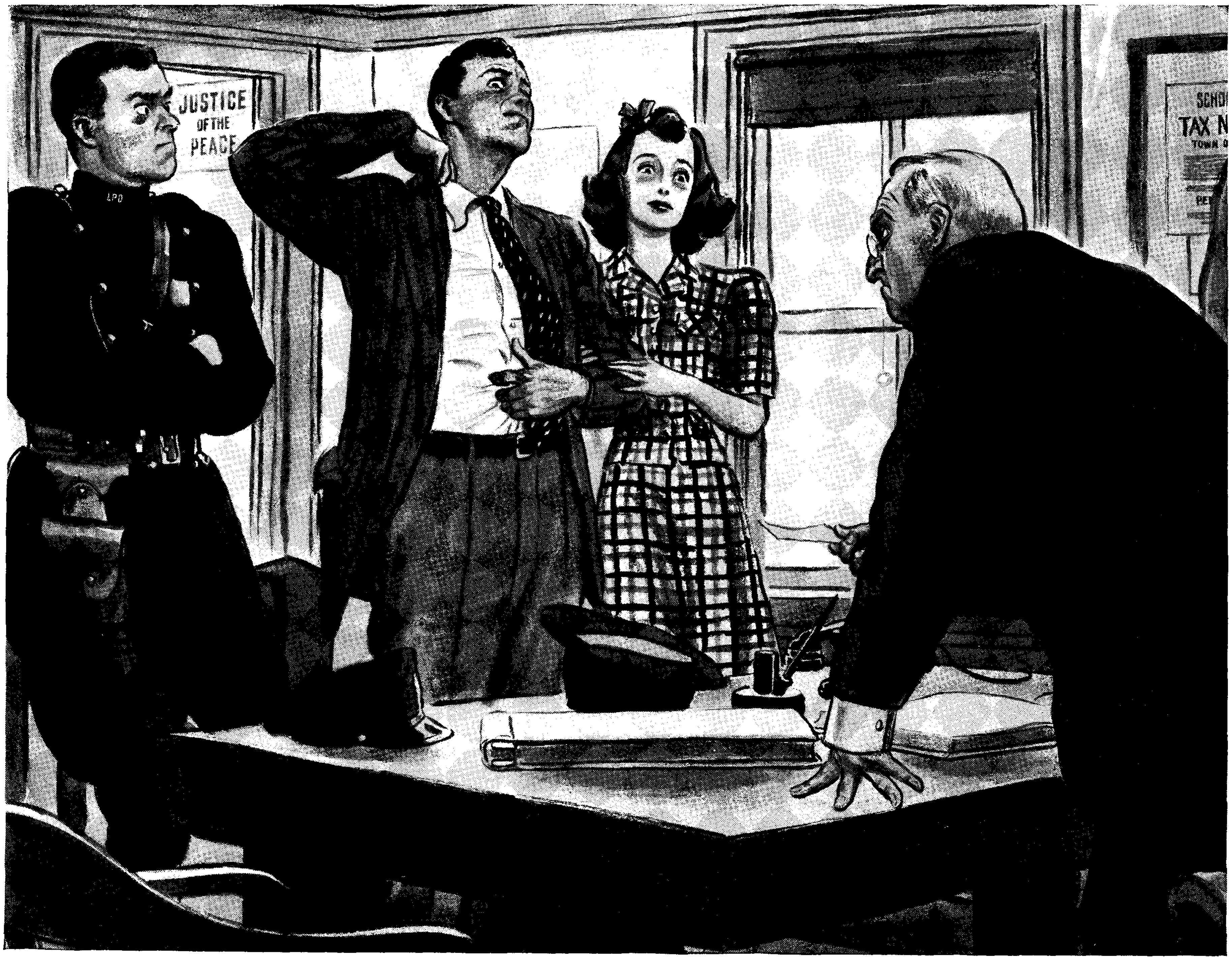
Sam Krause grinned. "Why not? You can't do any good around here. You're an ex-con—that's all most guys want to know. They don't want anybody around who's goin' to take a sock at them, or get clubby with the cash register. You can see how that'd be? All they got to go by is your lousy record."

"You don't need five minutes," said Peter Kincaid. "Get out!"

(Continued on page 56)



Ben Wood went silently past Peter to Marion. His face was white and drawn. He nodded toward the door



"Looks a leetle bit suspicious, Elwood..."

JUSTICE OF PEACE: *Mebbe you weren't doin' more than forty, like you say—but you're actin' mighty fidgety for a man telling the truth.*

ELWOOD: You'd fidget, too, Judge, if every time you tried to breathe, your collar took a bite out of your Adam's apple.

J. P.: *Hmmm. So the shirt's got you in custody, eh? Can't say as I'd recommend leniency for you either, Elwood. 'Pears to me you might a know'd it'd shrink.*

ELWOOD: Your Honor, I object. How would I know? It said "pre-shrunk" on it, and I thought—

J. P.: *Order, please, Elwood! Begins to look like a case of criminal negligence. Expect you didn't insist on a "Sanforized-Shrunk" shirt, now, did you?*

ELWOOD: Why? Are those shirts any different?

J. P.: *Silence! Who's tryin' this case? Now then, Elwood —ever hear tell about the Sanforizing process? How it takes all the shrinkage outen a fabric 'cept mebbe a measly 1%, by Government Standard Test?*

ELWOOD: Y-e-s. But I still don't see—

J. P.: *Hmmm. Reckon I'll have to tell you this process is patented 105 times, all fair and legal. And no Sanforized-Shrunk shirt will ever shrink out of kilter, no matter how often it's washed. I can make just as strong a case for Sanforized-Shrunk pajamas and shorts, too.*

ELWOOD: But look here, Judge—

J. P. *Look here, nothin'! $5 fine and costs for speeding, young man. And the Court orders you to spend it on some new* Sanforized-Shrunk *shirts. You can buy 'em at almost any store, at all prices.*

GIRL: Leave it to me, your Honor. He'll have a comfortable shirt on in ten minutes.

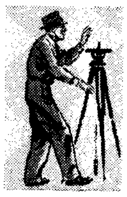
J. P.: *Whoa, now—not* too *fast. If he gets another speedin' ticket, not even a Sanforized-Shrunk shirt's going to save his neck!*

Hey! You forgot something, Judge!

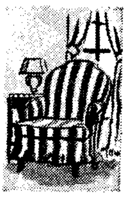
Other things besides shirts, shorts, and pajamas have this shrinkage protection. Look for the words *Sanforized-Shrunk* on anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon.

Women's Dresses

Children's Garments


Work Clothes, Overalls

The New Flannelettes


Slip-covers, Draperies

To be sure of ***permanent*** *fit...look for the words...*

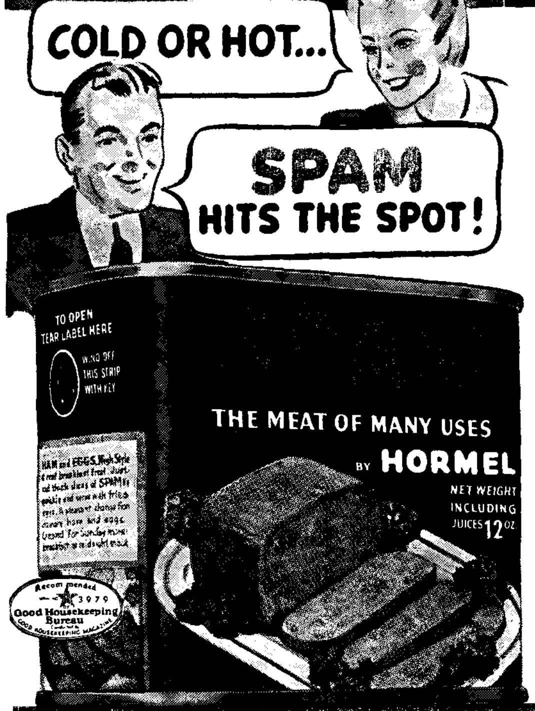
Sanforized-Shrunk

WHAT CAN I COOK WITHOUT MUCH FUSS?
SPAM BAKE WOULD TICKLE ALL OF US!

BAKED SPAM — Score Spam and stud with whole cloves. Spread with dressing of 1/3 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon water. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 30 minutes. Baste once after 15 minutes. An easy way to have a distinguished main course for dinner!

HOT SPAMWICH — Place two thin Spam slices on toast. Top with sliced cheese, tomato, Bermuda onion or pickle. Heat in oven until cheese melts. A grand cold weather lunch!

SPAM & EGGS — Cut Spam in slices a fourth of an inch thick. Brown quickly in hot frying pan. Arrange Spam around fried eggs as shown. Perfect for Sunday breakfast — or supper!


COLD OR HOT...
SPAM HITS THE SPOT!
TO OPEN TEAR LABEL HERE
THE MEAT OF MANY USES BY HORMEL
NET WEIGHT INCLUDING JUICES 12 OZ
Recommended Good Housekeeping Bureau

LOOK at all the fun you can have with SPAM, the Hormel meat of many uses. You can serve it cold. You can serve it hot. You can slice it, dice it, bake it, fry it. You can enjoy it for breakfast, lunch, supper or dinner. You can make it into delightful sandwiches and canapes. SPAM is made of pure pork . . . comes only in handy 12-ounce cans that need no refrigeration. So you can keep plenty on your pantry shelf ready for instant use. Let your next word to the grocer be SPAM!

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HORMEL GOOD FOODS
CHILI CON CARNE · HAM · CHICKEN · SOUPS

LISTEN! "It Happened in Hollywood." Each afternoon Mon. thru Fri. Columbia Network

No Percentage

Continued from page 21

article on gambling for the Sunday mag section. What about you? I'll bet your family'd lock you right up in your nursery if they knew where you were."

"No," she said, "I don't think my family would care very much." She was looking down at the smooth bar, making little circles on it with the bottom of her glass. There was something in her voice that didn't belong there, and when she looked at me a shadow of pain was behind the brown eyes. "I'm Prudence Winslow," she said. "Hugo Winslow's daughter."

For a minute it didn't mean anything, but then I remembered. A year or so before, her father and mother had been all over the front pages, throwing enough mud at each other in a red-hot divorce suit to smear the Empire State Building.

"LISTEN," I said, "let's get out of this firetrap and go over to the Starlight Room for a dance. It isn't too late. Then I'll take you home."

"Oh," she said, "that would be fun." She hesitated, looking at me. "Only—" Then she broke it off. "You make me think you're a nice person," she said, "that I could trust you. Why is that?"

"I give up," I told her, "my tailor doesn't." Right then a thick shoulder pushed between us and I was looking at the back of a head of close-cut, tight blond curls. The shoulders of his dinner coat weren't as high as mine, but they were a good four inches wider. I felt better when I looked down at the way the sleeves hung and saw that a lot of the four inches was padding.

"Having fun, Miss Winslow?" he said. "I hear you've been taking us for a sleigh ride tonight." The shoulders crowded me back some more. He seemed to need a lot of room, this guy.

"Hello, Mr. Kesten," Prudence said. For some reason I thought she looked frightened for just a second. "This is Mr. Galbraith," she said. "I was lucky—I followed him all the way." She smiled across at me and I felt like a million dollars.

The guy twisted his head around to look at me over his shoulder. His eyes were pure ice; as pale and colorless, and just as frozen. There was something deadly about those eyes. The rest of his face was young and snub-nosed and sort of boyish; with those yellow close-cut curls he was almost handsome. If you forgot the eyes, he was an attractive guy. But you didn't forget the eyes.

"This is Danny Kesten," Prudence said; "he owns the club."

Kesten grunted something, and he didn't offer to shake hands. Not that I wanted to very much. Then he gave me his back again. I didn't think he was a guy you'd ever classify as a friendly type.

He talked to Prudence and he kept his voice low. Then he said, so I could hear him: "When you're in my place, I'm taking care of you. And that don't include being picked up by some chiseler. Come on over to my table." That didn't leave much doubt as to what he was talking about. Prudence looked across at me, trying to say something with her eyes but I didn't know what it was. Then Kesten closed one big hand over her arm. "Let's go," he said.

She looked as helpless as a trapped rabbit. "No," she said. "Why should I?" My hand started up for Kesten's arm, but before it got there he whipped around and faced me. "Run along, punk," he said.

It wasn't a good spot and I knew it; in that place I had as much chance as a Shetland pony running in the Derby. But I couldn't let it go like that. Not with those wide brown eyes looking at me that way, I couldn't.

"There's no great hurry," I said. "Maybe you've got me mixed up with somebody else, Kesten."

"Oh," he said, "hard, eh?" His lips disappeared into a thin, curving line across his face and he didn't look young any more. "On your way," he said and those thin lips ground it out like knife blades.

I slid one foot back to get room if he brought his hands up, even though I didn't think he'd start throwing anything as honest as punches. Then a bomb crashed over my right ear and I knew I was hitting the floor even though I hardly felt it. When my head stopped spinning around, I was looking up at a tall guy standing where I had been; his back toward me. He turned slowly and looked down at me, a mildly curious look on a battered flat face that wasn't pretty. But he kept his right hand in his coat pocket and I had a good idea there was a sap in it. Kesten was grinning.

I got to my feet, feeling pretty rocky, but I didn't do it coming in at them; I stayed where I was. Prudence was staring at me, her eyes wider than ever.

"Thanks, Kesten," I said. "That makes you one up on me." He just kept grinning. The tall guy turned back to the bar. Then Prudence's chin came up and she stepped over and took my arm. "Take me home, please, Bill," she said. I couldn't have been more surprised.

Kesten didn't move. We went along the bar toward the front door with everybody staring and bells ringing in my ears. When we were in a cab outside, I began to feel pretty good in spite of the lump I was nursing on my head.

"I'm sorry, Bill," Prudence said, "awfully sorry. That was all my fault."

"Your fault?" I said. "How could it be?" I didn't know and I wanted to find out. Yes, I wanted very much to find out.

"Well"—she turned and put one hand on my arm and those angel eyes were looking up into mine. I wanted to put my arms around her and hold her very close. "Do you want to buy me a cup of coffee?" she said.

"I want to buy you an enchanted castle," I told her, "and put a spell around you so you'll be safe from a cold and wicked world." Then I leaned forward and told the driver to take us to the 59th Street Dunton's.

THE coffee and buttercakes were on the table before she came back to it. "It *was* my fault," she said. "I shouldn't have let you get mixed up in it. You see. I—I'm under some obligations to Mr. Kesten."

"Obligations?" I said. "What kind?" I didn't like the sound of it and I guess my voice showed it. She looked at me and hesitated a minute; then she looked down, stirring her coffee.

"Well—I said before that I thought I could trust you and now I'm going to. One night a long time ago, I went into that place with a big crowd after a party and—well, we'd all had a lot of champagne and I lost an awful lot of money. They knew who I was and they let me write IOU's, thinking, I suppose, that I could afford it. It was right after all that publicity about the family and of course the papers all made me the poor little rich girl. I know it was an awful thing for me to have done, but right then I didn't seem to care much what I did. I do have a little income, but it isn't nearly enough to pay what I lost in cash. But Mr. Kesten was really very nice about it—he said there wasn't any rush and that I could come back and play any time to try to win some of it back. As a matter of fact, he insisted on it. But I've only been going in deeper—until tonight."

"Yeah," I said; "sure, I see." It had me stopped for a minute—so stopped I felt a little sick. So that was why the cashier had given her a marker instead of cash. It was a fine spot for a sweet youngster like her to be in—and it *was* a spot if I was any judge of my fellow man. And she still thought that rat Kesten was *nice!*

I SAT and sipped the hot coffee for a while before I said any more; I was trying to figure what it was all about. Gambling houses aren't usually altruistic. Kesten might have any one of several motives; the only thing sure was that they were all bad.

"Are you waiting to give me a lecture on the evils of gambling?" she said. "I guess I've got one coming if anyone ever had."

"No," I told her; "it's a little too late for that. Anyway, it isn't the gambling that gets me down, it's the percentages. If you get the right odds, it's a different story. For instance, if I offered you six, two, and even, that your nice friend Danny Kesten is a first-class specimen of the rodent family, you'd be silly to take it. That's a million-to-one shot."

She looked miserable. "I suppose he's pretty bad, really. But what can I do? He could make it awfully unpleasant for me if he wanted to." She shut her eyes tight and the corners of her mouth went down a little. "I've had enough of publicity," she said. Then she looked at me and tried to smile. "And here I am talking to a newspaperman."

"You can relax about that," I told her, "but I think you knew that already. This Kesten thing is serious. We've got to get you out of that—publicity may not be the worst you'll get out of it if you go on. Meanwhile, I suppose you make a nice shill for the place. He'll be making you bring your friends in next."

"He already more or less hinted at that." There was the faintest quiver in her voice and I looked in the brown eyes but there were no tears there. I reached over the table and took her hand. "All right," I said, "don't worry any more about it. Regard my broad shoulders. I'll take care of everything—if you'll let me."

"But what can you do? I can get the money eventually, I guess, but not right away. It's impossible—unless some kind of miracle happens."

"Nothing's impossible," I told her, "and sometimes miracles do happen. I think one happened to me tonight." I grinned at her. "I'll find a way," I said; "leave it all to me, you've no idea how bright I can be when I'm all polished up." But I didn't have an idea in the world; I was only talking to keep her chin up. Or maybe my own.

After I took her home, I went back to the office. Duggan, the night editor, was on the desk and he was a guy who knew everything. "Who's Danny Kesten?" I asked him.

He knew. "Kesten?" he said. "Oh, just a local boy who made good. Used to be with the Joe Frenchy mob during prohibition. Sure, he was supposed to be Joe Frenchy's right arm when Al Marino disappeared five years ago. And they sure had Frenchy taped for that job, even if they couldn't prove it, remember?"

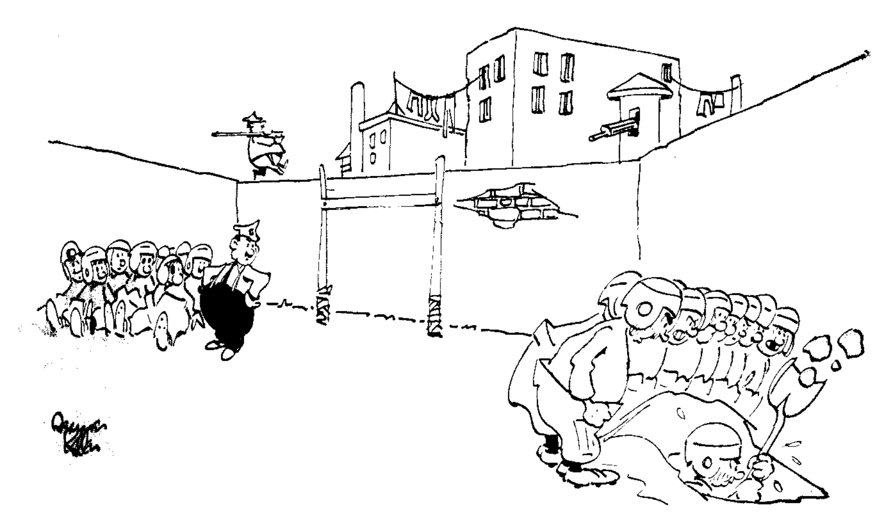
I remembered; it had been front-page news for a week. Al Marino was a big-shot politician, and after his family reported him missing the cops found all kinds of a tie-up between him and Frenchy's bootleg racket. They found a lot of good reasons why Frenchy might have had him knocked off too, and Frenchy had been just the guy to do it. Maybe he wasn't so tough now that he was in Alcatraz. But he was in Alcatraz on an income-tax rap; they never pinned anything else on him.

I went down to the morgue and looked through the files. I found Kesten's name all right; he had been the last guy seen with Marino, and that more or less put him on a small spot. I guess they had given him the works too, but they didn't get any results. Kesten said that he'd met Marino accidentally, given him a lift in his car to 110th Street, said goodby, and that was all. The story was so simple that they couldn't stick him with it.

Maybe they could prove a motive, and maybe they could prove opportunity, but they couldn't prove much else without Marino. And they never found Marino. You can have a funeral without a corpse but you can't have a murder charge. The case was still open.

Well, I wasn't interested in Marino, but I *was* interested in Kesten. If I could pin something on him—and for a guy like that there must be a lot of loose nails lying around—maybe he'd be too busy getting out from under to bother stealing candy from babies.

THE next morning I went over to Times Square and looked around till I found Jim Considine. He was the guy who had given me the card to Kesten's place—just one of the boys around Broadway, but he knew a lot of answers. I'd done him a few favors and he always treated me like his best pal. I



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REAMER KELLER

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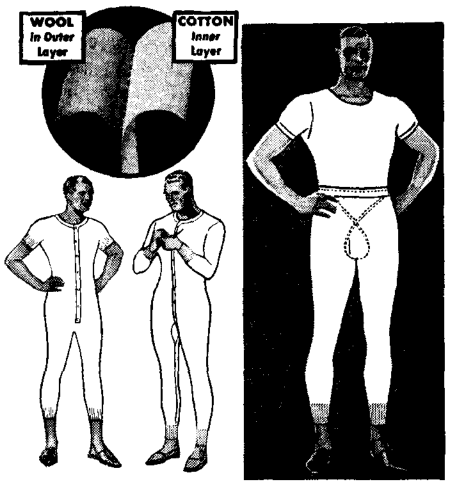

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asked him what he knew about the Marino thing.

He had been practicing billiard shots and his cue was up in the air for a fancy carom but he lowered it and then stacked it up in the rack before he said anything. Then he took my arm and we walked back and sat at a table and ordered beer. When the waiter had gone, he started talking but he kept his voice so low that a high-powered mike under his nose would hardly have picked it up.

"Listen, kid," he said, "I don't know anything about the Marino thing and I wouldn't fool with it if I did. That Kesten is nobody to monkey around with. I came from his home town, a little jerk place called Newville, up in Rockland County on the other side of the Hudson. First he drove his old lady to her grave and then they had hardly buried her when he had the mob up there using the place for a hide-out when things got hot in town. As far as I know, the coppers never did find out about it—it was perfect. Of course, that was in the old days—I don't guess anybody's even been inside the place for five years."

"FIVE years?" I said. "That's a likely number, Jimmy." It wasn't until I had said it that it hit me all of a sudden. "Hey!" I said. "What do you mean the coppers never found out about it? Why?"

He looked around as if he expected to find a hand on his shoulder. "You're asking too many questions, kid," he said. "I wish you'd lay off. About the cops—well, why should they know? The mob never pulled anything up there—and they aren't very talkative boys. The only reason I was wise was because I went up there once to see my old man and I spotted something doing—just a coupla little things those hicks would never notice. But—I ain't very talkative myself."

"You're doing a nice job now," I told him. "You give me ideas." I finished my beer and got up. "Thanks, Jimmy," I said. I left him sitting there still shaking his head and muttering something about newspaper guys being suckers for a couple of columns of print. But I guess if he'd known the real reason, he'd have said a lot worse than that.

About three I called Prudence. "I wanted to see you," I said, "but I've got to take a run up to the country. How about tonight?"

"Tonight's fine," she said, "but the day's even better. It's gorgeous out. I've got a car—how about letting me drive you?"

I thought for a second. Well, there couldn't be any harm in that—and the idea certainly appealed to me. "Sure," I said, "then we'll have dinner somewhere up there. Then we'll come back and go dancing. Then we'll—do you think it will be too late then to get married?"

She was laughing as if she liked it but that was probably just wish fulfillment on my part. "I think you're more than a little crazy," she said, "but I don't seem to mind." Which didn't make me feel badly at all.

An hour later we were going across the George Washington Bridge. It was a day to dream about—clear, deep blue sky and enough zip in the autumn air to make you taste it. Prudence had a little roadster with the top down and she was all done up in a big white polo coat with a bright scarf tied over her head, looking more than ever like something out of a storybook. She was the prettiest girl I'd ever seen, I was sure of that. And I kept telling myself that I wasn't at all prejudiced.

Newville was only thirty miles up and it didn't take us long enough; as a matter of fact, I'd just about forgotten what we came for when I saw the name on a milepost. Not that I knew exactly what I was coming for anyway outside of a small hunch plus pure desperation. We pulled into a gas station and I got out of the car and walked over to where the guy was fixing a tire. I didn't want Prudence to start asking me questions I couldn't answer.

He kept banging away with a tire iron but when I asked him if he knew where the Kestens used to live he stopped quick enough. Then he looked up at me over his shoulder, eyes squinted, and jerked his thumb down the road. He was local talent all right; they don't even give away conversation; but I could see the house from where I stood. Then he was back at his hammering before I had a chance to thank him. Only when we drove away, I saw him taking a good long look after us. I didn't think anything about that until later—quite a lot later.

When I asked Prudence to stop on the road in front of the house, I couldn't blame her much for looking startled. If ever I saw a place that looked haunted, this was it. A gray, weather-beaten relic of the period when they frosted houses up with curlicues and fret-saw work like birthday cakes, it stood with the roof sagging on one end and the jagged edges of dirty glass in the broken windows making strange patterns on its face. I got out of the car and took the flashlight I'd brought. Then Prudence started asking those questions.

"Listen," I said, "right now I don't know any answers." I looked down the road and saw one of those country tearooms just a little way off. "Be a good girl and get yourself some tea," I said, "and I'll join you with a full report in a few minutes."

She looked at me and then at the house. "All right," she said, "but tell me—are you looking for ghosts?"

"Right on the nose," I said, "and I only hope I find them."

THE porch creaked when I stepped on it and the rusty hinges of the front door squealed to heaven when I heaved it open with my shoulder. There was a half inch of dust on everything including the floor; it was a cinch no one had been inside for a long time. I went upstairs first and wandered around the empty rooms but all I found were some old clothes hanging in a closet and there wasn't anything in the pockets. Then I went down to the kitchen. It was full of empty bottles and old tin cans, but that was all. Prospects weren't looking so bright. I kicked open the back door and went outside. There was a woodshed alongside the house; nothing in it but a few rusty farm implements and some rags in one corner. I went over and looked at them. They were empty sacks—cement sacks.

I was pretty excited—if I wasn't hot, I was coming awful close. It wouldn't be the first time a mob had used cement for a shroud even if they usually did their burying in the East River. I found a pickax in the bunch of tools and a shovel with a broken handle, and I grabbed them and went back inside the house, looking for the door to the cellar. It wasn't hard to guess that the ceremonies, if any, had been strictly private.

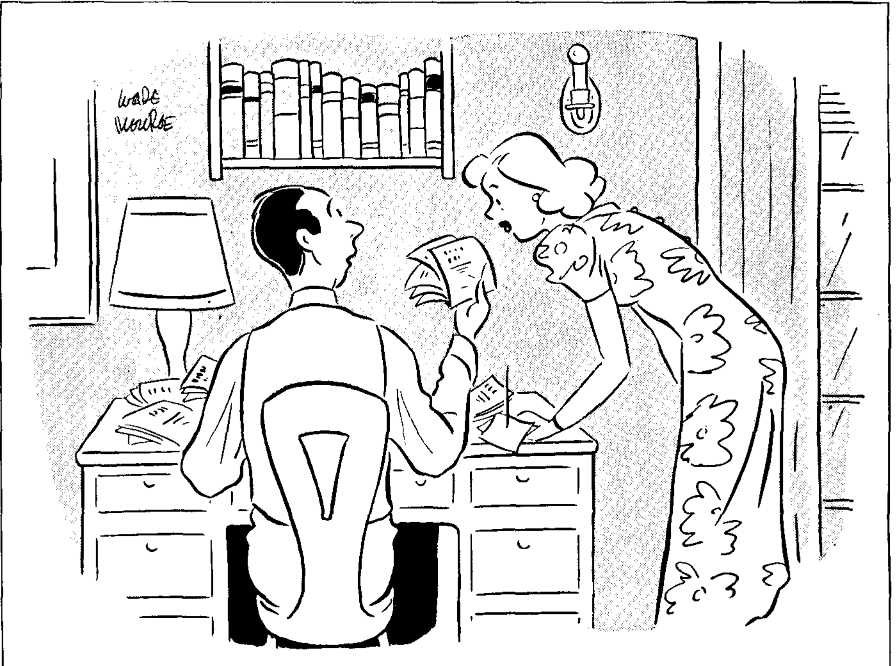
The steps going down to the cellar were narrow and steep and the smell was musty and unpleasant. Well, what I was looking for was no bed of gardenias. I flashed the torch around and I saw stone walls that might have been there a century but the floor was dirt, packed down hard. So far I was doing fine.

I put the torch down on the steps where it would light as much space as possible and went to work; following the nearest wall and sinking the pick as deep as I could about every three feet. It was pretty tough work. I shed my coat and rolled up my sleeves but by the time I got to the wall I was as wet as though I'd fallen in the Hudson. I looked at the rest of the floor and I started losing ambition fast. What I needed for this job was a steam shovel.

Well, I'd take one more crack at it, I'd try the corners and then quit. A corner ought to be the best spot anyway. I picked out the farthest one from the stairs and I went over and slammed that pick in as hard as I could. It hit something. Something solid.

Maybe it was only a rock but still I felt like yelling. I kept going with the pick until I roughed out the shape. It seemed to be about six by three. Just right. I dropped the pick and grabbed that busted shovel and I had the dirt flying like a gang on a levee with the high water coming. It was a concrete slab all right, and just as sure as birds sing in the summer, inside it was all there was left of Al Marino.

PRUDENCE looked up at me when I came in the door of that tearoom and if she was staring she had plenty of good reasons. I was out of breath and covered with a mixture of grime and dust and I guess I made a perfect picture of how not to look going out with your



"Darling, we'll have to stop this spending money on ourselves. It's cutting into our parties" WADE MONROE

—AND THAT'S NOT SMOKE!

"Fall" means different things to different people. You can fall *in love*, and all that. Wait'll I comb up this lawn and I'll tell you what Fall means to you and me.

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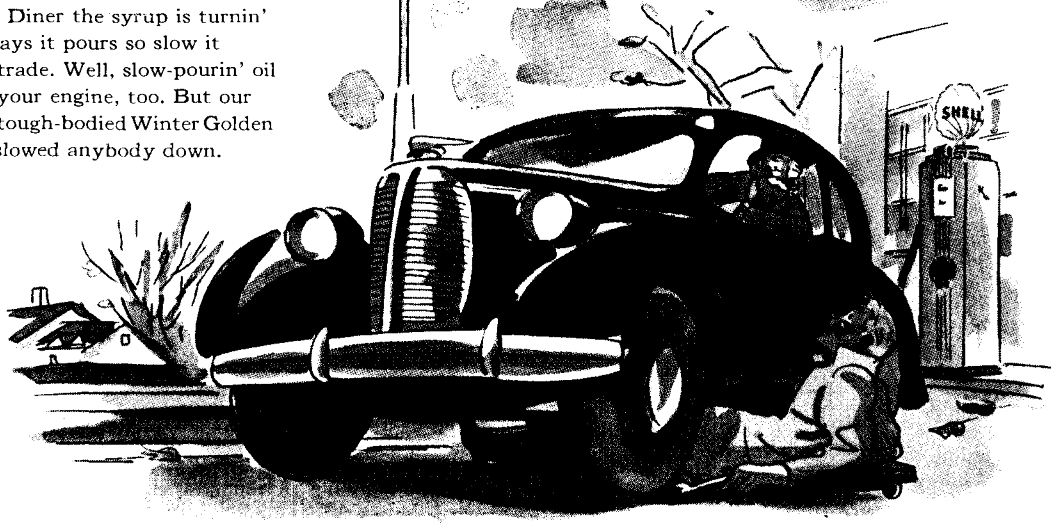
Fall means cold weather. And cold weather means the summer grade of oil in your car ought to be changed. But it's the *opposite* from underwear. You change from *heavy* to *light* oil in winter.

Over at Al's Diner the syrup is turnin' thicker. Al says it pours so slow it discourages trade. Well, slow-pourin' oil discourages your engine, too. But our fast-flowin', tough-bodied Winter Golden Shell never slowed anybody down.

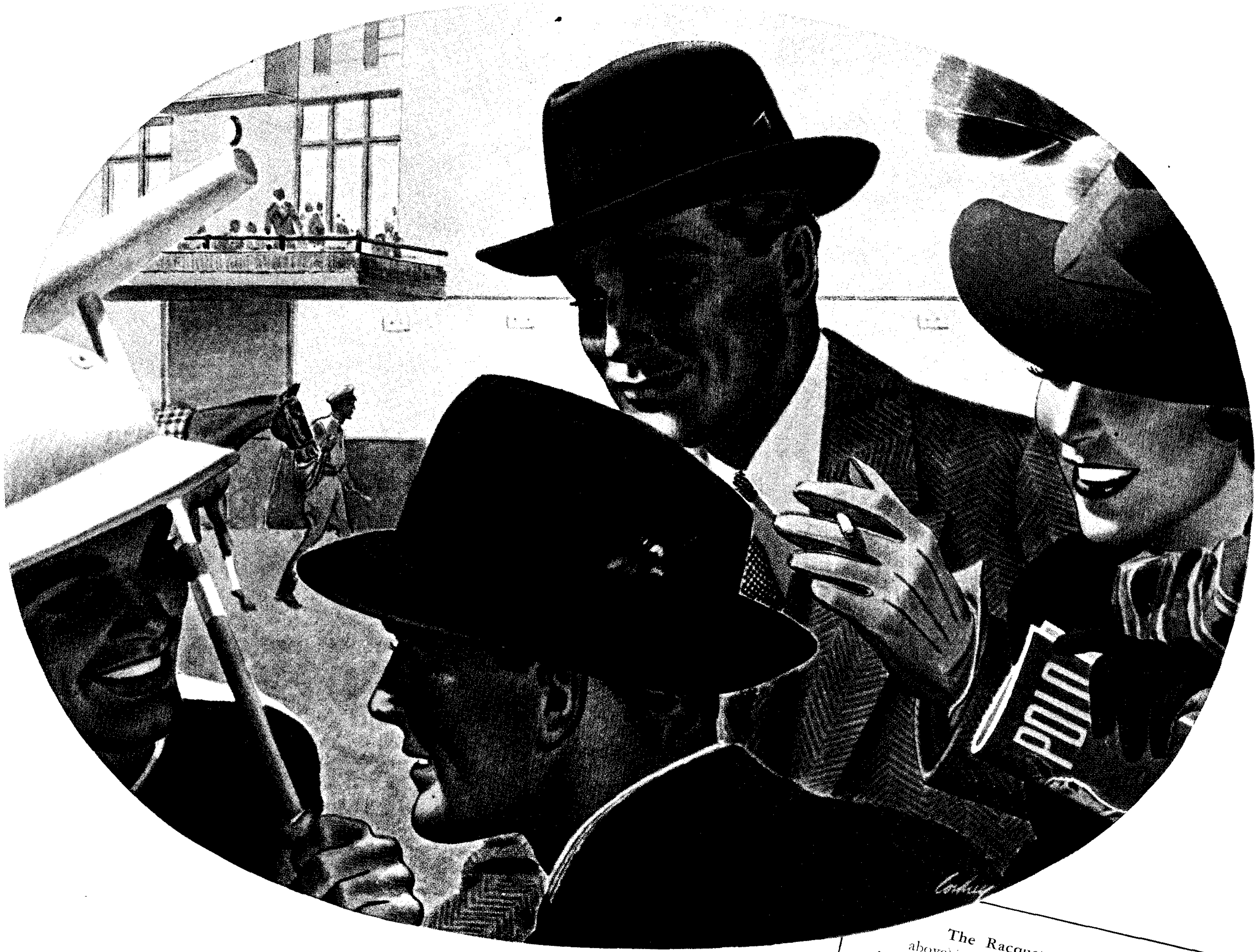


Uncle "Soapy" Watters was in today for his Shellubrication, winter oil change and general going-over. The differential and transmission were stiff with old summer lubricant so I changed 'em also. "Wish you could ile me up thataway," says Uncle Soapy. "These cold mornin's make *me* ache all over. That's what reminded me to come in."

Fellow tried to trade me this for six quarts of Winter Golden Shell at 25¢, or $1.50 total, the other day. They tell me *summer* is just startin' in Australia. Know anybody who's goin' there? I could get him a bargain, maybe.

I'd like to take this opportunity to tell all my customers to hurry in for their winter service. Of course, I wouldn't wish Uncle Soapy's *rheumatism* on you, but if you *do* get a twinge, well, look me up.

Your **SHELL** *Dealer*



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FASHION is extra-lavish this season—so expect to find the handsomest hat you've ever owned. But even when you've found it—*be only half-satisfied.*

Make sure *also* that the shape, the color, and the finish you select will weather the entire season without wilting. Yes, there are such hats. See them now at your Mallory dealer's. See how Mallory combines the *style* you seek and the lasting *style stamina.*

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The Racquet Club (in foreground, above) interprets the latest trend in a clubman's hat of generous proportions. Featured in the versatile Mallory Midtone colors for now $5

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Coming from behind, eyes approve the way these new Mallory styles are tailored even in the back.

Close-up of the deft profiling you get in a Mallory. *And how those "Cravenette" protected good looks last!*

best girl. "I got it!" I said. "Baby, have I got it!"

"Got what?" she said. "Jungle fever? What *have* you been doing?"

"Digging," I told her, "digging up trouble for our little friend, Mr. Kesten. He can dish it out. Maybe he can take it—but I doubt it!"

It was almost dark when we started back and by the time we saw the bridge it was a shining loop of diamonds across the black river. On the way I told her the whole thing. She couldn't believe it, but then I could hardly believe it myself. The way I figured the thing, they'd probably brought Marino up there to talk to him and maybe in an argument somebody got sore and let him have it. Somebody named Kesten preferably, although that wasn't important; with what they had on him already he'd go up for a long time.

"WHAT will you do now?" Prudence asked me.

"Call a man I know named Mather in the district attorney's office. If it's the story I think it is, he'll protect me on it. I'll get a beat and maybe my editor will grow more fond of me. If I can reach Mather I'll go and see him right away."

"Can I go too? I'm all excited—it's just like The Thin Man!"

"Sure," I said, "only Marino was a little fat guy and I'm not Bill Powell. I'll phone at the next drugstore."

The best I could do was to leave a message for Mather to call me at the office as soon as they were able to reach him. Then I took Prudence down to Rose's on 51st Street for a man-sized dinner—after all that excavation work I was starving. When she dropped me in front of my office, it was almost ten.

She waited in the car while I went up to find out if Mather had called. He hadn't but there was another message. It was from Jim Considine and he said he had to see me right away. I went downstairs to Prudence and told her I had to go.

"All right," she said, "only if it's something more on the great murder mystery, I want in on it. I don't see why I can't go with you."

"It's not," I said, "just a sick friend I have to sit up with." I gave her the address, over on West 48th Street and she drove me over. On the street outside, she looked at the apartment house doubtfully. I couldn't blame her much; it was a disreputable place.

"I'll bet you're looking for more dead bodies," she said; "you just want to lose me, that's all."

"Huh," I said, "you were never farther wrong than you were on the last half of that." I got out of the car and walked around to her side. "Now be a good girl and go home and go to bed."

"Maybe I will," she said. I was leaning in across the door and she wrinkled her little nose at me. I moved fast but she saw it coming and ducked to one side, laughing. "See?" I said. "I knew that was a long shot. They never pay off. I should have done that in the car—then it would have been a sure thing."

"Sure things aren't any fun," she said. "Good night, Mr. Pinkerton." She was still sitting in the car, smiling at me as I went inside.

Considine's apartment was on the ground floor, all the way back. The hallway was narrow and dark; for some reason the light in the entrance was out and the only one burning was on the landing above. I was halfway down the dark hall when Kesten stepped into me from the side. He had a gun shoved against my stomach before I even knew he was there.

"Take it easy," he said. "Yelling won't get you anywhere. So you've been up visiting, have you? Don't you think I got friends?"

"There's a cop on the corner," I said. "He's a good shot." My voice sounded like it was coming six feet away and I was cold all over but my stomach was a chunk of ice. I knew just how much chance I had from here on—and it was none at all.

"Turn around," Kesten said, "and walk back slow. There's a black sedan out in front. Get in it." I could see the close-cut blond curls just below my eyes and, looking down, the flat barrel of an automatic. It didn't take me more than a second when I saw that. It was maybe five to one against me but that was better than anything else.

"Okay," I said. His elbow was against the wall in back of him. I shoved hard into the muzzle of the automatic—so hard it felt like it was going through my spine. Every nerve in me could feel his finger squeezing on that trigger—every nerve in me waited for that crashing red flame that would finish it. But nothing happened—and before he could pull his arm away from the wall I had one hand on his wrist and the other on top of the barrel, shoving it back so the shell was ejecting. Now I was all right if I could hang on. My knee came up into him hard as I could slam it.

HIS head came down at me as he doubled up and, still hanging onto the gun, I moved to the left so I could wrap my right elbow over the back of his neck as he came forward, throwing all my weight down on him and pulling him along with me. My shoulders hit the wall in back and knocked all the breath out of me but his yellow curls smashed into it solid and hard enough to make the plaster come rattling down inside. I was still holding the gun and his hand with it as he spread out over the floor like a wet dishcloth dropped there.

I let the hand drop and the automatic snapped back into firing position. I tried to slip it into my coat pocket but every joint in my body suddenly was made of water and I couldn't seem to do anything but fumble with it. Then I thought I heard a noise in back of me and I turned around, the gun pointing.

She was standing in the doorway, the light from the landing above shining on her face under the bright scarf and making it even whiter than the coat she was wearing. I turned around and looked down at Kesten before I could say anything. He was nothing to worry about.

"What the devil?" I said. "How'd you get here?" Maybe it wasn't polite ballroom but I wasn't thinking of that.

"Bill!" she said. "He was going to kill you!"

She came down the narrow hall to me. I didn't move—I couldn't.

"Yeah," I said, "he certainly was." I turned around again and stirred Kesten with my foot, but he didn't move. Doing that made me feel a little better. The jelly was beginning to go out of my knees.

"I saw it," she said. "I parked the car and came in. I wanted to yell but it all happened so fast I couldn't seem to get any breath." She was right in front of me and she put both hands up on my shoulders as if she were making sure I was still there. I took one more quick look at Kesten before I went ahead and kissed her. Then I forgot him for the moment entirely.

"I thought you were the boy who didn't gamble," she said—when I gave her a chance. "What do you call that, anyway?"

"THAT?" I said. "Well, it was a long shot but it wasn't really a gamble—I didn't have anything to lose. If he ever got me outside in a car, I was a dead bunny. I knew an automatic won't fire if there's any pressure on the muzzle—a cop told me that. I wasn't sure it would work—but it was the only way I had any percentage at all. Now—you run outside and find a cop while I keep an eye on our little pal here."

"Yes," she said, "right away. Oh, Bill, if we—if I—I mean if we see a lot of each other from now on, you won't ever do anything like that again, will you? I couldn't bear thinking about it."

"No," I said, "you don't have to worry about that—I won't—unless I lose my mind." I couldn't resist kissing her as long as she was right there with my arms around her. "Go and get that cop quick," I said. "There are an awful lot of things I want to talk to you about. There's no use standing around here. There's no percentage in it."

"Do you have an aspirin?"

FRANK BEAVEN

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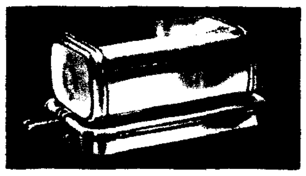

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We Will Meet Again

Continued from page 48

"You better hear the rest of it." There was a pad of bills in Sam Krause's hand, and he made a fan of them. "You name the place and I'll buy the ticket. I'll fix it so the parole board never bothers you, and I'll hand you this dough when you get on the train. You can buy a nice little business an' take it easy the rest of your life."

The red flush of anger burned in Peter Kincaid's face. "Hicks tried to bribe me," he whispered, "and—"

"This isn't a bribe," said Sam Krause, patiently. "There's no string on this money. Max feels bad about the way things broke for you; he wants to see you fixed up. Sure. He knows—"

"Max sending you away again, boy?"

It was Ben Wood's dry voice, and he came slowly into the room as both men turned. There was weariness in the set of his shoulders, in the down-twist of his lips.

"Sandstrom sends you to the pen," he said. "He gets you disbarred, and he takes your wife. Now he sends Krause around with a ticket out of town. Nice guy, Max. Must be a friend of yours."

Peter said, "How did you get in here?"

"He's good at that," Krause said. "He listens at keyholes too."

Ben Wood's expression did not change. "The door was open," he said. "And as long as Sandstrom's around I'll be around. Like that."

Sam Krause grinned broadly. "You're kind of dumb, cop. One of these days Max'll step on you."

"It's been tried," said Ben Wood.

SAM KRAUSE got to his feet. "It was just a gag, cop, forget it." He was still smiling, though his eyes were narrow. "And you're wrong about the boss. He's tryin' to do somethin' swell for Kincaid. He's givin' him a chance to start over where he isn't known. Max is a white man. He hates to see anybody get in trouble."

Peter Kincaid said, "Tell Sandstrom I'm staying."

The tall man rubbed his nose. "There's no hurry, Kincaid. Take a couple of days and think it over. I'll drop around again."

"Don't bother . . ." Peter began.

Krause said, "Why not? It won't cost anything." He turned toward the door and paused there to say, "So long, cop. . . ." Then he was gone.

"Nice guy," said Ben Wood.

Peter Kincaid said, "Did you come here to tell me that?"

Ben Wood shook his head. "I came around to find out if you're ready to talk about Fred Bascom's alibi."

"I haven't a thing to say to you."

"Still think I work for Sandstrom?"

"You might," said Peter. "I'm looking out for Pete Kincaid. I learned that the hard way."

"Say I prove we're on the same side of the fence." Ben Wood smiled. "Say I show you I've been on Sandstrom's trail for years, and that I'm closer to hanging him than you'll ever be. Would you talk then?"

"I'll talk," said Peter, "if you *can* prove that!"

"Get dressed, boy. We've got places to go."

Ben Wood's car was a small coupé. He drove it silently, taking the long way across town to avoid the traffic of the business district, swinging south at the ramp and burrowing deep into a district progress had forgotten. Cheap hotels and dingy shops rubbed shoulders here. Pushcarts cluttered the narrow street.

"Where are we going?" asked Peter.

"To see Marion Cantrill."

"Marion Cantrill, the glitter girl, in this end of town? It doesn't make sense, unless . . ." Peter Kincaid pushed his hat away from troubled eyes. "I heard she was in a jam when I went hunting her yesterday. What's wrong, Wood?"

"She wants to go on living," said Wood, quietly.

Peter said, "Sandstrom!"

"That's right."

THE car had covered another half-dozen blocks when Peter Kincaid said, "So you know Marion Cantrill?"

"I've known her for years." Ben Wood said it gently, in an almost friendly way. "She had been taking art lessons but was hungry and out of work when I met her. She'd never heard of Sandstrom. I remember one of her teachers telling me she was the best student he'd ever seen. He thought she was going to be a great painter. He was a funny little guy, that teacher, but he knew his stuff. I've got a couple of Marion's drawings at my place, and I think that little guy was right. She could have been great. She had it in her hands," said Wood, "and she threw it away. That's just one more thing against Max Sandstrom. A swell gal, Marion, and even Sandstrom couldn't change that."

They left the car in a narrow alley and entered an old apartment building through a fire door that gave upon gloomy stairs. They had reached the second floor when Ben Wood said, "This isn't much of a place, but each apartment has two doors. So has the building. That's important in a hide-out."

Marion Cantrill answered Wood's knock.

"I've found some odd things on my doorstep," she murmured, "but this should take some kind of prize."

Ben Wood said, "Busy, Marion?"

"Of course not." Marion Cantrill smiled and led the way to a small, sun-splashed room. "The cigarettes are on the table," she said. "I'll make you a drink."

She had changed. Her dress was only a dress, and she wore it just that way. Her hair was brushed straight back, caught in a loose knot low on her neck. She wore no make-up. But the change went deeper than clothes, or hairdress, deeper than flesh. The smooth hardness, the cold glitter of her was gone, as though a shell had cracked away. She was older now, for she admitted all her years, and she was afraid. That was in her eyes.

There was no ice in the drink she gave Peter. "You need this," she said, softly. "You look like the devil. They must have been rough down there."

Peter Kincaid said, "It wasn't bad."

Marion Cantrill found a chair close by his. "Why lie?" she asked. "You were in prison, and that's never pleasant."

Ben Wood said, "Marion."

He was standing near the window, looking down at them out of eyes that were as flatly colorless as winter rain. His mouth was crooked up, though he wasn't smiling; his head was bent.

Marion murmured, "Yes, Ben."

"Kincaid has some information I need," he said. "He's got the idea I work for Sandstrom. He won't talk. I had to prove I was hunting Sandstrom, so I brought him here. Go ahead, Marion."

"But I thought . . ." Marion Cantrill began.

"You like to pull rabbits out of hats," he said in a dead, soft voice. "Tell him."

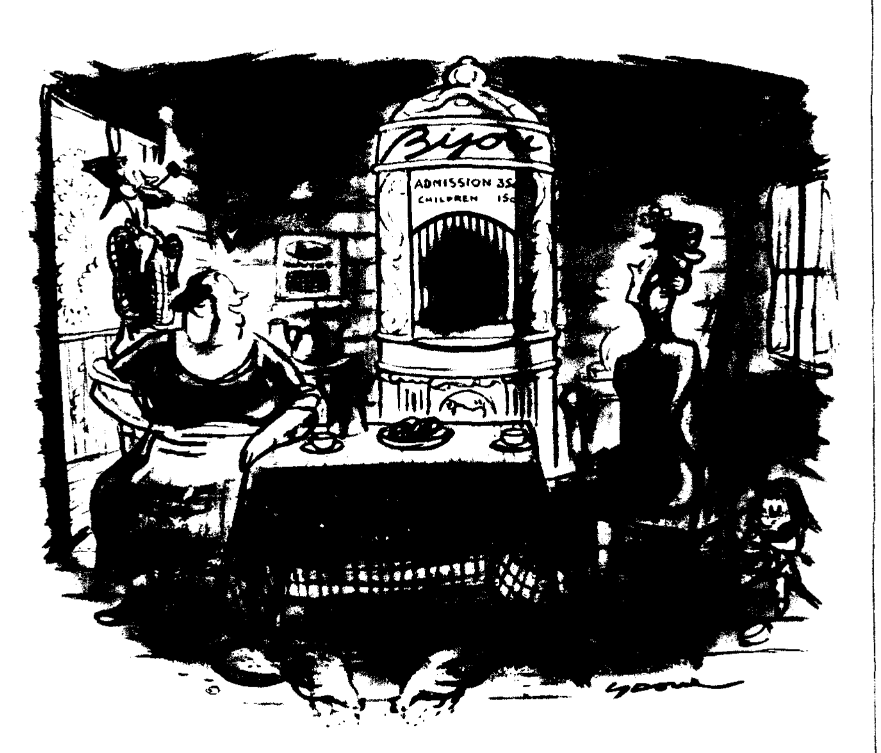
Marion Cantrill turned to face Peter Kincaid and color came to glow in her cheeks. Her lips moved, but for a moment no sound came from them. Then, quickly, in sharp and brittle sentences, she spoke:

"You didn't kill Joe Hicks. You hit him and he fell, but he wasn't hurt. He was trying to get up when Max Sandstrom smashed his head against the corner of the booth." She bent her head, and the last was a whisper, barely heard: "I saw Sandstrom kill Hicks. . . ."

"YOU saw Max Sandstrom kill Joe Hicks?" said Peter Kincaid.

Marion Cantrill turned away from his hot stare, but Ben Wood met his eyes, steadily, and said, "You can take my word for it, Kincaid. I say it's true."

Peter Kincaid said, "How do you know?"



"Real purty, ain't it? It blew in during that last tornado we had"

LEONARD DOVE

"It figures that way," said Ben Wood. "Your heelmarks were on the floor, and you'd've had to've made a two-cushion bank with Hicks to kill him on that booth corner."

Peter Kincaid made a fist of one hand. "You knew this, and yet you let me plead guilty. Why?"

"For a guy that's supposed to be a lawyer," said Ben Wood, "you're a kind of damn' fool." The hard line of his lips broke, twisting down; his voice was mocking. "What'd I have? A couple of heelmarks an' experience. I've hit a lot of guys, an' I've been hit a lot of times. I've seen a lot of guys go down. Is that evidence? Can you make a case of that? Can you throw it against the kind of lawyers Sandstrom'd have?"

"You had the best case in the world," said Peter. "You had an eyewitness—Marion Cantrill."

BEN WOOD'S mouth jerked. "She won't testify."

"We can force her to testify. We . . ."

"You're grabbing at straws," said Wood, quietly. "You could force her to take the stand, sure. And once there she could kick your case into the river by saying she hadn't seen a thing. You couldn't prove different."

Peter Kincaid said, "Yes . . ." and turned to face Marion Cantrill. "You left your apartment hurriedly," he said. "You're hiding now—from whom?"

"Max Sandstrom," said Marion softly.

"And why?"

"Because Ben thinks it best."

"Yes," said Peter. "But you know Sandstrom will kill you to shut your mouth if . . ."

Harshly, Ben Wood said, "Let it go, Kincaid!"

He crossed the room slowly to stand beside Peter's chair. He looked old and tired—a stocky man in a rumpled brown suit. There was a grimness about him, a dark patience, that showed in his eyes, the set of his mouth.

"You can talk to Marion later," he said. "Right now I'm wondering about Bascom's alibi."

Peter Kincaid tipped his head back. "I said I'd tell you—I shall. I saw Bascom in front of the courthouse within a minute of the time the Rosemont store was robbed. I was his alibi."

"What's the rest of it?"

"Joe Hicks swore he saw Bascom rob the store. He did it to prove he, not Bascom, was in Rosemont at exactly that time. Hicks needed an alibi too. He killed Frank Calhoun. You can check and find that the robbery and murder were committed at the same time."

"I did," said Ben Wood, "three years ago. Hicks killed Calhoun. Sure, and Sandstrom killed Hicks. I've known that for a long time—but try and prove it. I thought Bascom's alibi would help, but . . ." His hand tightened on his hat-brim, and disappointment made the lines of his face long and deep. "Ahhh—" he said, "I need a drink."

He passed behind Peter and a door snapped softly shut. There was the bright sound of glass on metal, the cold rush of running water.

Marion Cantrill stirred in her chair. "He'd hoped for much, much more." Her eyes came up to Peter's face, wide and dark and clouded with hurt. "I didn't testify," she said, "I'll tell you why."

Peter Kincaid said, "I wish you would."

Her hands were very still upon the chair arms. The cigarette she held smoldered, forgotten.

"You'd have to know Max," she said, "to understand. His mother died when he was four; his father walked off and left him two years later. And there was no one who wanted him; no one who could spare food for an extra mouth. He fought and he stole—he had to live. He saw men dragged down by the women they tried to carry, by their families, by the leeches who wanted a part of what they had. Max went up alone, and with each step he cut all ties, completely, for there was no other way. He learned that early, and he's never changed. He never will. The past is dead; he wants no part of it."

Each slow word was stark in its exactness and ugly in its truth. And yet—there was understanding in the manner of telling. Marion Cantrill was old, not with years, but with living. And she was woman, in all her depth and fineness, in her sympathy and fear.

And she was Max Sandstrom's wife—now and always—for marriage is a thing beyond all words. Peter Kincaid knew that now, just as he knew that all love is not passion and flame. There is the other, it was in Marion's face, the worn love, shabby with the dust of age. A thing without the unreasoning loyalty of first blindness, but with a deeper, kinder pity. "He is my man. . . ."

Marion Cantrill talked. Her eyes were closed; her head tipped back. And though hers were quiet words they thundered in the stillness of the room, they rang there.

Plainly, Peter Kincaid saw the great steel mills. He heard the crash and roar of them; heard the splattering hiss of metal that ran white-hot. He saw men who crouched on tiny platforms high above the floor. He saw men die that other men might climb.

And death was simple—a push, a black figure plunging down, a scream that went unheard. Peter saw that—and more—as the big-shouldered boy had seen it. A boy who had fought to hold the job he had; who had shaken the blood from his eyes, and torn a knife from the hand of an older, bigger man. Who had obeyed the shouts of the crowd and kicked that man into red unconsciousness.

And he knew something of the puzzled wonder that boy had known; something of his savage joy at the first touch of silk, the first clean white shirt. He saw cold strength born and molded. He watched that boy climb.

"You see," said Marion. "He saw others commit murder—and escape. The only crime was in being caught. His school was the street—what else? He ran a honky-tonk when other boys his age were going away to college. Don't you see . . . ?"

A HONKY-TONK boss at seventeen. A boy with the shoulders of a man, the mind of one. A boy who had never been a boy. A man then—at seventeen—whose dark and secret inner drive would not let him rest.

Books were not for him, so he had learned by watching. The small things—clothes, food, the proper word, the proper fork—were separate struggles, for he feared laughter as he had never feared blows. He had made himself over each year, each month, each day.

Prison. Not because he was a thief—he had seen too many others steal—but because he'd not been big enough, strong enough to go free.

Marion Cantrill lifted one hand. "He loved Dave Farmer—believe me—as few sons love their fathers. And he hated Franklin Calhoun as deeply as Calhoun hated him. The state wasn't big enough for both. One of them had to go.

"Max fought. He had known nothing in all his life but fighting. He faced disgrace and worse—one kind of death. Max used the other. He hired Joe Hicks to kill Franklin Calhoun!"

A silence came, as soft as the shadows that filled the room. The sun had gone, hidden by the building across the way. There was only a still, dusty light, a

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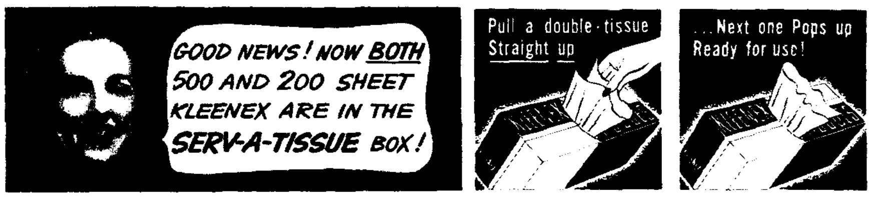
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kind light, blurring the shaken white of Marion's face.

"You got in his way then. Hicks had bungled; Hicks was a drag that held Max down. You gave Max the chance to kill Hicks. He was on the floor, and Max had those few seconds to weigh it all and see the result. Not long, but forever when you've had to take opportunity by the throat for so many years. He put you both out of the way.

"That was one step up. Paula was another. Max wanted her from the first time he saw her. She had as little chance as we had. We were left, you and I, cut away as cleanly as Hicks was. . . ."

Clearly, then, Peter Kincaid saw how his hurt and Marion's were alike. She had lost Max Sandstrom; he had lost Paula. And he had no lamp to rub, no genie to rise in a swirl of mist and bring Paula back.

Marion Cantrill said, "There it is."

"You can't save him," said Peter. "One day . . ."

"I know," she whispered. "One day they'll hang him, even though I protect him now."

Peter Kincaid's lips drew into a thin line. "Max Sandstrom is utterly ruthless. You are a real threat to his safety, his life. Knowing that, you must know he'll not rest until he has closed your mouth."

"Perhaps . . ." said Marion.

"Will you testify?"

"No—please. . . ."

Marion Cantrill buried her face in her hands and crumpled in the chair. Her grief was soundless and more terrible for being so. Ben Wood came from the kitchen then; went silently past Peter to Marion's side. His face was white and drawn. He nodded toward the door.

DONALD JAMES wore slacks and a brown jacket. He may have been surprised to find Peter Kincaid at his door, but he permitted none of it to show in his face. He smiled and his eyes were grave.

"Peter," he said, "come in—"

Peter Kincaid followed him down a short hall. They had reached the living room when James said, "Ella, here's a friend of yours."

A woman rose from a chair near the fireplace. She was tall, a true ash-blonde, and wore a house dress of bright print. She had beauty and the inner calm that comes of good living.

"Peter Kincaid," she said. "I'm glad you've come."

Peter Kincaid took her hand. The warmth of it, of the room itself, was as real as the walls, the rug beneath his feet. This was a home—the first right of man—and Peter felt alien here.

He said, "Ella, the years pass you by. You never change."

A small frown marred the smoothness of her forehead. Her lips tightened and grew soft again. "I'm sorry about what happened, Pete. You know how much we thought of you and Paula. It . . . well, it doesn't seem possible."

"Let's forget it," he said.

"But—Paula must have had a reason!"

"Please!" said Peter.

Ella James whispered, "Sorry . . ." and the word came at the end of her breath. "Sit down, Pete. I'll make a drink—I think we need one."

Donald James watched his wife go out of the room. He brought match flame to his pipe and spoke without looking up: "You'll have to forget that, Pete. Ella feels this thing very strongly."

"I know, Don. She's tops."

For a moment there was quiet and then Donald James said, "There was no gun in Joe Hicks' belongings. I was going to call you but it was Saturday afternoon and . . ."

"It's not important now."

"You've found something else?"

"I did not kill Joe Hicks!" said Peter.

Ella James stopped abruptly in the doorway. The tray of drinks trembled in her hands. Donald James held his breath for a long moment, and then leaned forward to touch Peter's arm.

"Tell us about it," he said.

"Marion Cantrill saw Max Sandstrom kill him. I knocked Hicks down, but didn't hurt him. He was trying to sit up when Sandstrom smashed his head on the booth corner."

Ella James said, "Thank heaven you can . . ."

"Wait a minute!" There was a dark intentness in Donald James' face. "Will Marion Cantrill testify?"

"She will not," said Peter. "She's still in love with Sandstrom." His clenched hand went out in a tightly impatient gesture. "I came to ask if there was anything in the original testimony we could use to trip her?"

"'Fraid not, Pete."

"I'll have to tackle it from another angle then. She's an accessory after the fact. I've got to be able to promise she'll not be prosecuted, if I'm to get help from her. She rates that, Don. She'd have been killed if she'd tried to testify at the time of Hicks' death."

"I think you can safely make that promise."

"Thanks," said Peter. "She's afraid now, and I may be able to make her see how dangerous her position is. I'll try to talk her into making—for her protection—an affidavit setting up the facts in the case. With that affidavit we can put Sandstrom behind bars, and once that's done I'm sure Marion will testify."

"You've got a job, Pete."

"I know it. Will you and Ella stand by her on the chance that I'm lucky? I want you to witness the affidavit."

Donald James said, "Of course, Pete. But you haven't much time. Max Sandstrom can find her at any minute."

A grim smile touched Peter Kincaid's lips. "I'm on my way now," he said. "I'll be seeing you—"

PAULA closed the study door, pushed her shoulders back hard against the wood and faced Max Sandstrom across the width of the room. There was a trembling tenseness in her hands, but her voice was steady.

"You wanted me?" she asked.

Max Sandstrom said, "I did. Sit down, please."

He was standing before the fireplace, hands locked at his back, his weight on widespread feet. He looked at her as he might have looked at a stranger.

"I've made certain arrangements for you," he said. "I thought it best you be informed."

"You're very thoughtful."

Carefully, he inclined his head. "The car will be waiting at ten tonight to take you to my place at the shore. I would go with you, but business makes that impossible. However, I'll join you soon—two days, possibly three."

"And if I do not care to go?"

"You have no choice."

"Would you use force?"

"The situation has not changed." Max Sandstrom spoke with brittle patience. "Peter Kincaid is free, but he will not remain free if you refuse my simple request."

PAULA got to her feet. Contempt looked out of her dark eyes; and Sandstrom must have felt it, strongly, for his voice shook:

"You'll go, Paula!"

"I'll obey you," she said in a quick, sharp voice, "only as long as your 'simple demands' are made upon my time—and not my person. I want you to know that."

Max Sandstrom said, "I do."

The desk phone rang as Paula reached the study door. Max Sandstrom watched her out of the room, and then lifted the hand set from its cradle. "Sandstrom speaking," he said, and the answering drawl brought a guarded brightness to his eyes.

"This's Krause, Sweetheart. We found her."

"Where is she?"

"Atkins Apartments—a joint on Second and Stark."

"I'll meet you there."

"Hold it," said Krause. "Ben Wood's with her now. This Kincaid guy left just a little while ago. The roof's goin' to fall on us—she's talkin' all over the place!"

"So Kincaid and Wood are running together?"

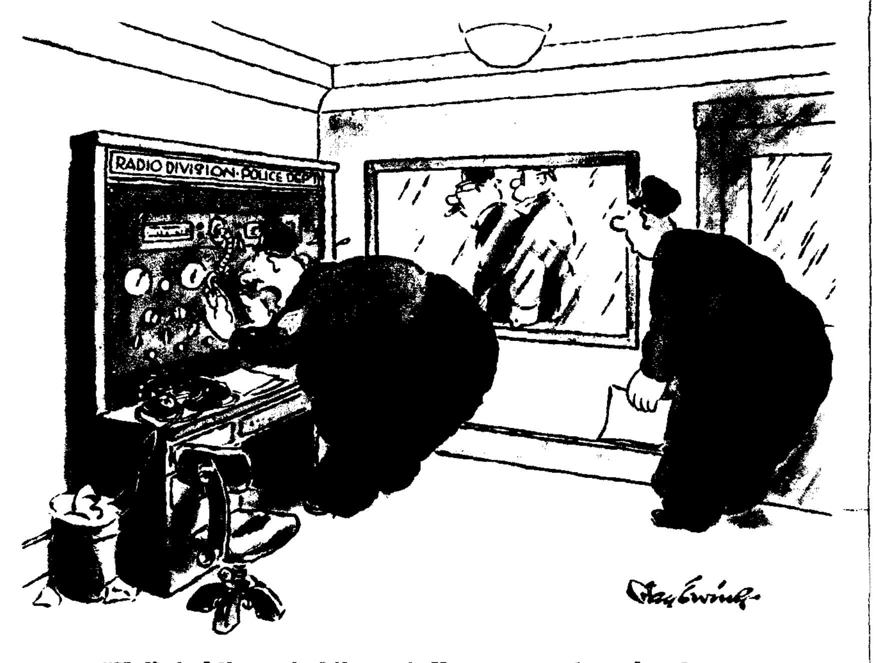
"You better pull Kincaid's parole."

"I'll do that." There was no change in Sandstrom's voice. "And I'll have McRae fix something for Ben Wood—a graft charge would probably be easiest."

Sam Krause chuckled. "Come a-runnin'. . . ."

There was a sharp click—as though Krause had hit the receiver prong—and then, sharply, Krause was saying, "Max! Max . . ."

Max Sandstrom said, "Yes?"



"Hello! All cars! All cars! Keep away from headquarters! The guys from the finance company are here!"

JAY IRVING

"I'm in a booth. That was on your end."

"Someone on the hall extension," said Max Sandstrom. "Paula probably. I'll take care of it." He put the phone down, and walked to the door.

Paula could not move. Ages ago, she had tried to replace the receiver. It had slipped—the clatter of it still echoed in the hall. Dimly, now, she heard the creak of an opening door. Max Sandstrom came to her side. His face was white with anger. Dark veins stood out on his forehead; muscles bunched at his jaw. His hand shook as it touched her arm. Lightly, it lay there and then he said, "So the well-bred make a practice of eavesdropping!" and his fingers closed in a crushing, savage grip.

Paula slapped him hard across the mouth.

The print of her hand was blood-red against the white of his face. He bent his head in a queer and oddly formal little nod, and released her arm.

"You say that"—the words were faint on her escaping breath—"when decency is a thing you've never known. When you're planning . . ."

"My plans are no concern of yours," he said.

Paula said, "I'll make them my concern!"

Max Sandstrom rang for the butler. He seemed to have regained his self-control, for he was smiling when the man appeared. "Gordon," he said, "I've a chore for you and your wife. Mrs. Sandstrom would like the two of you to help her pack. She will not want to leave her room—she will not want to use the telephone before I return. See that she doesn't!"

"Of course, sir."

THE room was dusty with the gray of twilight. Marion Cantrill stood beside the window, one shoulder against the wall, her face a blurred oval, shadow-touched and pensive. Ben Wood sat close by. There was patience in the square set of his shoulders. He was looking down at the street—he had been for hours.

Peter Kincaid paced the worn carpet. "Marion," he said, "you've got to listen to me."

"You've said that before," she murmured.

"I'll say it again." Peter Kincaid stopped his restless movement to switch on a table lamp. Up-pouring light caught the glint of worry in his eyes, the twist of lips pulled thin. "Ben Wood and I will get Sandstrom—with your help, or without it. We'll get him if it takes forever and ten minutes!"

Marion said, "That's a large order."

"An affidavit from you would help us, Marion, but it would also save your life. Without your testimony on record, Sandstrom has only to close your mouth to be safe. He'll find you, sooner or later, and then"—Peter's hand chopped out, flatly—"it'll be over for you, Marion. I mean—all over!"

"You'd have another chance to trap Max!"

Peter Kincaid said, "You don't want to die!"

"Right again." Marion Cantrill smiled. "Let's talk about something else." She went to the table and took a cigarette from a box there. She looked at Peter Kincaid. "What do you want out of this bear hunt? Paula?"

"Why should I want Sandstrom's wife?"

"Like that?" Marion Cantrill's eyes were thoughtful above the match flame. "You're an odd chap. You've got a million ideals, and you can be pretty grim about them. Paula broke a rule and . . . well, you hate her, don't you?"

"Do you have to do this?"

"She took Max away from me," said Marion. "I'm the one who should hate her, and want to boil her in oil. I don't, because I know her marriage to Max was as certain as your prison sentence. You could do nothing against a fixed judge; she could do nothing against Max."

"She got what she wanted," said Peter steadily.

Marion Cantrill nodded. "She did. She wanted your freedom—she got it. She married Max Sandstrom to get you out of prison."

"You're wrong," whispered Peter. "You . . ."

"Ask Ben Wood."

PETER KINCAID wheeled, but before he could speak Ben Wood was saying, quietly, "I tried to tell you that this morning, but you wouldn't listen. Here. You lost all your good time for being mixed up in the riot. It was on your record. All right. How long, considering that, should it have been before you were eligible for parole?"

Peter Kincaid wet his lips. "Two years."

"Then why are you here? Sandstrom's the only man who could force your parole through. He put you in prison. Why would he want you out? Marion's right, Kincaid, he got you out because of Paula."

"Dear God!" Peter's face was white. "And I . . ."

Ben Wood's eyes, expressionless and gray, flicked up to Peter Kincaid's face for just an instant. "There's another way to prove this," he said. "Remember the phone call you made just before you walked out of the pen?"

"The deputy warden called Paula. I talked to her."

"Sure. And can't you see you'd be the last person she'd want to talk to if she'd been heel enough to divorce you and marry Sandstrom for his money? She'd made a deal with Sandstrom, but she wasn't going through with her part till she was sure he'd gone through with his—till she was sure you were free. She wanted that word from you. She was too smart to trust anybody else."

"Another thing," said Marion Cantrill. "I'm . . . well, I'm hiding here because I talked to Paula right after the wedding—because I told her how Max had framed her. Pete, she wasn't Max's wife then—not really—she isn't now!"

Peter Kincaid said, "That's enough. . . ."

And it was. The answer had been there all the time—a small voice nagging in his mind. One plus one, it was as simple as that. He should have seen it on the long-ago day when Paula had told him of her plans for divorce; or when Deputy Warden Hill had placed the call and her husky voice had come whispering over the wire.

He'd had the facts in his hands, all the facts. Paula had told him, as plainly as she could, the night at Twin Hills, and he'd thrown it back at her. He remembered, now, how the white lines had appeared at her mouth—suddenly, as though cut there by a whip. He'd hurt her, as only the blind can hurt those who love them. And Paula had loved him. Gentle, smiling, little Paula—one of the real people; one of the few who go all the bitter way, asking nothing in return. . . .

PETER KINCAID stood quite still. The breath ran out of his lungs. His hands caught the table edge so tightly the blood squeezed out of his fingers, leaving them as white as his face. Rage was in him, dark and alive, lifting in long muscles of his back, in the cords of his neck, in the upthrust of his jaw. Rage was in him—but not control—so he did not speak.

Ben Wood said, "It hurts, boy. It always does."

"Swell thing—love. Look what it does to you." There was smoky bitter-

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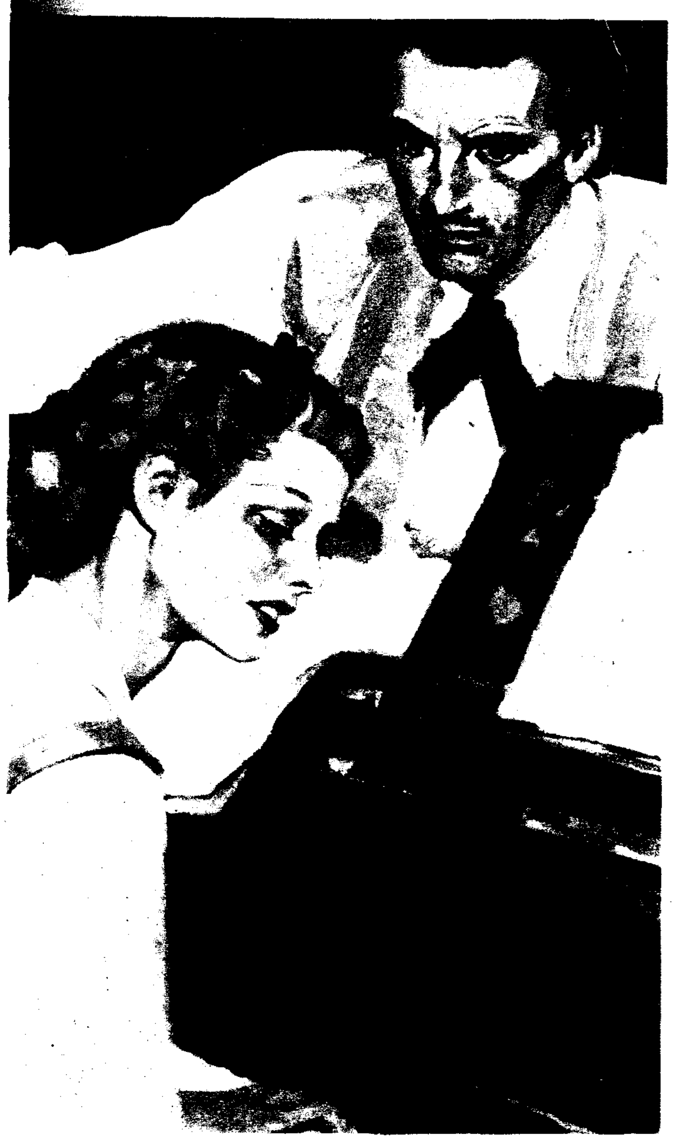
omplete NEW NOVEL

IN THIS ISSUE "Concerto"

BY BORDEN CHASE



HEAVEN HELP ME, thought Myra. I love a musician—a great one, the great Goronoff. But the man *is* a musician and therefore a beast.

Love him? How could she help it? True, he did terrible things there in Rio de Janeiro. He found a woman, tall and dark. And this Rio woman wasn't the first. She wouldn't be the last. But after each, the great fool would come running back to Myra like a frightened boy.

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How it feels TO PLAY BIG TIME FOOTBALL

Usually the trouble starts around noon on Friday. For football players like everyone else, have nerves. What do they do and think between then and kick-off time?

THIS DRAMATIC NOVEL AND

33

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ness in Marion Cantrill's voice, and her eyes were bright, though not with laughter. "It gets you, and then it kicks you—in the stomach. Depend on it, Peter Kincaid, that's the way it is."

Peter Kincaid said, "Sandstrom—" and the name was profane on his lips. "I'll get him for this if I have to use a gun. I will—I swear I will!"

Ben Wood nodded. "Sure, and get hung. Paula'd like that, after all she's done."

"You can't ask me to wait until . . ."

"You've got to wait," said Ben Wood. "He'll slip, sooner or later, and then we'll get him legally. There's no other way, boy. I know; I've seen them all."

Peter Kincaid dropped into a chair. "It's got to be done legally. I know that as well as you do, but for a minute . . ." He stopped and fumbled for a cigarette, and the yellow flame of his lighter splashed upward across a face gone hard. "Arrest me," he said. "Send me back to the . . . Big House for parole violation. Then Paula can leave Sandstrom, and . . ."

"Your job is here, boy. I need you."

Marion said: "Paula can handle Max. He'll never get within ten feet of her. She knows how to use the one weapon he can't face—laughter."

"I—I hope you're right."

"I know I am." Marion Cantrill turned. Her hand went out and, lightly, her finger tips brushed the dark cloth of Ben Wood's coat. "Old Ben," she murmured, "you take care of us all—you carry the world. . . ."

Ben Wood made no answer. None was needed.

"How long have you tried to get Sandstrom?" she asked.

He said, "Twelve years."

"As long as that—"

And with the words her mind went back and back to a distant day. Twelve years ago. She had been eighteen the night she met Ben Wood. She had been tired and cold and hungry. . . .

The street had been empty and dark. There'd been a slashing rain; wind-scuffed, shining puddles. The blurry lights and the blurry smells of a restaurant. The soap sign on the window: "Clam Chowder 15 Cents!" But she hadn't eaten clam chowder. She hadn't eaten anything—you don't when your purse holds only three wet pennies and a stub of lipstick.

TWELVE years ago . . . Ben Wood came out of the night to stand at her side. "Hungry, sister?" he asked, harshly. His face was ugly in the rain. Fear closed her throat. She'd seen too many other men—wanting something—she tried to run. Ben Wood caught her arm.

And then—a white table and a waiter and the ugly man who wasn't ugly when he smiled; who wanted, only, to buy food for a hungry girl. Laughter and tears got all tangled up. "I'll have . . . clam chowder," Marion said, "I like clam chowder. . . ." And the man who wasn't ugly any more watched her eat.

(To be concluded next week)

Passing Fancy

Continued from page 11

the people in the stands wanted to know.

Christman is the most relaxed gentleman who has ever played major-league football. He stands with his hands down and a look on his face that says any suggestion of an official nature will find him on the sward fast asleep. The only thing that convinces his teammates of his good intention is a line of talk that goes on endlessly. He chats with his pals, he ribs his enemies in a gentle fashion, eventually ending by having them in a froth. In the Kansas State game it took four plunges for Elmer Hackney, the "one-man gang" and great shot-putter, to put the ball over from the three-yard line. As he finally made it and lay panting on the turf, Mr. Christman commented sadly:

"This is a good lesson to me to stop reading the papers. I hear all this about Mr. Hackney being a big strong boy and now look at him."

Paul's brother, Mark Christman, is an infielder with the St. Louis Browns, having been part of the big deal with Detroit last year, and Paul is a lusty clouter and an agile first baseman in his own right. The big-league scouts were crowding him closely last summer but they aren't going to get him into baseball till his football career is over.

What he is really doing is getting himself a degree in the physical education course, which will entitle him to coach after he is done playing. He is working his way through Missouri by acting as clerk for Phil Bengston, the line coach. There is no indication that Mr. Christman is getting lop-shouldered from bending over a desk, but officially he is Mr. Bengston's secretary and has been known to jot down many complicated figures with a right merry flourish of the quill.

He opened the season against Colorado last year by throwing a pass to Robb, the fullback, for a touchdown and then lugging the ball across himself. As a passer, he is strictly not Pavlowa. Instead of weaving all over the landscape like the fancy boys, he drifts back a step or two, plants himself and lets the oncoming gentry bounce off him till he gets ready to throw. He hurls a "soft" pass, with just enough zip on it to give his receivers a lead. Some of his pay-off shots even wobbled on their way but they always got there and the testimony is complete that he can put them where he wants them.

Many of his passes were aimed at Bob and Roland Orf, the amazing and baffling twins who played end for Missouri, but the big wow of the season were his passes to Jim Starmer, 155-pound back, who is a trackman and a flash. This combination clicked for twenty-three completed passes, all of them on the play where Christman started for the right, turned and heaved to Starmer off on the left. They put two of these little surprises across on Kansas State but it was when Missouri met Iowa State that the critics really fell for Christman.

A Good Man in a Pinch

The Iowans were enjoying their best season in years and were laying for the new wonder, rushing the be-heck out of him on every play. Once, when almost the whole Iowa State team was through on him, he started a pass that hit an opponent's arm before he could get it away. The ordinary player would have lost the ball right there but not Christman. Although the ball hit an opponent, he never gave up his grip on it. While everybody within ten miles was going nuts with excitement, he calmly drew back again, took plenty of time, found an opening in the mass of flailing arms and bodies and heaved a completed shot for another 25-yard gain. He was hit at least four times, and hit proper, before he got the ball away.

Against Nebraska he was a riot. Missouri hadn't beaten the Cornhuskers

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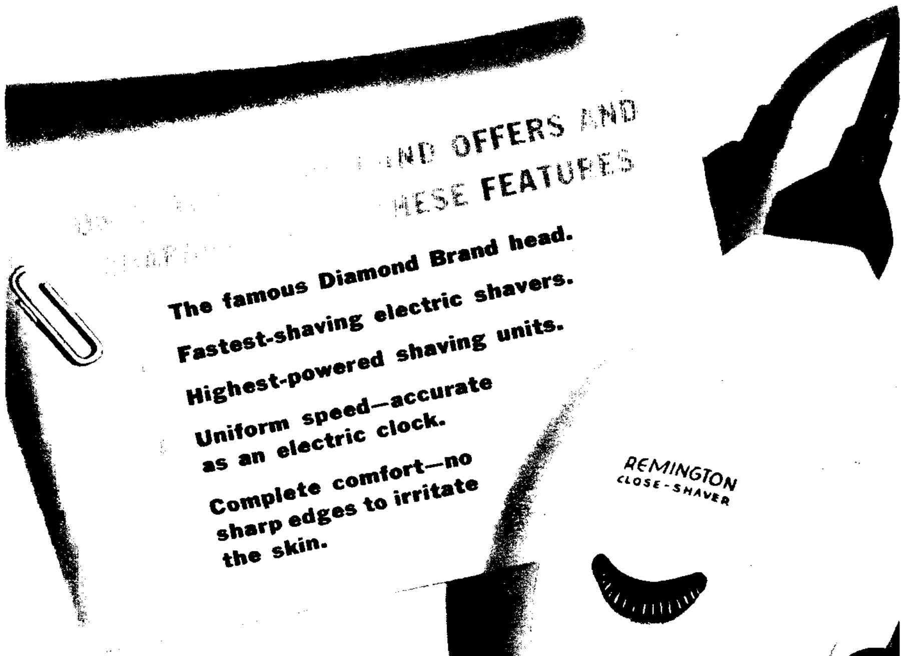
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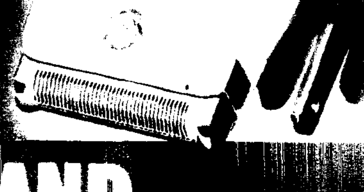

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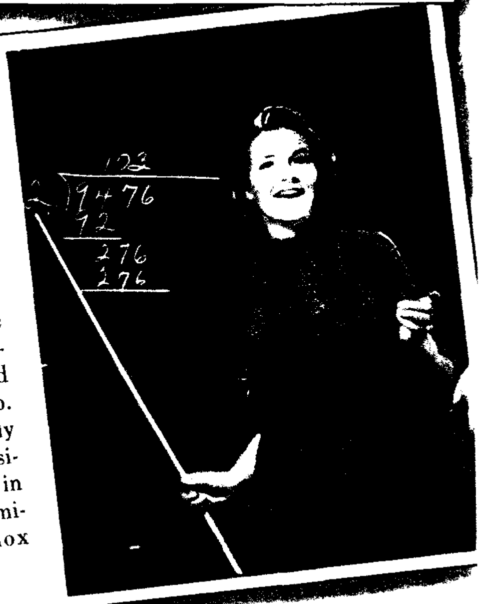

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since 1927 and when Nebraska started off with a field goal it looked like the old thing again. When Missouri got the ball on the next kickoff, Christman tried one pass that was incomplete, and then passed for thirty yards complete, passed again for another thirty, bluffed a run through the line, backed up and tossed the old reliable to Starmer for the touchdown. Four plays and a score. When "German Herman" Rohrig of Nebraska took the second-half kickoff ninety-six yards for a touchdown, Christman came right back with four complete passes and a plunge from the three-yard line for a score. Five plays and the game! By this time the sports guys were beginning to perk up about the big Dane.

He beat Michigan State by barging through from the seven-yard marker with four opponents around his neck, à la Bronko Nagurski. What really showed that he was a human being was the smacking around Missouri got from the strong Oklahoma gang. It was a 21-0 shellacking and Paul gulped hard and shed a few tears in the dressing room. He picked up 150 yards during the encounter, which was considerable going against that competition, but that didn't please him because he is strictly a money player, a bird who likes it best when the roof seems about to cave in on him.

Coming from behind has always been his meat and he had plenty of chance for it against Kansas when the ancient rival opened almost immediately with a touchdown. Soon after Christman took a punt and gave it on reverse to Starmer who got forty yards. Still later Christman grabbed another punt, bluffed a pass to Starmer but kept the ball himself and started down the middle of the field with it. He ran seventy-three yards for a touchdown, with Kansas men all around him.

That ended a great season for the articulate gentleman. Although in high school he was continually busting his hand by falling on it with the fingers spread out, he went through the college season unhurt, playing an average of fifty-six minutes a game. The only trouble he had was from the incessant forward passing, which tired his arm so much that he eventually saved all his energies for the week-end games, a thing that pleased him immensely because he is probably the worst player ever heard of in practice. He is almost entirely a pressure player, being the coolest baby ever invented when the going is tough. He makes every excuse to duck practice, loafs around in a half daze if they finally get him out for it and saves all his steam for Saturday.

Iowa State had a big guard, Ed Bock, who was making all the tackles in the Missouri backfield. After he had dumped Christman with vigor for about the nineteenth time, Paul looked up at him from the ground.

"My boy," he suggested forlornly, "why don't you rest on your laurels?"

Christman's career was started by his brother Mark, who for years was not allowed to play football by his mother. When she finally relented she said: "Well, you can try it, but if you get hurt, you can't play any more and Paul can't start playing." Mark came through short of death and also had words of advice for his kid brother. The rest was done by Coach Ben Douglas at Maplewood, who changed him from a side-arm to an overhead passer.

"Every time you throw that ball, hit yourself on your right ear with your hand," advised Douglas, and Christman carried out the orders and became a real passer. As a high-school player he was too slow as a runner and even now he isn't a speed boy. This spring Coach Faurot at Columbia had him working on his punting but Paul didn't seem to improve.

"I got worse," he reports truthfully. "Couldn't even spiral them after a while."

But nobody at Missouri is worrying about that, knowing what a lunk he invariably is at practice. "Just wait till he gets in the clutch," they say confidently. "He'll boot one out of the county."

But Not a Dizzy Dean

Around the college he is a typical Siwash boy, wearing a crew haircut, doggy saddle shoes with alternate white and black colors, elevating his hat in front like Joe Penner and dancing with all the abandon of one in a trance. If the gal wants to drag him, the pleasure is all hers; he isn't going to get excited. But everybody at Columbia, Missouri, wants it distinctly understood that Christman is not a Dizzy Dean. He talks but he doesn't hold forth in extenso about his charms, he doesn't boast, he doesn't insist on getting out there so he can annihilate the enemy. His only statement after he recovered from the shock of the Oklahoma game was: "Verily; I stinketh."

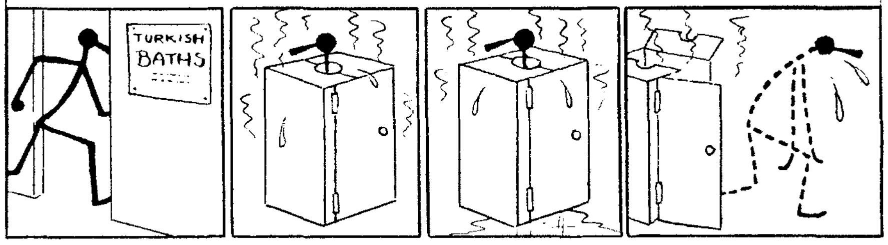
He started the present season with three touchdowns against Colorado and then was stopped cold by Ohio State, which was far too strong for the Missouri outfit. The next big test intersectionally will be against New York University. If he does well there and has his usual season in the conference, his Missouri pals will be clamoring for All-America recognition. In any event, he is a big threat now and all enemies will be laying for him.

His sentiments in this respect were well stated last year in the Washington U. game when an old high-school opponent, Yore of University City High, St. Louis, was playing guard for Washington. In an effort to halt Christman's passing, Washington was dropping back its guards to add to its pass defense. Faced with this, Christman merely altered the attack and started popping through the holes in the line for six yards at a clip, that being the approximate distance he had to go before reaching the guards. After a dozen of these forays he stopped his general line of happy chatter long enough to remark gratefully to Yore:

"Thanks for waiting for me so patiently," he said.

And that will undoubtedly be the spirit in which he welcomes the rowdy gentlemen who will be coming through to smack him this year. He may not enjoy their coming but nothing will stop him from saying that he does. Nothing will ever stop him from saying anything.

HAIRLINE HARRY



ALAN FOSTER

Under Chitna's Clouds

Continued from page 19

He'd sent Chips out to climb the east face of Chitna. Mr. Hallen knew why. So, probably, did Mona.

"It isn't often," said Tommy Carteret's smooth baritone, "that I can actually see what I get for my money. I told Chips I'd back him in a Mount McKinley climb if he could make the east face of Chitna, here. He took me up, and I can actually watch him do it, except when the clouds interfere. But the damned clouds cut him off so much that it's costing too much per minute!"

He laughed. Other voices laughed, too. He was very rich. Mr. Hallen bent his eyes to his book. The climbers were in trouble. He knew it. Apparently no one else did.

Mr. Hallen looked stolidly at his book. He heard footsteps drawing near. Then he heard Mona Dale's voice. It was studiedly calm:

"Do you think he's going to make it, Tommy?"

"He?" repeated the smooth baritone amusedly. "There are four of them. Say *they*, Mona. They may make it—I don't know. I told him I'd find money for a Mount McKinley expedition if he'd prove he and those three chaps with him were up to it. He assured me they were. I told him I wanted proof. When he asked what sort of proof, I suggested the east face of Chitna. So he's trying it."

"Nobody's ever climbed the east face, Tommy!"

"I know." Tommy Carteret's voice was a shade less smooth. "That's not my affair. If Chips tries the east face and gets hurt, it's his funeral."

"It's likely to be," said Mona quietly. "I wish you hadn't, Tommy."

His voice, then, was not smooth:

"I'd reason to, don't you think?"

SHE did not answer. Mr. Hallen heard their footsteps die slowly away down the terrace.

Mr. Hallen turned a page. He was not reading. He was remembering. He'd seen Chips meet Mona Dale. Pudgy Green introduced them—Pudgy, the hopeless dub at climbing, who revered Chips as the best man in America at that balanced climbing which is the most hair-raising yet useful trick of the alpinist. He brought Chips up and said reverently, "Mona, this is Chips Hardesty. You've heard of him! Chips is—"

Mona did not hear the rest. Neither, most likely, did Chips. They looked at each other and something happened. Something immediate and unalterable and irrevocable. And nothing would ever be quite the same to those two again. Mr. Hallen knew. Anybody could have known, looking at them. It was just as simple as that.

But that was two days ago. And two nights since. . . .

Two nights since Mr. Hallen sat on the terrace in a vast, impassive stillness. He smoked, bulky and aloof in his steamer chair. There was music inside the inn; it contrasted weirdly with the look of things outside. Rhythmic bedlam in the resort of men. Serene silence among the mountains; silence which had the quality of a frozen melody.

From time to time people came from the ballroom into the outer stillness. Men and girls, always. Never men alone, nor girls. Mr. Hallen remained silent and impassive and self-contained. He heard secrets, out on the terrace, and gave no sign that he was not deaf. He saw kisses, and gave no indication that he was not blind.

Then Chips came out with Mona Dale. They came to the edge of the terrace. They stood there in silence. Mona looked at the distant snow slopes. Chips looked at her. He frowned.

"I just heard you're engaged to that Carteret fellow. How'd it happen?"

"Why shouldn't it happen?"

"Shall I tell you?" asked Chips.

"No, don't!" said Mona quickly. She paused. "He asked me to marry him, and I didn't know anybody else who meant anything to me. So I said yes. Why not?"

Chips admitted wryly, "There wasn't any reason, then."

"And I'm going to marry him. There's still no reason not to."

"If you can't think of any, then there aren't any," said Chips. "Do you want to go back in again?"

HE TURNED, but she stood still. She said defensively, "If you'd ever been poor—"

"I am poor," said Chips. "Why not? Most people are, compared to Carteret. I have lots of fun though. Or I thought I did."

She said abruptly, "What do you want more than anything else?"

"Until I came here," said Chips, "I wanted to climb Mount McKinley. The three fellows with me are good. I trained them. We could make the climb, but it would take an expedition and supplies and so on, and we can't manage that. So we climb where we can, and polish up our technique—and eat our hearts out thinking about the place we'd like to use it.

"I said," went on Chips grimly, "that's what I wanted before I came here. Do you want to know what I want most now?"

Again Mona said quickly, "No! Don't tell me!" Then she added passionately, "What I want is to be rich. So I'm going to marry Tommy. I want to be rich!"

"I think," said Chips, "that's a lie."

"I'm going to make it true," said Mona.

The door from the ballroom opened. Someone came out. Chips did not notice. He said grimly, "You can't make it true. The same thing happened to you that happened to me, the minute I first saw you."

"Maybe it did," said Mona, "but I can cure it and I will!"

"I couldn't," said Chips, more grimly still, "and I don't think you can."

Mona stirred restlessly and did not answer. Chips said most grimly of all, "If we stay out here I'll probably kiss you. And you'll like it. We'd better go in."

Mona hesitated. "I might not like it."

"But I shan't try it," Chips told her savagely, "because you're engaged to Carteret. Just an eccentricity of mine. We're going in!"

They went in. Mr. Hallen looked out at the mountains. Where his steamer chair was placed, there was but little light. They had not seen him. Now the man who'd come out alone did not see him either. That man struck a match and lighted a cigarette. It was Tommy Carteret. He was scowling. He inhaled savagely, twice, and threw the cigarette away.

That was two nights ago.

TODAY, Mr. Hallen was the first to notice that the cloud had moved away again from Chitna. He put down his book with a vast deliberation. In an impassive fashion he trained his telescope upon the mountain flank.

The climbing party had made another fifty feet, perhaps. They clung like flies to the wall. For ten minutes, for fifteen,

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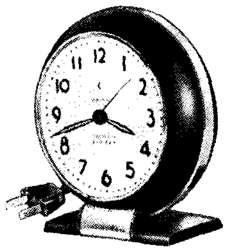

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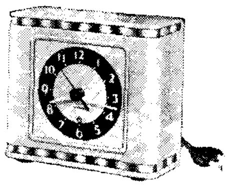

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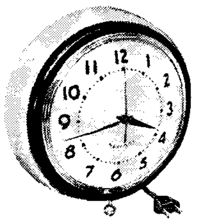

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the leader did not advance a foot. But every so often his arms made a spasmodic movement. At the end of that time he suddenly made what looked like an abrupt leap sidewise. Actually, of course, he had used a rope snubbed around a rock to enable him to swing from a quite impossible place to one that was merely impracticable. He made himself secure. And suddenly, in the telescope's field, Mr. Hallen saw what looked like a vertical streak of tiny puffs of vapor. He knew what had happened, of course. The rope or the man had loosened a delicately balanced boulder. It went grinding and bouncing horribly down the cliff face—making spurts of rock dust where it touched—to end in a screaming drop to the screes at the base of the mountain.

Then voices. A girl's voice:

"Mona, do you see them? . . . Are they moving fast? . . . Can you see Chips?"

No answer save a babble of more voices than one. Mr. Hallen did not turn his head. Mona Dale had been watching through one of the terrace telescopes. The leader of the climbing party was motionless now. Very slowly and very painfully the second man wormed upward. The third man. The fourth. The leader went upward once more. Inch by inch.

A voice down the terrace: "What do you call that kind of climbing? Pudgy Green said—"

MR HALLEN watched the climbing party. The leader again found himself at a place that was absolutely impossible. For five minutes, for ten, he seemed to be motionless. Actually, for a longer time than that he had been looking for a possible way to go higher.

Now he descended. He went down twenty-five feet or more. Once he slipped. Ten feet. He pulled himself back with oddly awkward gestures. Then he teetered and suddenly made a curiously light and swift dart across sheer nothingness. That was balanced climbing, in which a man moves swiftly over footholds too tiny to support him for five consecutive seconds, but which will sustain him as long as he keeps in motion. It is like dancing. It is like skating on thin ice. It is a little like tightrope walking. But on a mountainside there may be a drop of thousands of feet below the man who tries that trick. There was here.

The leader came to a halt and hugged the rock. The second man began to move.

Mr. Hallen put down his telescope. There had been a storm cloud over the Brothers some time back. It was gone now. Baldy was wreathed in mist. Pudgy Green had climbed Baldy. Many times. Pudgy had climbed Mount Streicher, too, and the Otter, but the Brothers were beyond him. He'd climbed Chitna, though—but by the easy route.

With all the passion for climbing that the greatest of alpinists might possess, Pudgy was hopelessly mediocre. An ice ax was an instrument by which Pudgy wore himself out, but with which he could not cut ice steps that would hold. Crampons served him well enough, but Pudgy could never tell when a piton was fast and when it would pull out at the slightest jerk. And Pudgy could climb a chimney, but only with such awkwardness that fifty feet of it reduced him to pitiable exhaustion.

Mr. Hallen remembered. Yesterday morning Pudgy had come upon Chips. Chips was smoking, looking somberly out at the mountains. Pudgy was vastly respectful to and infinitely admiring of Chips.

"Uh, listen, Chips," said Pudgy, "one of the fellas with you was talking about McKinley. Said the four of you'd like to tackle it. Only been climbed twice. That's right, ain't it?"

"Yes," said Chips. "But we're broke, all four of us. So we just bull around to each other about how we'd set about climbing McKinley, and figure on the thing, and then we say, 'What the hell!' and try to forget it."

"Uh—listen!" said Pudgy again, anxiously. "If somebody were to put up the money for a try at McKinley, would you —uh—take it?"

"Surely!" said Chips. "I could put up an argument to prove it ought to be done, too. Why? Do you know a millionaire?"

"Yes," said Pudgy. "Tommy Carteret. I was talking to him. I told him you were the best climber in America, and it was a shame nobody'd tried the new climbing tricks on McKinley. He listened. Said he wasn't a climber himself, but he could see it might be worth doing."

"No dice," said Chips regretfully. "I'd try dry-nursing a beginner up some places, but not McKinley."

"He doesn't want to go," insisted Pudgy. "He just said he might put up for supplies and such for an expedition if the right people went on it."

Chips hesitated a long time. Then he said dryly, "Somebody ought to go up. I'll talk to him. But I won't try to sell myself for the party. I know two or three men who could do better."

Pudgy said confidently, "You sell him on the idea of the climb, and I'll sell him on the one to do it. That's you, Chips. I'll attend to that!"

Chips went with him, reluctant enough but inevitably thinking of the three he had trained to climb. Mr. Hallen gave no sign that he had heard a word. But he remembered.

That was yesterday. Today Chips was close indeed to the summit of Chitna by the eastern face, and he was in trouble.

The storm cloud that had been over by the Brothers still hung together. It was a dark cloud, a nasty cloud. A dubious misty stuff whirled under it. Chitna, however, was unobscured. Mr. Hallen took up his telescope.

The climbers were higher. The leader was no more than two hundred feet from the top of the cliff, and the top of the cliff meant the ascent completed. But they were not moving. There was sheer wall to the right and left, and sheer wall above, and sheer empty space below. But the important thing was that the climbers did not move.

Fingers of mist drifted past, between them and the Valley Inn. It blotted them out and partly revealed them, and blotted them out again. Mr. Hallen put down the telescope.

Voices, down the terrace:

"Resting, I suppose. . . . They're almost up. . . . Why don't they finish? We ought to give them a dinner for climbing Chitna by the east face. . . . Nobody ever did that before, did they?"

MR. HALLEN heard footsteps near his steamer chair. The smooth baritone of Tommy Carteret.

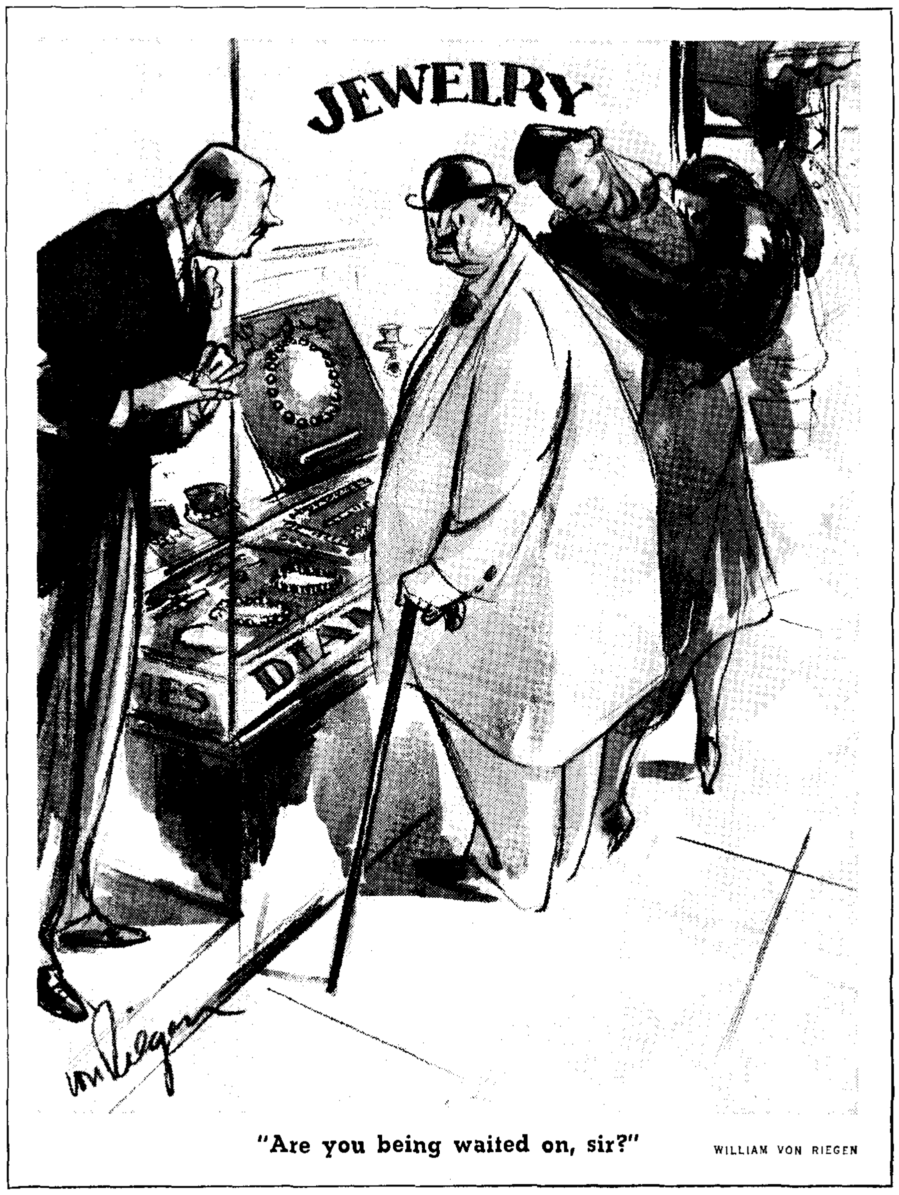
"I'll make good on it," he was saying sulkily. "I wouldn't have minded if he'd broken his neck, but I'll pay up. . . . What's the damned expedition going to cost me, anyhow?"

Mona Dale, sounding as if she had trouble breathing:

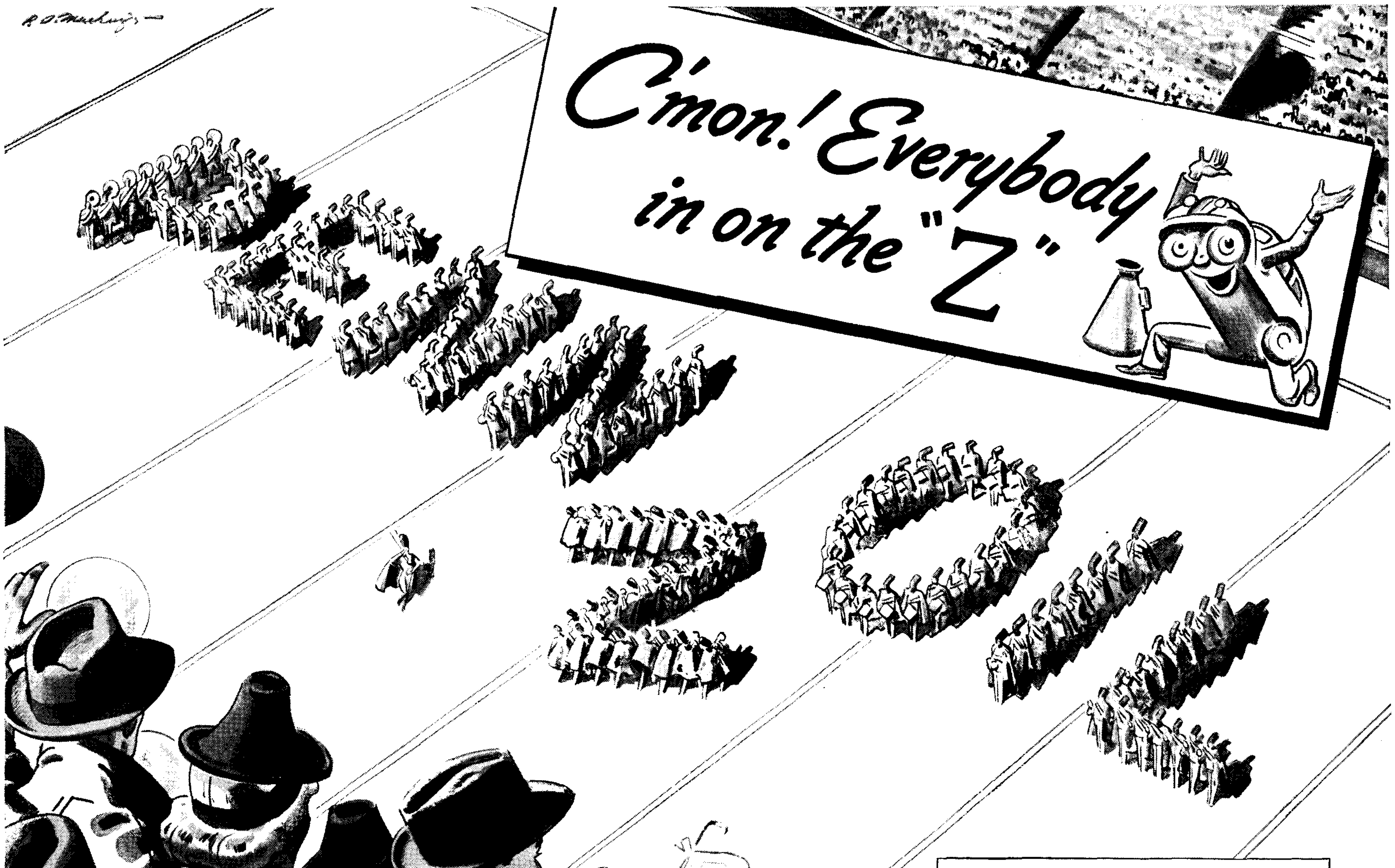
"They—they're not up yet. . . . Pudgy Green said the last few hundred feet were the worst. . . . I wish you hadn't sent him, Tommy. . . ."

The footsteps went on. Ten minutes passed. Fifteen. Twenty. Then exclamations. Chitna was not in the clear again. There was merely a gap in the cloud stratum that hid its peak. Mr. Hallen looked quickly.

The four climbers were exactly where



"Are you being waited on, sir?" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN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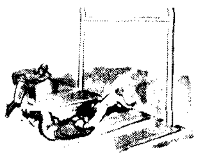

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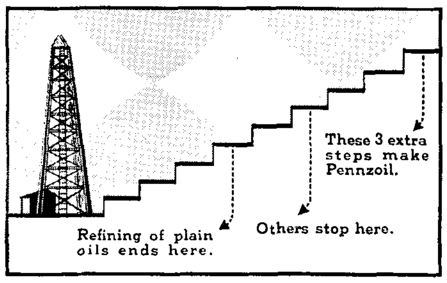
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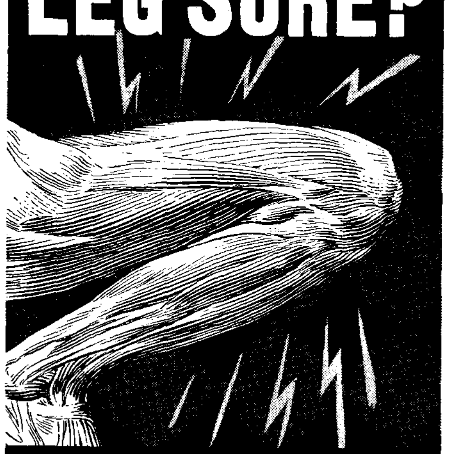

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they had been before. They had not moved. They could not climb down, now. And Mr. Hallen knew by their immobility that they could not climb up. And they could remain there but so long. It was cold, up by the summit of Chitna. Their footholds were minute. Their handholds mere crevices.

The cloud covered them again. There was swirling stuff below it. Perhaps it was snow. Then, buffeted by the fierce wind of a mountain storm, they would cling with fingers and toes to such tiny handholds as they had, while a voracious, biting cold devoured their strength. Perhaps it was sleet. Then every inch of rock would be sheathed in ice. Even Baldy was treacherous after a sleet storm. The east face of Chitna, sheathed in ice, would not be merely impossible. It would be murderous.

Something of the truth came gradually to the watchers by the terrace telescopes. Voices argued shrilly. Pudgy Green was quoted as authority that Chips was the greatest climber in the world. But other voices quoted cases on the Breithorn and the Charmoz and the Eigerwand. They narrated tragedy after tragedy.

Then a cry: "The cloud's moved away!"

SILENCE for an instant. Mr. Hallen's telescope was trained on the tip of Chitna. He saw first what the others saw later.

The climbers had not moved. There was literally nowhere for them to move to. The face of the cliff was now coated with a hoary glaze that was sleet and hail combined. It would be uncertain footing on the smoothest of level ground. On a vertical cliff, with a rocky overhang above . . .

The four climbers were in view for almost half an hour. They made no movement of any sort that could be detected by the telescopes.

Clouds hid them from sight again. Voices raised in argument. The top of Chitna could be reached by a relief party, to be sure. There was an easy-chair route, past Baldy. But no relief party could conceivably get there in time. The four climbers hung on. But ultimately they must relax. When they relaxed, they died.

There was a crowd about the telescopes down the terrace. Mr. Hallen sat outwardly impassive, but he knew when Tommy Carteret led Mona away from the constantly enlarging morbid group that waited for evidence that the tragedy was complete.

"You look," said Tommy Carteret fretfully, "as if the man were your best friend! It's not my fault that he made a fool of himself and is paying for it! You're making yourself conspicuous!"

"You—sent him up there," said Mona. Her voice sounded as if her throat ached.

"I had damned good reason to send the fool somewhere!" said Tommy Carteret explosively. "The way he talked, and you let him—"

"You—heard us talking?" asked Mona drearily.

"I heard plenty!" snapped Tommy. "I had plenty of excuse to raise hell with you. But when Pudgy suggested what he did, I simply fell in with his suggestion and asked for proofs!"

There was silence, save for footsteps and an uneasy shuffling down the terrace. Bright sunshine shone on the Valley Inn, but streaky, falling stuff misted half the columnar mass of Chitna, and the rest was blotted out entirely.

The storm cloud seemed to linger longest about the place where the climbers had been. When it drew away from there, though, it moved with a dramatic suddenness.

The cliff face was bare. There were no climbers on it. The east face of Chitna was empty.

A little awestruck murmur from down the terrace. Then a hum of half-hushed talk. Then he heard a sob. Then he heard Tommy Carteret's voice, low-toned and waspish.

"You're making a fool of yourself!" it said savagely. "The thing's not my fault! Dammit, if you'd put him in his place when he tried to talk romance to you—why, I'd never have dreamed—"

Mona's voice said fiercely, "You mean you asked him to climb Chitna because you were jealous? You hoped he'd be killed? You—"

"I had devilish good reason to be jealous," said Tommy Carteret no less fiercely, "and I won't stand being blamed for anything that's happened to him. If anybody's to blame, you are!"

Then, quite suddenly, there was a very peculiar sound. It was a sort of thud, and it was a sort of smacking sound, and it was followed by a gasp. Mr. Hallen turned his head and looked impassively at the source of the noise.

Mona Dale's fist was still clenched. Despairingly, desperately, in a horrible, helpless rage, she had clenched her fist and struck Tommy Carteret in the face. The blow was unskilled. It did no great damage. But Tommy Carteret gasped in blank amazement and a vast, incredulous resentment.

Mona fled from him, sobbing without hope.

Mr. Hallen spoke suddenly: "Miss Dale!"

She ignored him, running blindly with utterly despairing sobs bubbling in her throat. She would pass him. He caught her arm. He looked acutely and horribly embarrassed, but resolved.

"Listen to me!" he said firmly. "Pudgy Green worships this young man Chips. He went with the climbing party to watch it start. And then he went around the regular, easy-chair route past Baldy, to get to the top to congratulate Chips, when he should reach it, on being the first man to climb Chitna's eastern face."

Mona's sobs stopped. Her breath ceased. She stared, terrified, afraid to hope.

"He reached the summit a little while ago," said Mr. Hallen calmly. "I saw him on the back route, almost at the top, the last time the clouds drew away. A few seconds ago I saw the entire party on the way down. On the regular route, not where anyone else would look. Pudgy Green went to the edge of the cliff to see how near Chips was to the top. He found him caught hopelessly within reach of a good long alpine rope. I imagine he dropped that rope and helped them over the edge."

MONA caught her breath in heartbreaking relief and joy.

"It would be quite possible," said Mr. Hallen remotely, "for you to get a car and go to meet him. That is for you to decide. I do not believe in meddling."

Mona did not thank him. She could not. She said something incoherent and turned and ran again. This time she did not sob at all. And it was surely no more than two minutes before a car tore away from the Valley Inn and headed west on the road that led to the bottom of the ordinary trail up Chitna.

Mr. Hallen settled himself impassively in his chair again. He picked up his book and opened it. He did glance around him, once, but it was with a forbidding air of self-sufficiency. He looked impassive and completely aloof. He was magnificently remote from all other humans, though in the midst of them.

Nobody spoke to him. Nobody ever did. And Mr. Hallen lifted his book firmly to a comfortable reading position and, with an air of profound satisfaction, read in it.

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Boss of the Bush

Continued from page 22

hole in a clay bed, where he'll stay until he's healed, the clay having curative properties, at least for a bear.

This strange, natural arrangement, coupled with the fact that the bear is by all odds the smartest animal in the woods to begin with, makes him a tricky problem to slay in any real numbers. That is why, when it's open season on him, it's all the way open. There's no limit on the bag either as to numbers or size through the months of October and November.

Commissioner Stobie, who has spent thirty years in the great woods and who has as quick an eye and as keen an ear as any woodsman since Hiawatha, says that in all his career, he has shot but five bears, and at most could have bagged but two more. Last year, approximately 96,000 gunners bought hunting licenses in Maine, most of them the $15.15 big-game licenses, too, and for all that artillery, only eighty-eight bruins bit the dust.

It isn't that they are scarce. There's an estimated 30,000 of them up there in the woods. It's only that they're hard to get, and how hard to get! Even if you rule out the insulation against gunfire as incidental or synthetic because it requires man's legal assistance, there are several other fairly amazing matters. Take the matter of birth, for instance.

Sleeping It Off

Here's Nature's perfect example of twilight sleep. The cubs, usually two, but sometimes four, are born while the mother is enjoying her long winter's nap and she is completely unaware that the stork has paid her a visit until approximately a month later. The bear cub is the smallest animal born in relation to the size of the mother. When brand new, they're about the size of the common rat, and they make out on their own for a month until the mother wakes up.

So completely unaware of their existence during this period is she that they can be taken from her, played with, photographed, even taken on visits and finally put back. She doesn't know the difference and doesn't move a paw. Try that a month later and she'd tear you apart, fighting you to the death against no matter what odds. She watches them fondly then, and talks to them occasionally, and occasionally too, she snatches up one that's naughty and whales the living daylights out of it. Bears are old-fashioned folk.

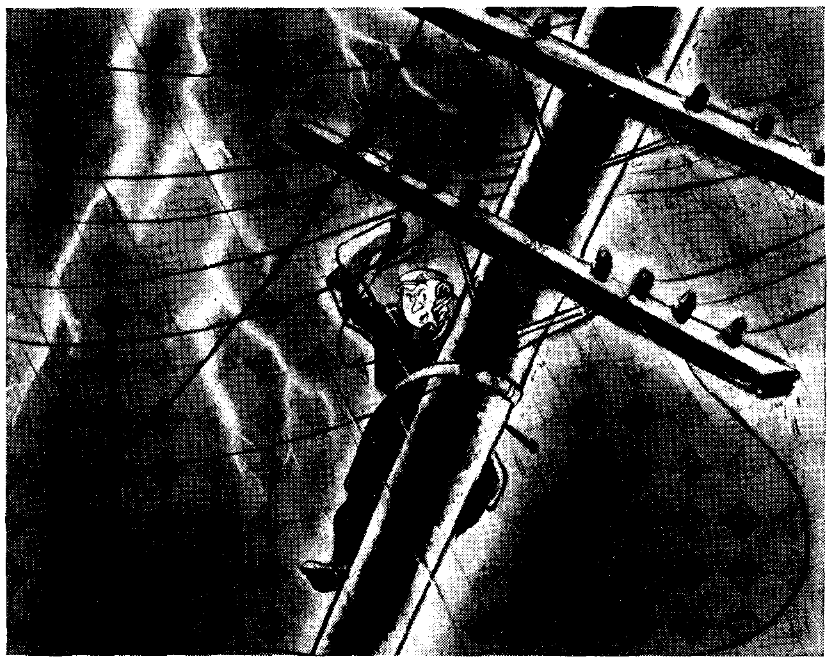
The bear's chassis looks awkward, but it's strong as steel and it's fast. It's topped with a broad skull, heavy jaws and a tapering snout. The traction is four powerful legs tipped with heavy-duty claws, the tensile strength of which is almost unbelievable. A bear, raiding a woodsman's camp, for instance, will frequently take a can of condensed milk, hold it with one paw and rip the top off with the claws of the other. It's sweet, you see, and that's his major weakness.

Herbivorous, carnivorous and omnivorous, he rivals the goat in matters of spread-eagle diet. He even fancies several items that would turn a goat with any imagination pale, anthills, for instance, and hornets' nests, preferably garnished with the living and thoroughly outraged inhabitants. You'd think the clumsy bumpkin would get himself stung to death. He doesn't and won't. Bees and hornets can't sting him. His fur is too long and too thick.

He eats roots and shoots, raspberries, blueberries and, if he can find a nest of wild honey, he's in positive heaven. If worse comes to worst—say in the late spring when the picking is thin and the ice has hung on—he may kill a deer, or raid a sheep pasture or pigsty. He's thin and ravenous when he first wakes up from that sleep, and that's generally when the farmers and camp owners have most trouble with him.

But consider how all this special equipment enables him to live off the land the year around! He can dig or tear flesh with those powerful claws. He can root with his nose into burrows or anthills, or stick his tapering tip into hollow logs for honey, his favorite delicacy. He can even climb trees almost as fast, if not quite as gracefully, as any monkey if something aloft, say a beehive or a hornet's nest, seems worth investigating, or merely for the view or the exercise.

You'd never believe it from his normal third speed, which is a lumbering sort of ding-toed gallop, but he's a regular Jesse Owens when it comes to a sprint. He can easily outrun a deer for short dis-



"Tch! Tch! That's too bad, lady, and you were trying to get your hairdresser!" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

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● Feet tire easily? Maybe it's your stiff shoes that prevent foot muscles from getting healthy exercise. Try walking in this Walk-Over. The "Athletic Action" of its built-in Spring Arch* helps stimulate circulation and build up your resistance to fatigue. PLYMOUTH, black or brown calf. Walk-Over prices $6.75 to $12.50. Higher West. Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass.

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TIN TOYS AND LITTLE BOYS! When tiny fingers and hands get nicked, treat the hurt properly. Then apply Band-Aid—to help protect the cut and keep dirt out. Band-Aid is a ready-made adhesive bandage. Just stick it on! And it *stays* on—even on hard-to-bandage surfaces. Be sure you get *genuine Band-Aid*. It's made *only* by Johnson & Johnson. Look for the red cross on the package.

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ADHESIVE BANDAGES

tances, and often does when he's ravenous—with fatal results to the deer. It's a short, desperate sprint, a swift swing of the heavy paw and the luckless deer goes reeling with a broken neck. The bear never misses, and he needs but one stroke. He knows just exactly where to swing his lethal club.

His broad, padded feet enable him to gallop successfully across mud, or, more especially, across crusted snow without loss of velocity, whereas the deer and similarly more sharply shod animals cut through and bog down, usually to their doom, in case of pursuit.

As a rule nothing in our woods will fight a bear. The lion may be king of beasts over where he comes from, but the bear is emperor of the animals up along our Canadian line.

When and if he does fight, however, he has a terrible advantage. That's his ability to rear and walk on his hind legs. He grasps his foe in a crushing embrace, and bears down, ripping and slashing with both teeth and claws. His great weight, his amazing strength, his agility and his heavy coat of fur make him too tough a proposition for anything in our woods.

Will he attack a human being?

The general answer is no, but under two conditions, yes. There's virtually no record of a black bear ever having made an unprovoked attack upon a human.

You may recall the testimony of that courageous New York Boy Scout, Donald Fendler, who became lost on the rugged side of Mount Katahdin last summer and fought his agonized way down to civilization after most of the front pages had long since given him up for dead. Somewhere in the daze and maze of his wanderings, he said, he had suddenly practically bumped noses with a big black bear.

"But I guess he was as scared as I was," commented the young explorer, "for he went about as fast one way as I did the other."

That's typical bear behavior. They'll go a long way to avoid an argument, and if you want the place where they are, you can have it.

When Bears Kill Men

But there are two occasions when they will attack human beings. The first is if they're wounded, or cornered and frightened. The second is the time-honored case of the mother protecting her cubs. And when they attack, they strike to kill. They don't fool.

The last fatalities of this sort occurred a couple of years ago at a filling station up on the Ellsworth-Bangor Road, where a proprietor kept a couple of husky specimens in a cage to attract the attention of potential customers who went wheeling past. When he cleaned the cage, he was accustomed to drive them into the back of it by jabbing their toes with his shovel.

This worked for a while, but on the fatal day it didn't. Apparently storing resentment up against this type of torment and finally reaching a climactic decision, this particular day, instead of squealing with pain and breaking ground, they reared and roared in, swinging to kill. The man's screams for assistance brought his helper, who made a gallant effort at rescue, but he, too, was swiftly swept into the bloody maelstrom of flying claws and ripping fangs. Both men were torn to pieces.

Their deaths, as it chanced, were a break for the bears. Maine promptly passed a law forbidding anybody in the state to cage a black bear without the personal permission of the fish and game commissioner and the paying of such a prohibitive license that two of the state's larger zoos are now the only places where you may see the native breed in captivity.

But you're likely to run across one almost anywhere in the open, which is to say in the woods. Or you may get the flash of two small red eyes in your headlights at night on some back-country road. That'll be a bear, but that's as close as you'll get. The light doesn't dazzle him, as it does a deer. You'll never exactly run over one.

It's where the bear tangles paths with the human, not as hunter and hunted but more or less as neighbors that things get funniest and likewise most exasperating. Opinions upon the desirability of the bruin as a citizen vary. The upcountry farmers and sheep growers consider him a doggoned nuisance. City folk and that portion of the constituency that has come to realize the tremendous value of out-of-state sporting business consider him a definite asset.

The state administration is officially agreed with the latter while trying to placate the former. The state definitely considers him a commercial asset, and so has officially made him a protected animal. This means a farmer can file a claim against the state for any damage a bear does, and if the investigation stands up, the victim is promptly reimbursed.

"Oh, boy! I got the Andrews sisters!"

JAY IRVING

It's not so much that he's a bad boy at heart as that he simply has an extremely vague conception of property rights. Food is all he's interested in when he breaks into a camp or some other repository, and he seems to have enough of the Fuehrer ideology in him to figure that anything belongs to anybody who can snatch it.

And there does seem to be evidence that bears can figure things out. Some of the wardens had a base of supplies, for instance, on Kibby Stream up in the Deep River country and it was necessary for them to cache considerable food in the place. Keeping the bears out promptly became a problem, for, given a claw hold around a door or a window, they'd tear it down or out—and did several times.

Eventually, the wardens outwitted them by lining the door and window edges with the blades of their cross-cut saws. This stymied the bruins, but they evidently did some figuring. Returning to the camp one day after a long tour of duty, the wardens found a hole as big as a hogshead torn out of the roof, and the larder sacked as completely as if an army had stopped there.

Shooting the bear for other than sport or protection of chattels is practically pointless. Bearskin coats and buggy robes were popular years ago, but all that has passed. An exceptional skin today will bring about $25. They're mostly used as rugs or trophies. Oil rendered from the fat has some commercial value for use in pomades. The older natives, too, claim it has powerful properties for curing rheumatism and sundry aches and sprains. Woodsmen use it for waterproofing their river-diving boots.

Bear meat isn't much eating either, although some profess to like it. The steaks and loins are the recommended parts, but, for whatever my testimony is worth, it tastes like a broiled sneaker sole.

Commissioner Stobie thinks the bear's extreme cuteness in the woods comes from a supersensitive sense of hearing. All fur-bearing animals have relatively poor eyesight, but their senses of smell and hearing are keen.

He thinks it's the bear's ear that gives him his quickest protection and he bases this upon a couple of experiences he had transporting bear in planes. They were perfectly all right, says he, until the engines were started, and, again, they were all right when the engines were stopped, but in between times they were practically insane.

Bruin Went Berserk

The worst experience was in trying to fly a half-grown 125-pounder from Maine to Boston, where it was to be inducted as the official Brown University football mascot at a big alumni banquet. The animal was friendly enough until the engines started roaring. Then with the plane in mid-air, he demolished his cage, and after Stobie succeeded in snapping the chain on his collar to the leg of a seat, he pulled the seat loose with his rearing and lunging and really went berserk.

It was a knock-down drag-out fight all the way from there to Boston. The inside of the ship was a wreck. Stobie, who's a tall, powerful man, was so badly stripped of clothing that he had to send for a change before he could leave the airport. The bear had been truly mad all through the flight, and still, when the pilot cut his motors and zoomed into a landing, the bear subsided completely and was as gentle as a kitten.

Later a cub acted in exactly the same fashion under similar circumstances. It's Mr. Stobie's theory that their sense of hearing is so abnormally sensitive that the roar of the motors was practically tearing their heads off.

If you're going to try to shoot a bear, don't attempt it with anything more delicate than a .30-30, a .32 or a .35 rifle, or, in foreign makes, the eight- or nine-millimeter models. Aim just back of the fore shoulders in a probe for the heart, and even if you hit it, you'd better shoot again to make sure. Some lunatics at times have sprayed bear with a hot gun. If they lost the ensuing foot race, the notices usually read, "Please Omit Flowers."

I'm not saying, you understand, that I'd like to be a bear, but if I had to make a change, I'd seriously consider him. Although there's a certain definite hazard in his scheme of existence, Nature has blessed him in so many ways that now that he's officially considered something to conserve rather than something to exterminate. He is healthier, happier and probably has more fun at less pains than many of the two-legged animals that go gunning for him. And certainly more security than those who go gunning for each other.

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A Special Shave Cream—It's Not a Soap, Needs No Brush!

Daily shaving leaves many men's faces raw and sensitive. Yet, because of his business and social status, one out of every 7 men must shave every day.

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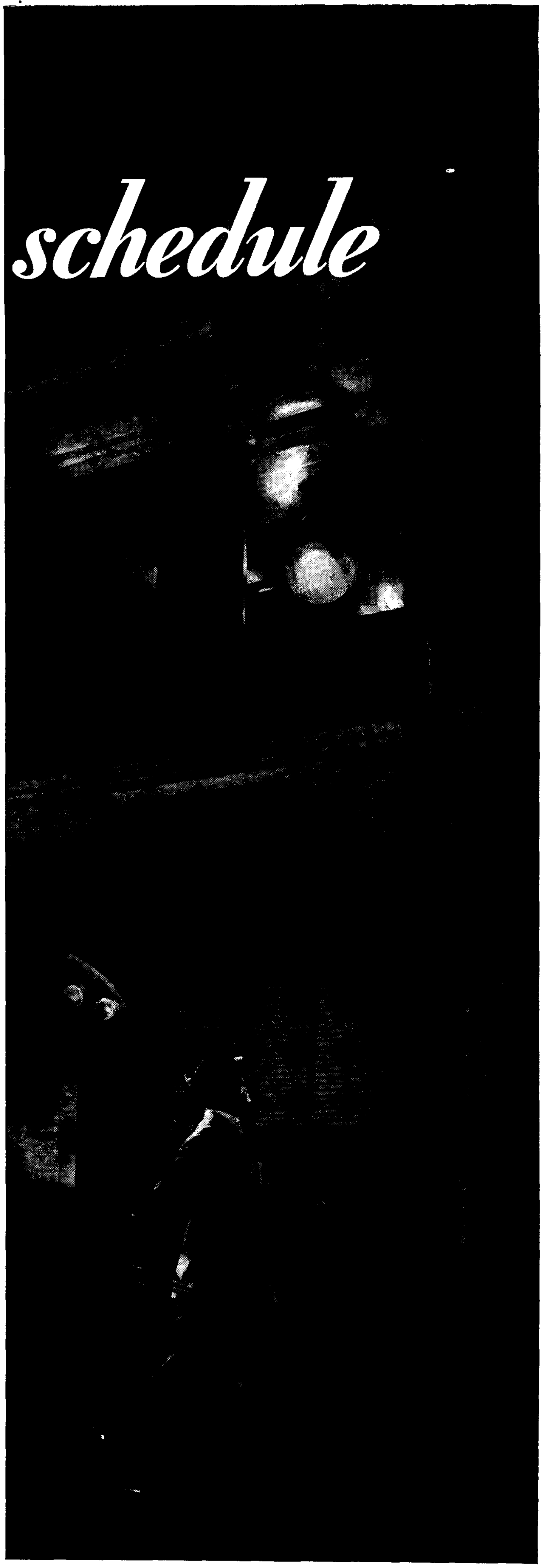
Fire.. *on schedule*



An early morning bus passenger saw the fire and gave the alarm

Do you ever take time to check the possibilities of serious fires in your community? Probably not, but others do it for you!

A survey of fire hazards and fire-fighting facilities in a certain mid-Western city a few years ago called attention to an important business district and warned:

> A fire in any one of the large area buildings could readily assume conflagration proportions and, under adverse conditions, involve the greater portion of the block.

A later report repeated this warning. Unfortunately, the remedies suggested were not taken. Early this year, fire broke out in a department store in this very block. Within 2½ hours most of the block was in ruins. Property damage of over $750,000 was not the only loss . . . stores lost valuable business, employees lost their jobs, and other businesses in their turn were affected adversely.

Such surveys of fire-fighting facilities and structural conditions are made without charge by The National Board of Fire Underwriters, a nation-wide organization maintained by 200 leading capital stock* fire insurance companies. It is one of many similar "plus" services that do not appear in your fire insurance policy.

As a result of this and other efforts to make life and property safer, fire losses have been reduced . . . and, in turn, the average fire insurance rate has been steadily lowered.

Have your local insurance Agent plan a "program" of insurance for you. It will help you to provide yourself with sound and adequate protection where it is most needed—and at a minimum of cost.

THE NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS, 85 John Street, New York • Est. 1866

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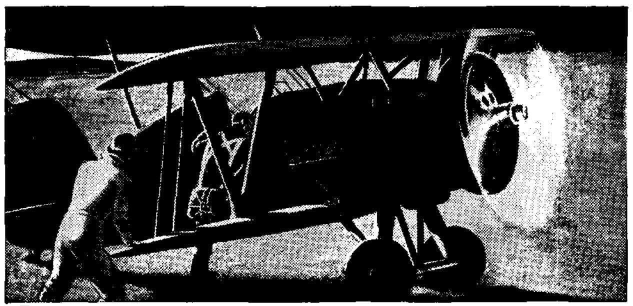
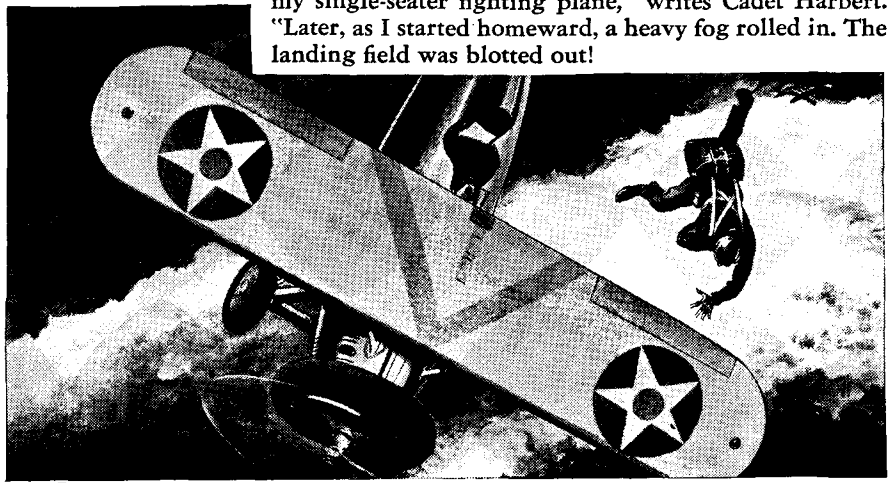
"I HAD TO BAIL OUT IN A PEA SOUP FOG!"

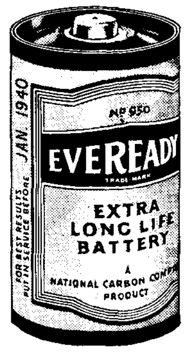
C. W. HARBERT
Aviation Cadet
Bristol, W. Va.



❶ **"I took off** from Pensacola on a night training flight in my single-seater fighting plane," writes Cadet Harbert. "Later, as I started homeward, a heavy fog rolled in. The landing field was blotted out!



❷ **"It was too dangerous**—for myself and those below—to attempt a landing. I had to bail out in that pea soup fog! Heading for open country, I circled at 5,000 feet until the gasoline gauge showed empty, then jammed the stick forward and catapulted into space!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EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
A NATIONAL CARBON CO. PRODUCT
FOR BEST RESULTS PURCHASE BEFORE

❸ **"I landed waist-deep** in the wide mouth of a river. Marooned by deep water on all sides, I grabbed my flashlight, and—*despite the soaking—it worked!* Guided by its beam, two fishermen eventually found and rescued me—thanks to 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries—which you can depend on in emergencies! *(Signed)* C. W. Harbert"

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The Crooked Cross

Continued from page 10

"I think I know how you feel about conditions in Germany today."

Braun pushed forward in his chair, then settled back, staring at his friend. It was difficult to think that an old friend like Schuler might be a provocateur, but it had to be thought. A man could not be too careful.

Schuler looked at him and smiled. "I know what you may be thinking. Don't be afraid, Hans. You can trust me as I am about to trust you." He began to speak more slowly, his voice almost a whisper. "For the past three years a few of us have been working against the present regime."

Braun was afraid he would continue but more afraid he would stop. Then he asked in a quavering voice, "What do you do?"

"Little things, just little things. But enough taps from a tack hammer will crumble a concrete wall."

THAT was enough to hear, enough! Even listening to such things was dangerous and Braun was about to say, "Please go now, Fritz, please!"

Schuler gave him no chance. "Hitler is the enemy today and no one else. If the German people realize that, they can help, they will help. But they must be told." He smiled at Braun. "That's why I'm here, Hans—to ask you to help."

"*Nein, nein,* I cannot!"

"Read this, Hans." Schuler took a sheet of paper from his pocket.

Braun opened a poorly printed leaflet. As he looked at it the words emerged slowly, then the sense. It said: "To all Germans! Never before has any government thrown a population to death for less sincere excuses. This war is unnecessary." Braun read to the finish: "The real enemies of Germany are Hitler and his henchmen!" He held the leaflet carefully but his hand was trembling, as if afraid it might burst into flame at any moment and burn his hand and his face and his body and his home. He asked, "What will you do with this?"

"We are having many thousands printed," Schuler said, "although it becomes more difficult every day to find paper and ink. We want to put a copy in every desk in every government office in Germany. That is why I ask you to help."

Braun shook his head. "I can't help, Fritz."

Schuler pointed to the parcel he had brought. "I hoped you would distribute these in your office. We must find new helpers today. So many of our friends are at the front—they will work there, but we need people at home."

Braun nodded but explained, "I've never taken any part in politics, Fritz. And this is dangerous work."

"Very dangerous," Schuler said simply. "The police are always just a few steps behind us. But unless we get rid of Hitler and his henchmen soon, we shall never be rid of them."

That brought Braun up in his chair. "That's true," he said mechanically. He thought fleetingly of the fear that hung over his home, his wife. Any antidote for that fear would be welcome. His mind was pounding. Then he said abruptly, "You can leave the package, Fritz. Tell me exactly what you want me to do."

After Schuler had gone the room seemed frightfully empty. From the kitchen came the slight clatter of pots and pans. Braun looked ruefully at the package, now his responsibility. He considered possible hiding places. He could think of no place that would be safe from a police search. He began to pace the room. No place was safe and the package stood there on the table.

Intent on the one thought, Braun walked up and down. The armchair stood near the middle of the room, and as he passed behind it he noticed how old and battered it was. The upholstery was damaged, for some stuffing protruded from under the chair. That attracted him and he wondered why he had not seen it before. Turning the chair on its side, he saw that the webbed undersupport was broken and the stuffing came out of a fairly large hole. Braun put his hand in it. Then, as fast as possible, he took the parcel from the table and shoved it far up inside the chair. A little pushing and pulling and the package was secure. Then he replaced the stuffing. When the chair was back in place he sat in it, as tired as if he had done some violent physical undertaking.

His wife came into the room a little later and sewed for a while. Braun had nothing to say to her. When she went to the bedroom he thought of retiring but he decided it would be better to face Karl and Kathe at once.

A half-hour later he heard a key in the lock. He held tightly to the arms of the chair, as if to brace himself. Kathe came in, followed by Karl. Braun greeted Karl formally and kissed his daughter. He held her tight; then, to his surprise, he kissed her again. "I'm glad to see you, child," he said. "I'm very glad. Where have you been?"

"Dancing, Papa," she answered. Her pretty face was excited and her cheeks were redder than usual. Her light hair was slightly awry. She looked at her father, then at Karl. And Karl stepped forward.

Unconsciously Braun stiffened, then stepped backward.

"We have something to say to you," Karl began.

Braun looked at Kathe. She was smiling.

"I should like to say," Karl continued formally, "that Kathe and I would like your permission to marry next week."

BRAUN stepped backward. "No!" he said. "No!" The look on Karl's face frightened him and he added quickly, "Not without considering everything." That must have sounded better, but from the way Karl frowned, Braun was not sure. Perhaps it was worse. Perhaps it would imply that he had thought about the marriage, that he had reasons ready to oppose it. Then Karl would guess at the real reason for hesitation and, after a few questions, get something he could take to his Nazi police friends. Braun knew he could not say, "I hate the things you represent. I have promised to help to try to destroy them."

The surprise on Karl's face deepened and Kathe's smile wavered and vanished. Karl said slowly, "I do not understand."

"Kathe is so young," Braun answered falteringly. "She has not had time to see much of the world."

But Kathe clung to Karl's arm. "I have seen enough to know what I want."

"But to get married so suddenly!"

Karl explained: "I may be called to the front in a few days."

Braun was helpless and near tears. He asked weakly, "Does your mother approve?"

Kathe smiled. "She wants my happiness first of all."

"So do I," Braun nodded. "But—"

"It is your approval that we want," Karl said quietly.

"You will not marry without it?"

"We would be very unhappy without it," Kathe said slowly. Her face was deeply flushed now and her voice wavered.

Then Karl stepped forward again. "Why do you object? Do you really disapprove?"

"No, no, but you must let me think," Braun said, feeling that he was about to be cornered. "I must think about it." He hated this young man who had all the power on his side, who even had Kathe, beyond any possible reach. Karl's face showed that he was awaiting some further explanation and Braun stammered, "A man's only daughter, you know . . . it is so sudden . . . it is difficult . . . one has to adjust oneself so suddenly!"

"I am sure you will approve when you think about it," Kathe said firmly.

"We shall find some way to win your approval," Karl said politely, but it sounded like a threat.

He was certain that Karl was suspicious now and he felt uncomfortable in the room.

"I'm tired," he said to Kathe. "Good night." He nodded to Karl and left the room.

As he went down the hall he was sure he heard Karl laughing.

THE parcel was still in the chair in the morning. Braun thought of taking it to the office but he had no safe place for it there. He was at his desk at the usual time, knowing it would be hard to do any work this day. The morning was endless. Usually he was left to work by himself but today a half-dozen people interrupted him, one with a request for a cigarette, another with a question about some missing sheet of paper, a third with a statement about salary tax. Braun would not have noticed these interruptions, for they were not unusual, but today he wondered if they had a purpose, if he was showing some suspicious nervousness, if someone was watching him, suspecting him. Schuler had said that the police were never far behind.

Watching the clock through the long afternoon did not help. As he was about to leave at the close of the day, the last paper put carefully in a drawer, the last pencil in its place, the telephone rang. The call was for him. It was a man's unfamiliar voice. The voice said, "The friend who called on you last night asked me to tell you that he was forced to leave the city this morning for a long stay out of town."

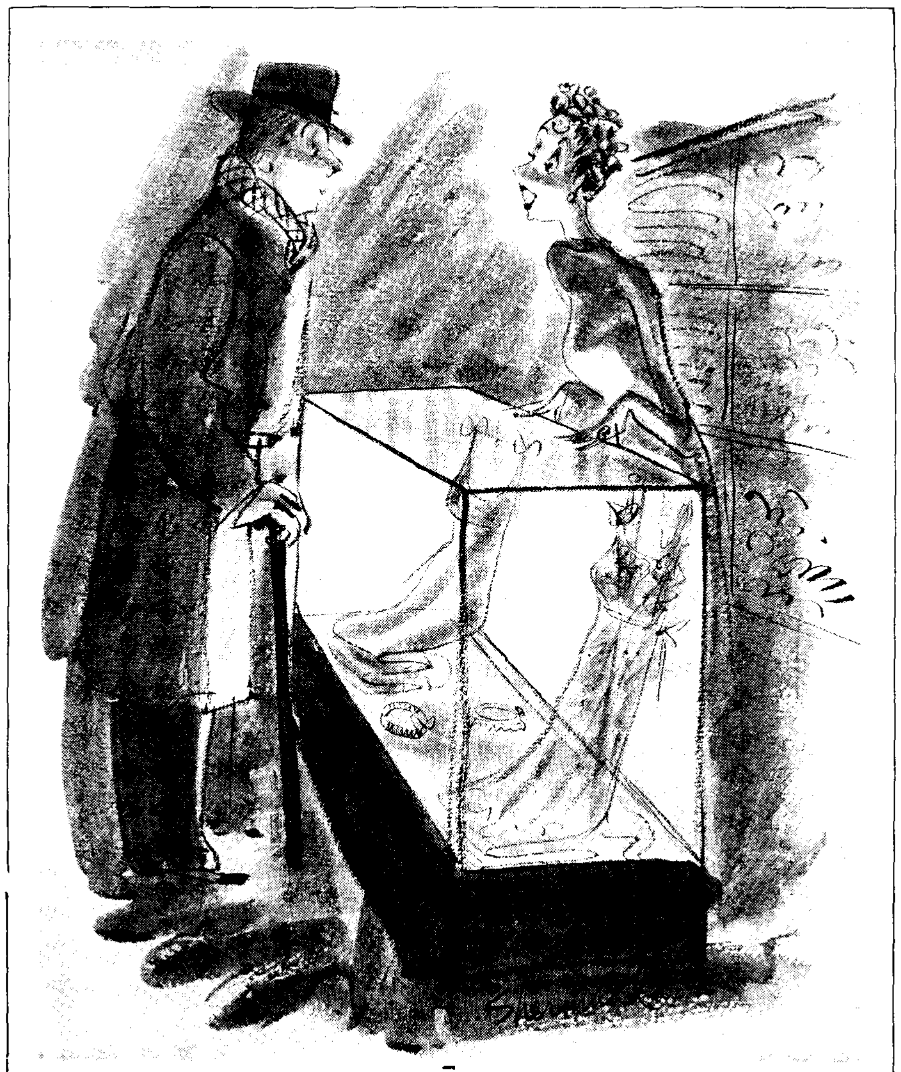
Braun put down the telephone and started to run to the door. He knew what that message meant; he had heard it said too often of men who had been arrested. This was a warning. Perhaps the police had forced Schuler to talk, to mention names, perhaps he had been followed the night before, perhaps the police knew to whom he gave the package.

Neither Karl nor Kathe nor anything mattered now in one convulsive desire to get home to that package, to make certain that it did not fall into police hands. If Schuler had been forced to talk, if the Gestapo had any information, then the package was not safe anywhere in the house, no matter where it was hidden.

As he came to his apartment door he heard voices from within, the voices of his wife and another woman. In the living room, seated to one side was Frau Braun conversing pleasantly with Frau Schmidt, one of the neighbors on the first floor. She sat at her ease in the armchair, filling it and overflowing. Braun stood in the doorway as if he had caught himself on a hook.

"Come in, Papa," his wife said. "Sit down."

"I don't see you very often, Herr Braun," Frau Schmidt said, smiling through broad rows of teeth. "I was just



"Is it for a relative or do you want something really nice?"

BARBARA SHERMUND

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POLLY'S PICTURE DIARY

IT TELLS THE TALE OF A GLORIOUS DISCOVERY!

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Yes, I discovered all sorts of glorious things on my vacation! But best of all was a discovery I could take with me all year 'round—a perfectly delicious cereal called Post's 40% Bran Flakes...

They had a wonderful nut-like flavor—they were so crisp and crunchy, too! And it wasn't long before I learned that they gave me two wonderful extra benefits that helped to keep me feeling tiptop...

HERE ARE THOSE TWO EXTRA BENEFITS—I clipped them out because they meant so much to me...

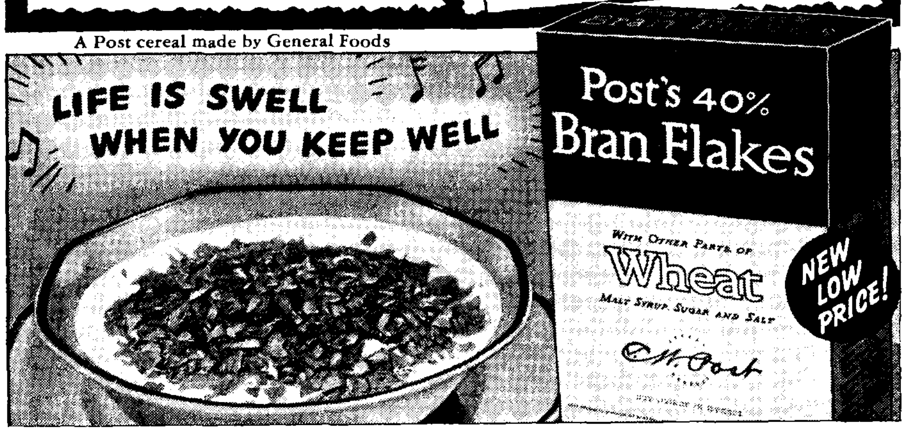
First, Post's Bran Flakes provide just enough bran, a *natural* regulator, that helps protect you against sluggishness. People whose systems are irregular, due to lack of bulk in the diet, find Post's Bran Flakes, eaten daily, a great help.

***Second,* Post's Bran Flakes are a good cereal source of phosphorus, iron, Vitamin B1 to help maintain good appetite, Vitamin G to help promote growth and vigor.**

All this in one grand-tasting cereal with a *double purpose:* to make breakfast a delicious treat, and to help you keep fit. And today, Post's Bran Flakes come to you at a NEW LOW PRICE!

That was six months ago—I've been eating Post's Bran Flakes for breakfast every day since then—and how perfectly marvelous I feel! I guess those extra benefits were just what I needed!

A Post cereal made by General Foods



IMPORTANT: Post's Bran Flakes, due to their bulk, are a *regulative* cereal. Constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet should yield to Post's Bran Flakes, eaten regularly—as a breakfast cereal or in muffins. For cases not corrected in this simple manner, a physician should be consulted.

telling your wife about the Finkler family just back of us."

"The most interesting things," Frau Braun nodded.

"Yes, yes," Braun said, not knowing what to do. He could not say, "Get out of that armchair, get out!" He moved aimlessly around the room then asked brusquely, "Were there any callers here for me?"

"Why should anyone come here?" his wife answered. "They'd know you were at the office. Now, as you were saying, Frau Schmidt—! Do sit down, Papa."

"I must get a glass of water," Braun said, leaving the room. He had little time to lose but for the moment he could do nothing. Frau Schmidt was a gossip who would report anything as unusual as a man taking a package from a hiding place in a chair. It was near suppertime and the woman would soon leave. As Braun returned through the dining room he saw that the table was set for four. That meant that Kathe and Karl could be expected at any moment and that was even more serious than the presence of Frau Schmidt.

WHEN he entered the living room Frau Schmidt was finishing a story. "That Frau Finkler is such a big woman and her husband is so small. I'm sure she beats him! I have heard him cry and scream." She nodded vigorously. "Now, I really must be going."

Braun could feel his hands perspiring, his breath hurting a little as the woman started toward the door. Before she could open it, it opened, almost in her face. Kathe entered, followed by Karl. Their faces were red, they were out of breath as if they had been hurrying. Frau Schmidt had to say her goodbys all over again, while Braun watched Kathe settle down in the armchair, as if she were glad to rest. Neither she nor Karl had anything to say and Braun felt helpless. He tried to tell himself that his fear was only sudden panic without reality, that Schuler's arrest had had no results, that he had acted hysterically. Yet he could not be sure. The package would only be really safe out of the apartment.

"Supper will be ready in a few minutes," his wife said, as she started toward the kitchen. "Come and help me, Kathe."

Kathe seemed unwilling to go but she left the room. Karl stood by the window, looking down on the street. He wore a light overcoat and he did not take it off.

If he could only be gotten out of the room for two minutes, for one minute! Then Braun asked, "Wouldn't you like to wash up, Karl?"

"*Wie?*" Karl turned sharply, nervously. "Oh, no, no, thank you!" Whatever he was thinking about absorbed him completely.

Braun moved to the armchair and sat down in it. Karl did not leave the window. One thing might get him out of the room, but Braun hesitated. Then, deciding that it was the only way, no matter what it might mean, he said, "I have something to say to you." He tried to hold his voice steady and to simulate some friendliness. "Go to Kathe in the kitchen, Karl, and tell her that I approve of your marriage."

"Thank you," Karl said absently, without turning from the window. "I was sure you would."

Braun watched Karl, alarmed by his lack of response. He was startled when his wife came to the doorway and said, "Supper is ready."

It was all nervousness, he tried to assure himself, a type of nervousness that he had never known in thirty years of routine work, something he did not know how to control. He rose unwillingly from the chair, repeating to himself that if the police were coming because of information forced from Schuler they would have come by now.

He sat down at the table. Kathe brought a platter of food to him. Braun saw her glance into the living room. Her face was flushed and the hand that held the dish was trembling. From his place Braun could not see into the room but he stood up and started to it. Karl was still there. Before Braun could take a second step, loud footsteps sounded in the corridor outside the apartment. Then a heavy hand knocked at the door.

He was in the living room in a second. On the floor beside the armchair was Karl. Braun could not see what he was doing.

"What are you up to, Karl?"

Kathe came to her father. "Not now, Papa. Please! Open the door!" She looked at him guiltily and Braun stared at her. She and Karl knew his hiding place!

The hand knocked again, louder, heavier, more menacing.

"Open it, Papa," Kathe repeated. Karl was on his feet now. Then, as if it were an order, "Open that door!"

Dumbly, like a man used to taking orders, Braun went to the door. Three men in brown shirts were there. Waiting for no word to enter, giving no explanation, they pushed into the room. Braun leaned against the wall, trying to steady his trembling hands. Kathe was seated in the armchair, looking up curiously at the men but apparently not surprised. Braun was unable to look at her. Frau Braun came to the dining-room entrance, her hands fumbling nervously with her apron.

"We want to search this apartment," one Brown Shirt said. "Leither, you take the bedrooms. Neizel, the dining room and kitchen. I'll attend to this room." He paid no attention to anyone as he walked to the desk.

Braun watched him, trying to control himself, to show no nervousness. He saw Karl step forward to meet the man, as if he were in charge. He heard him say, "I am Karl Ohrmann of the Propaganda Ministry. This is Kathe Braun, my fiancée, her mother and father. If I can be of any assistance—!"

Braun waited for him to lead the way to the chair.

The Brown Shirt began to open a desk drawer. "We are searching for a package."

BRAUN felt as if some vise were squeezing his spine. The Brown Shirt began to rummage through the desk drawers. Braun watched steadily so that he would not be tempted to glance too often to the armchair where Kathe sat, completely at ease. The Brown Shirt closed the desk. He was puzzled. Then he went to the music cabinet and began to search it, throwing things on the floor.

That aroused Frau Braun. "Look here, let me take the things out, young man. It's hard enough to keep a place clean—"

"Be quiet, Mamma!" That was Kathe. "The man is just doing his work."

Karl stood near the armchair now, his arms folded. From other rooms came sounds of drawers and closets opened and closed, then of men tramping floors as if to find some hollow place. Then they began to tap the walls.

Kathe looked up at the Brown Shirt and asked pleasantly, "May I ask what was in the package?"

"Ink," the Brown Shirt answered curtly. "A can of ink."

Braun sagged against the wall, limp.

"I'm sure you have the wrong apartment," Kathe said pleasantly. "Why should you search for ink here?"

"It is ink for a duplicating machine," the Brown Shirt said. "We have information that someone in this house has been buying it steadily."

Braun lifted his head and stepped forward, sure of himself for the first time. "Young man," his voice was firm, "there is no duplicating-machine ink in this apartment."

"Of course there isn't," Frau Braun snapped. "I'd like to see anyone bring anything as messy as that into my house. It's hard enough to keep clean as it is, considering the kind of soap we have to use these days!"

"Mamma!" That was Braun.

The Brown Shirt was puzzled. He called to the men in the other rooms. "Find anything?"

The two men appeared. "Nothing." One of them scowled at Braun and said, "We might arrest the whole family on suspicion."

Braun's tongue slowly moistened his lips. The Brown Shirt was undecided. Then Karl stepped up and Braun tried to watch him without staring. "There is no need to arrest the whole family. Take me along as a surety if you wish."

"Where did you say you work?"

"In Dr. Goebbel's office in the Ministry of Propaganda. I am in the Secretariat."

BRAUN straightened his shoulders. He could handle this now. "I am an employee in the Ministry of Transportation. I have worked there thirty years, before you were born, young man. I have never brought such ink into my house." He was not afraid now.

The Brown Shirt was hesitant. He sent the men to the hall closets, while he tramped the living-room floor and pounded its walls. Then, without a word, the three men left, and Braun listened to their heavy steps descending the stairs and to their knock at an apartment below. He did not understand. He only knew that the terrible fear over his home was lifted, that he could breathe again and the breath would be cool and easy.

Kathe jumped from the chair and ran to Karl. She put her arms around him. He said nothing but he held her tightly. Then he looked at her as if uncertain what to do. For a moment the room was silent.

Frau Braun exploded: "They've made a mess in every room! And something is burning on the stove." She hurried to the kitchen.

Understanding nothing, Braun saw Kathe move quickly. He heard her say to Karl, "Hurry, you'll have to get it out of here."

Karl nodded and went to the armchair. He reached under it and brought out a small cylindrical package. "I'm sorry, Herr Braun," he said, "we should not have brought this into your house and put you in danger. We've had to have some place to hide our ink and we've used this old chair."

"Why do you need ink?" Braun asked slowly. "Why do the police want to find it?"

Kathe hesitated for a moment, then said, "Karl keeps a duplicating machine hidden on his boat. You see, Papa"—she was uncertain how to continue—"for the last two years Karl and I have been helping to make and distribute anti-government leaflets—you wouldn't understand, you never take any interest in politics—!"

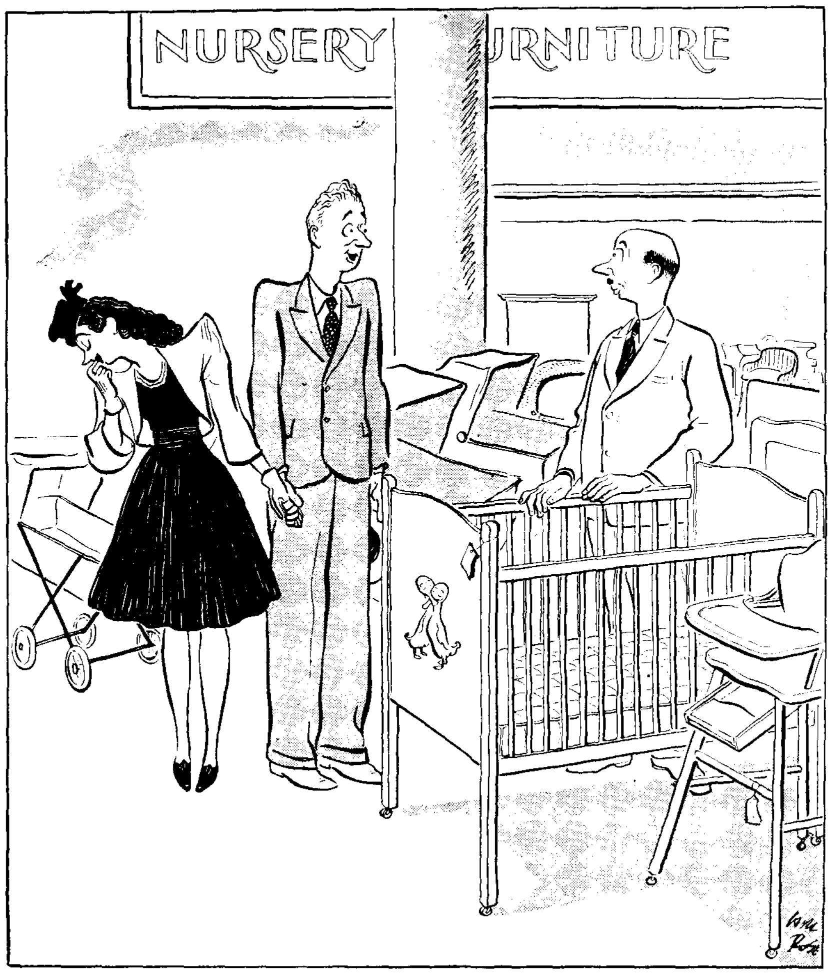
"No, no, of course not," Braun said. He began to laugh, to laugh happily for the first time in months. A fear was gone that would not come into his home again. He went to the armchair. A moment later he was handing a leaflet to Kathe. And he asked innocently, "Do you mean leaflets like these?"

Kathe stared at it, then smiled. She put her arms around him. "We should have trusted you."

"It is hard to know whom to trust, Kathe dear," Braun said slowly. He reached out to include Karl in his embrace. "But I am proud of both of you."

Kathe was choking back tears. "There must be many like us!"

Free of worry, filled with a new assurance, Braun nodded, "There are, *mein Liebchen!*"



"Suppose, as a starter, we just look at living-room and kitchen furnishings"

CARL ROSE

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Drive on, Mr. Dies

WE THINK the Dies Congressional Committee on un-American Activities has now piled up a record to justify making it a permanent committee.

In this outfit, we seem to have hit on the correct mechanism for defending democracy. The committee subpoenas Communists, Nazis and other assorted anti-Americans, makes them tell where they get their money and how they manipulate their dupes and puppets, and spreads their confessions in the public prints. Then it sends them down the road with nothing harsher than a verbal push in the face, unless they are found to have violated existing laws against treasonous or antidemocratic activities. In that case, the committee recommends prosecution by the regularly constituted authorities.

The damage the Dies Committee's swiftly twirling spotlight does to democracy's multitude of termites is enormous. It is cursed by the Reds this week, by the Bundists the next week, by the Coughlinites the week after, and so on. It gets its results through the simple and completely democratic process of plain, rude and sometimes crude publicity.

We think the Dies Committee has deserved well of the Republic. We hope the Republic will keep it going indefinitely, for the continued confounding of persons and blocs bent on undermining our democracy by undemocratic methods.

The Poles Fought Bravely

LISTENING around in bleachers, bars, clubs and club cars, we learn that there is plenty of life left in the old idea that one American soldier is as good in a fight as four or five soldiers of any other nation.

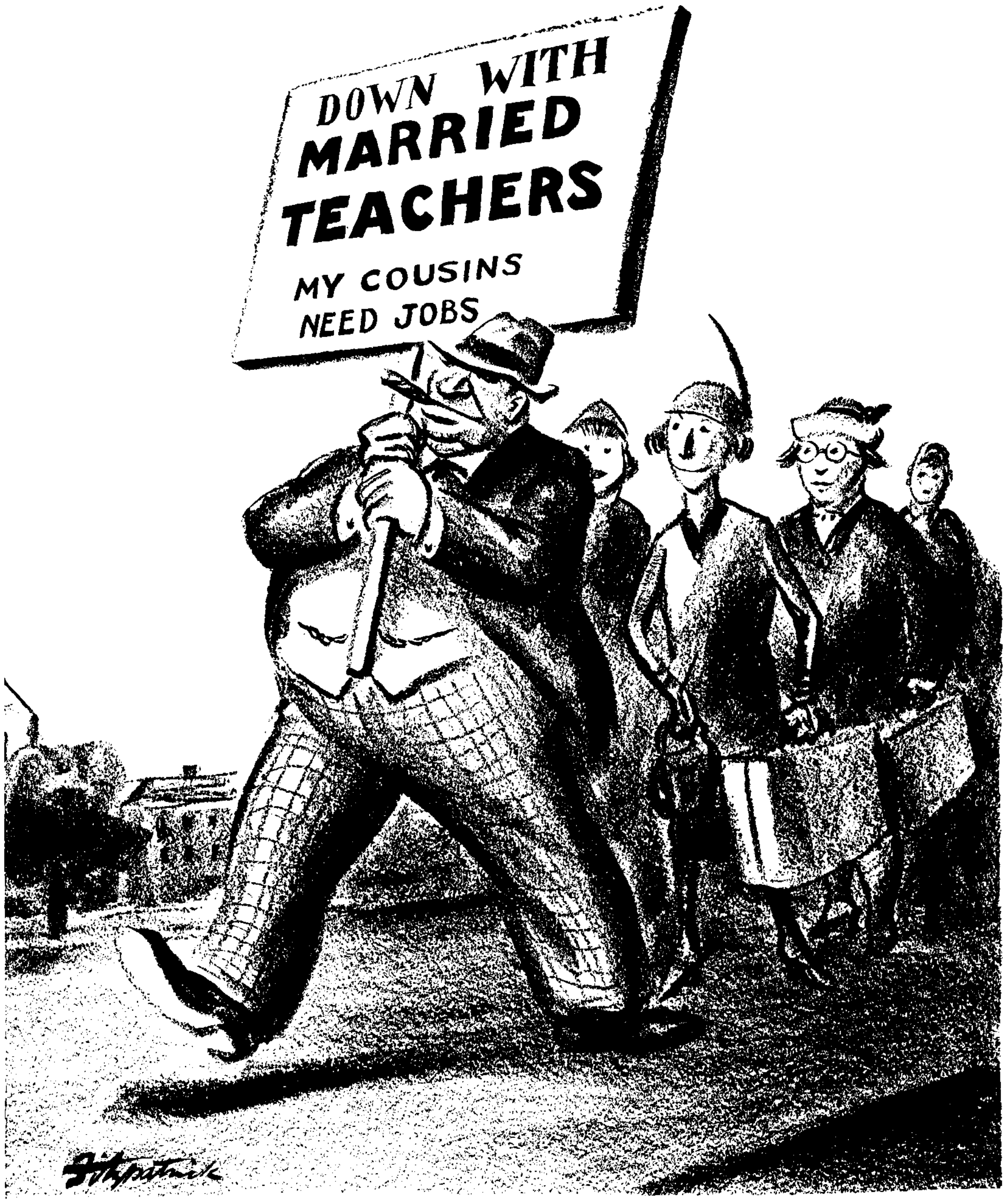
Maybe. Certainly we hope so. All the same, we suffer a slight shiver along the spinal column whenever we reread this remark in the German Army High Command's communiqué telling in detail of the "blitzkrieg" that pushed over Poland in less than three weeks:

> The Polish soldier repeatedly fought bravely. He broke on the inadequacy of his leadership and his organization. Thanks to superior leadership, high degree of training and the *modern* armaments of the German army, its achievements were accompanied by losses that must be described as unusually small in comparison to the enormous losses of the enemy. *(Italics ours).*

Discount this brag as you're entitled to do, you have to admit its essential truth. The machine age has got around to war, too. A soldier may have a fighting cock's courage and a bull terrier's tenacity, but if the other fellow has better mechanical equipment and better organized support the other fellow probably will win.

Which puts a pretty piercing point on that proposition that whatever else we Americans may disagree on regarding war—neutrality and how to keep it, propaganda and its control, etc., etc.—we'd better all agree to keep our sea and air and land forces tuned up to prime pitch and equipped with the best fighting gear obtainable, no matter what the cost.

If we don't, we'll be courting disaster—not to mention a most painful crack-up of the dear old national belief about one American soldier and four or five foreign soldiers.



Married Teachers—Why Not?

FOR a prize pain in the neck, we nominate the persistent agitation against married women as schoolteachers.

It is an ancient truism that a normal woman (and man, too, for that matter) does not reach the fullest possible development of personality, understanding, sympathies, and so on, until after marriage. Schoolteaching calls for these qualities in large quantities. There are excellent unmarried schoolteachers; but if a teacher is married, it seems obvious to us that it's a point in her favor, and a big one. And it's even better if she has children of her own.

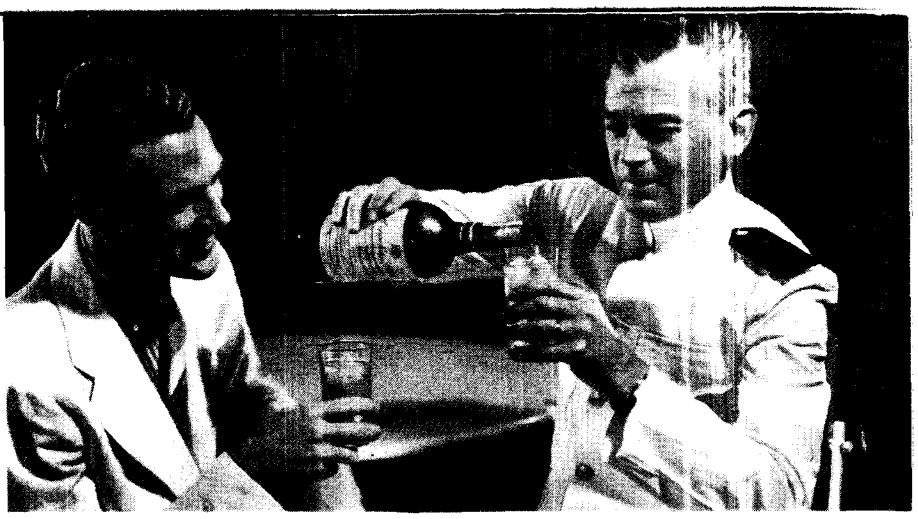
The long and short of it is that most of these crusaders against the married woman schoolteacher are politicians who have unmarried female relatives or friends poised in the background with muscles flexed for a leap onto the public pay rolls. For all the high-sounding arguments, the real explanation generally is that Cousin Carrie couldn't pass a free-for-all teachers' qualifying examination, so the hope is to jack her off the kinfolks' backs and into a paying job by raising a hue and cry against married teachers.

The parent public had better resist these ruses if it wants public-school quality and service maintained and improved. When it comes to picking a teacher for your and others' children, the question is not: *Does she have a husband with a job?* or *Does she have children?* or even *Does she wear her hair the way the Parent-Teachers Association chairman or somebody down in City Hall thinks she should?*

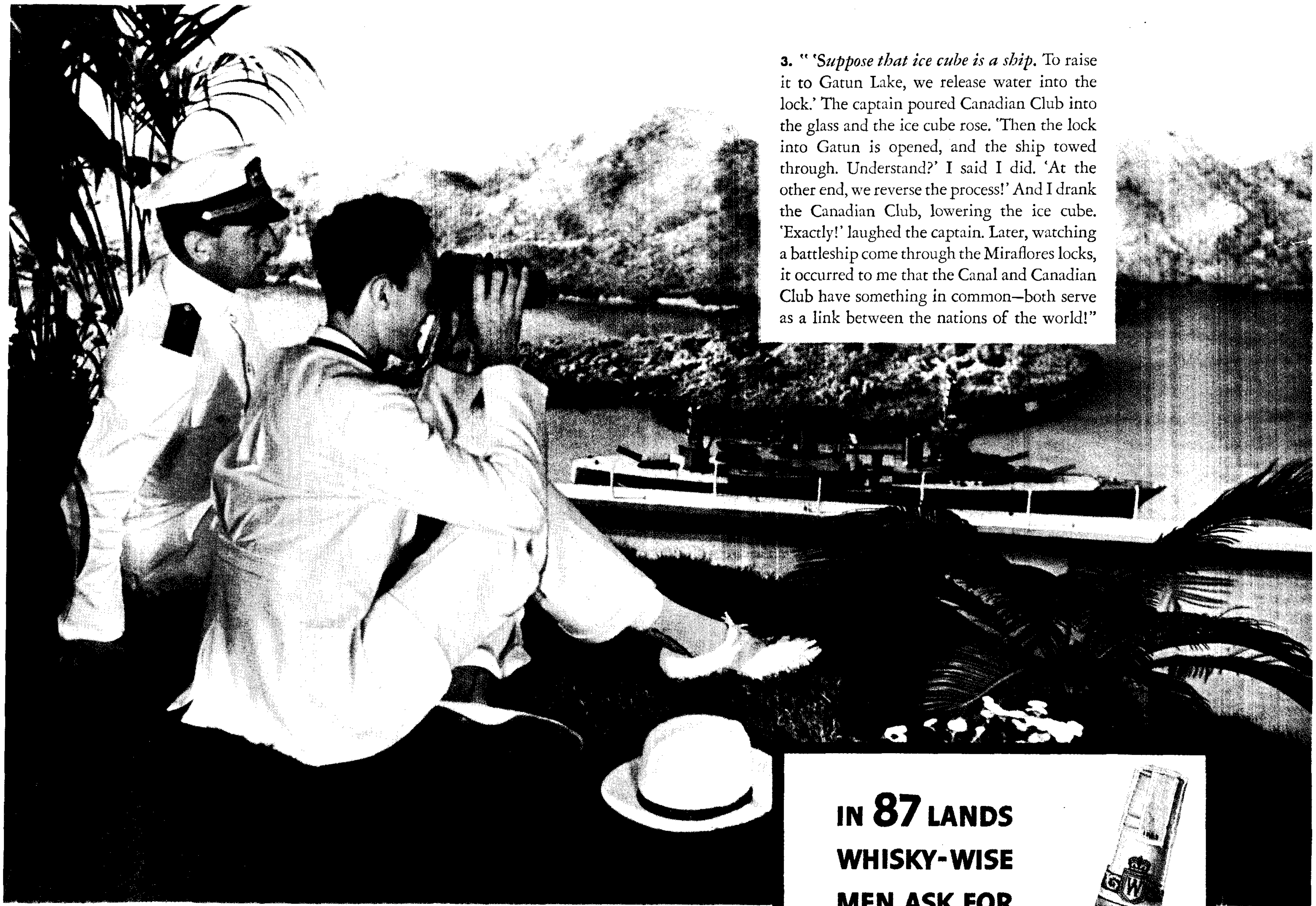
The only question that matters is: Can she win the interest and loyalty of an assortment of children and give them some knowledge of life and the world and some desire to know more?

Parlor trick from

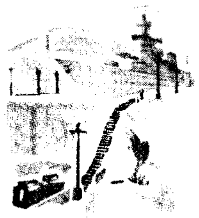
1. *"Ever see a ship go upstairs 85 feet?* And did you know that when you enter the Panama Canal from the Atlantic, you're farther west than when you leave it on the Pacific side? The captain proved it with his sextant!



2. *"At Colon,* I joined the captain for a drink—and discovered another one of the 87 countries that knows the unique flavor of mellow Canadian Club! As he poured a highball, the captain remarked, 'Here's a simple demonstration of how the Canal operates...



3. " '*Suppose that ice cube is a ship.* To raise it to Gatun Lake, we release water into the lock.' The captain poured Canadian Club into the glass and the ice cube rose. 'Then the lock into Gatun is opened, and the ship towed through. Understand?' I said I did. 'At the other end, we reverse the process!' And I drank the Canadian Club, lowering the ice cube. 'Exactly!' laughed the captain. Later, watching a battleship come through the Miraflores locks, it occurred to me that the Canal and Canadian Club have something in common—both serve as a link between the nations of the world!"



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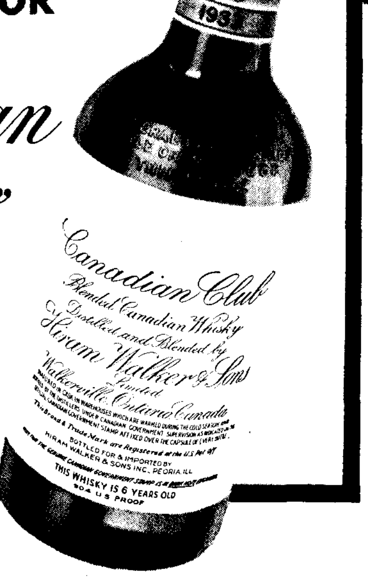

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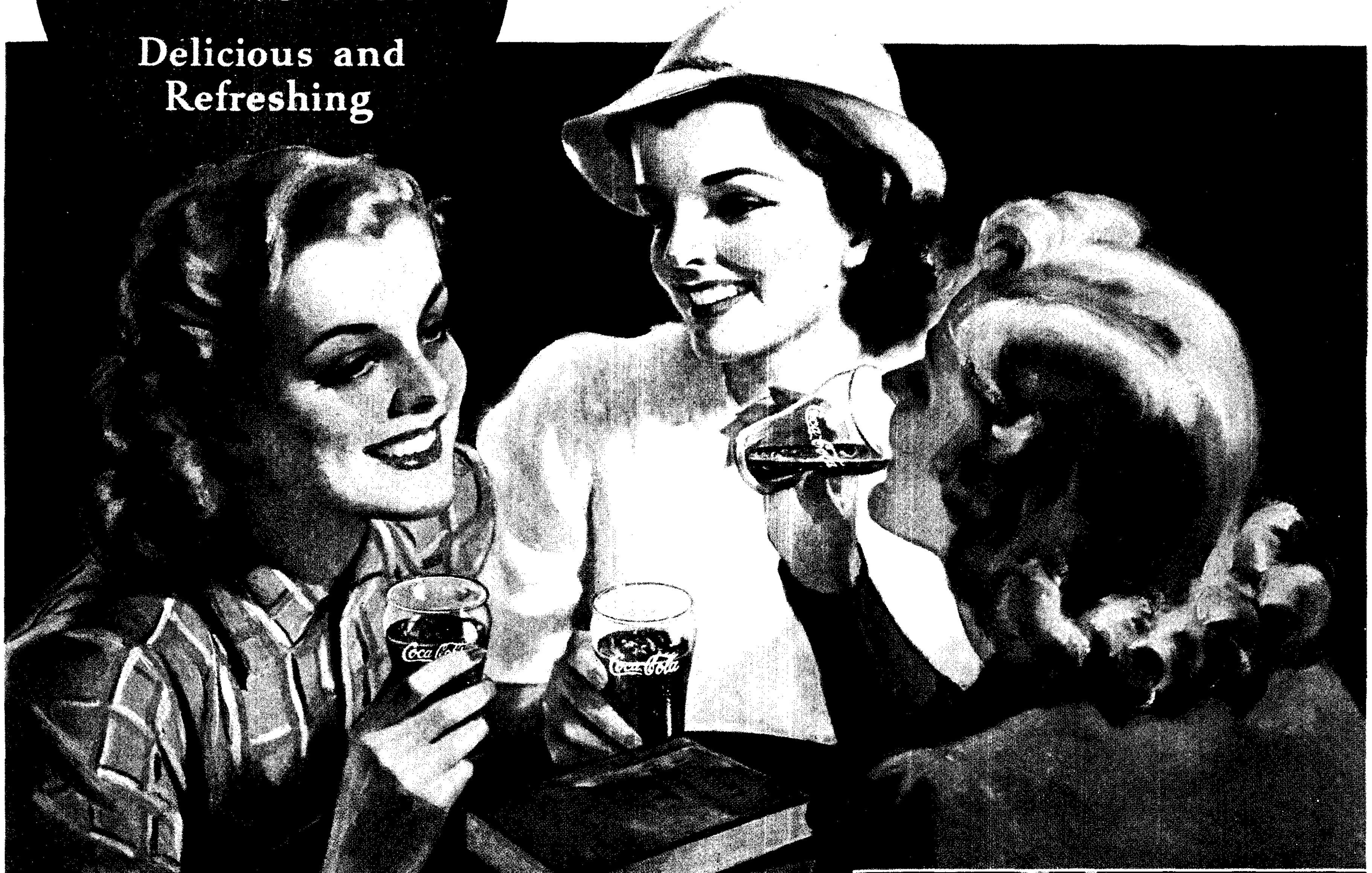
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Coca-Cola

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